The Saturday Evening
POST
July 29, 1961 – 15¢

WHY EVERY AUTO DRIVER SHOULD BE RE-EXAMINED

BY A TRAFFIC SAFETY COMMISSIONER

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It was "invented" in 1877, two years after the telephone itself. Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Watson, his assistant, were making intercity tests which required shouting into the primitive instrument. This annoyed their Boston landlady.

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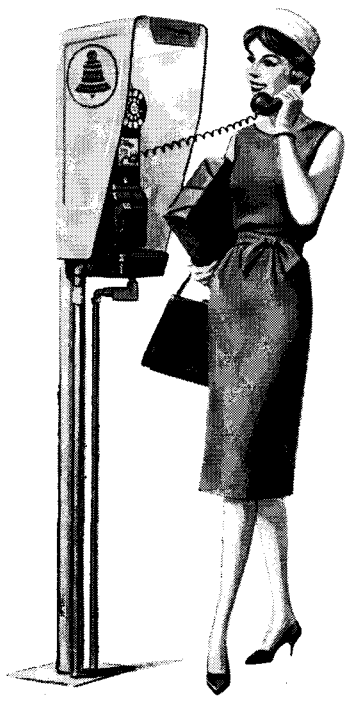

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

July 29, 1961 *Vol. 234, No. 30*

2 Short Stories

The Big Wheel . . . . . *Fred McMorrow* 24
Love Comes to Miss Lucas . . . . . *George Bradshaw* 28

Novelette

Dr. Blanke's First Command . . . . . *C. S. Forester* 14

7 Articles

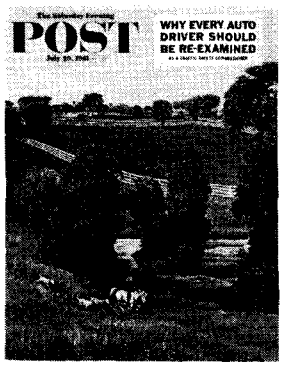
I Say Re-examine All Auto Drivers . . . . . *O. D. Shipley* 11
The Face of America: Over the Brink . . . . *Photographs by Jack Fields* 18
Adventures of the Mind: How to Read a Painting . . . *E. H. Gombrich* 20
Maine's Sweetest Secret . . . . . *Charles Rawlings* 22
The Harmless American . . . . . *John Masters* 25
"Dear Mr. President . . ." . . . . . *Robert Cahn* 26
Vic Power: Master at First . . . . . *Edward Linn and Hal Lebovitz* 30

2 Serials

The Case of the Bigamous Spouse (Third of seven parts) . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 31
Passage to Danger (Conclusion) . . . . . *Edwin Lanham* 34

Other Features

Letters 6
Editorials 8
Post Scripts 32
Verse 36, 47, 49, 57
Hazel 74
Keeping Posted 76



THE COVER

Kentucky—birthplace of Abe Lincoln, Alben Barkley and Man o' War—where the birds make music all the day, where little girls learn the art of bareback riding as effortlessly as grown men assume the rank of colonel, and where the Thoroughbreds are swift but the pace of life is ofttimes leisurely. Our cover is a composite of scenes observed by artist John Clymer near Lexington. There may be gold—a future Derby winner, that is—among the foals behind the fences of that thar paddock. But none of the foals seems in a hurry to be over the fence and romping with Goldilocks and her three Dalmatians or thundering down the homestretch at Churchill Downs. Perhaps the reason is that the grass down here doesn't always seem greener on the other side. This is Bluegrass country.

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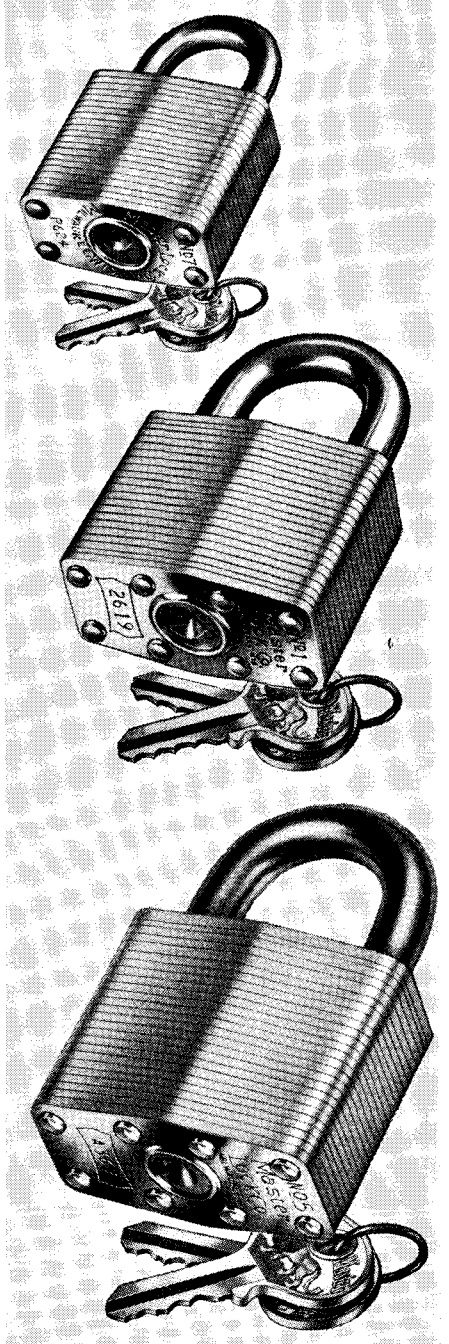

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- gives you up to 36% more mileage
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In this new tire, Firestone eliminates the dead center seam or groove found in all conventional tire treads. By molding the tread in one piece, the vital center carries a new road-holding pattern. Combined with Firestone Rubber-X-101, it increases traction so much you notice the difference in your stops and starts. It increases mileage up to a startling 36%. Look for them as original equipment on America's finest 1961 cars. Get them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Just charge them or buy on easy payday terms.

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Letters

Cuban Fiasco: A Post Mortem

Dear Sirs:

I thank *The Saturday Evening Post* for printing THE LESSONS OF THE CUBAN DISASTER [by Stewart Alsop, June 24]. If you are in a position to feed us more of these bitter pills, give them to us straight. The sugar-coated variety has been fed to the public in such large doses we have all become quite sick.

JOHN L. WEAVER
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Stewart Alsop's article . . . reads to me like an excuse for the failures that led up to the Cuba disaster.

I cannot believe that General Lemnitzer or Admiral Burke ever "strongly endorsed the plans" without being assured that the plans included air support and sea backup if needed. Neither can I believe that the Cuban forces would ever have agreed to going ashore without the firm understanding that both these supports were forthcoming. At some time following the decision to make this invasion, someone persuaded the President to back off of both of these necessary ingredients of a successful landing. Who this person was has not been revealed, but I think in fairness to the President and to the others involved in these plans that he should be named and that his reasons should be given.

BARRY GOLDWATER
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

● *Author Alsop replies: "In the same sentence from which the senator quotes I made it clear that Lemnitzer and Burke endorsed the plans only 'on two conditions—that the CIA's political estimate was correct, and that the anti-Castro forces would control the air over the battlefield.' Did the senator overlook that part of the sentence? I can see no important contradiction between what I wrote and what the senator wrote in his letter." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The most important lesson of the Cuban disaster was none of the three Mr. Alsop pointed out. It is that government officials must speak up for what they believe, regardless of the consequences. How ironic to think that the lives of 3000 men were sacrificed by an "ambitious official" who did not want to be "misunderstood."

HILDA SANCHEZ
Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

We didn't fall flat on our faces in Cuba because of technical blunders, but because of the sneaky, 'fraidy-cat, underhanded way we went about it. Either the situation in Cuba is an internal affair and we should keep our hands off—no matter where our sympathies may lie—or it is, in spirit at least, a violation of the Monroe Doctrine and we should go in there openly with an adequate police force and clobber the [Communists] and to heck with what anybody else says and does.

JUANITA MATASSA
Garden Grove, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's authoritative analysis of the Cuban debacle fully clarifies the issues for the first time. This is the type of reporting that really makes for informed public opinion as well as for public unity on a critical problem.

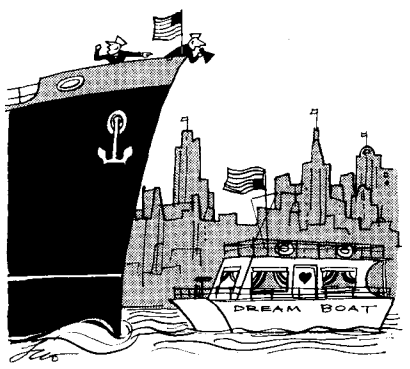
Let us hope that his intelligent suggestions do not go unheeded.

J. F. CRAVEN, M.D.
New Orleans, La.

Nothing to Do But Kiss

Dear Sirs:

HELPLESS MALE (June 24) was an amusing story, but its author, George Sumner Albee, must be a landlubber who has never handled a boat. He writes of a houseboat drifting down the Hudson, with the hero frantically trying to jury-rig a rudder. Unless a craft has steerageway, provided either by an engine or by sail, it will not respond to the helm. If a craft is adrift, its rudder is absolutely useless. The hero, therefore, should have remained below with the heroine, out of the rain, "kissing her eyelids and then her nose" until the vagaries of wind and current allowed them to be "safely moored to the lee bank ten miles downstream."

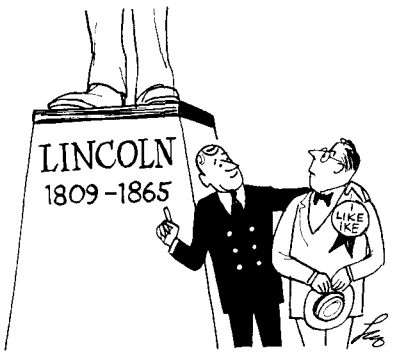


JOHN L. CANTWELL
Pittsfield, Mass.

The News Comes to Beaver, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

In your June 24 LETTERS section, reader R. L. Davis of Beaver, Pa., praises Dwight D. Eisenhower's recent



Post article and adds: "There is no man alive that I honor and respect more than this great man, with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln."

Was Booth unjustly accused?

R. E. SHUGART
Melbourne, Iowa

● *Twenty-three other readers wrote to inform us that Lincoln is dead. Says reader Davis, "Grammar never was my strong subject." —ED.*

Abortion Series Defended

Dear Sirs:

I was truly amazed at the letters you received from several mothers [LETTERS, June 24] about John Bartlow Martin's series ABORTION [May 20–June 3]. They claim to be "nauseated" by the articles. People like this, who refuse to recognize existing evil, make it harder to curb.

MRS. WILLIAM H. CARSON JR.
Warminster, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Doesn't the woman who felt such articles have no place in a family magazine realize that this is exactly where they do belong? And the reader who hastily burned *The Post* before her teen-agers could read it—doesn't she realize it is imperative that they read it?

DOREEN RAY (Age 18)
Atascadero, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I think teen-agers above all should know about abortion. Without the knowledge I've acquired from reading your article I wouldn't have thought it was wrong and very dangerous. My advice to that mother would be to let her kids read the article, but fast!

JUDY LANHAM (Age 16)
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I personally know of girls whose mothers *made* them read the series, and they were glad of it.

GINGER PARSONS (Age 16)
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Such articles can do more good for young girls than all the motherly discussions in the world.

SANDRA ANN HALL (Age 17)
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I feel that any girl old enough to know the facts of life is old enough to know the facts of this terrible crime.

MARILYN WEISS (Age 15)
Madison, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

At my high school we read and discussed the articles in our biology class.

CAROL HUBER (Age 16)
Hawthorne, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is disheartening to see this prudish attitude toward public-spirited journalism. Yet it is refreshing to note that you have not abandoned such articles for "safer" writing.

DENNIS HALAC
Elmhurst, Ill.

● *More than 100 readers jumped to defend the series against the criticisms in the June 24 LETTERS section. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Next month I will give birth to an illegitimate child because I *barely* escaped the solicitous "help" of the few "well-meaning" people who knew about my condition. Each of these persons "knew someone" or knew of "a way" in which I could abort myself. I am sure that had these people been made aware, through articles such as you printed, of the intense dangers of such action they would not have suggested abortion and would have advised strongly against it. Because I have a wonderful family on whom I knew I could depend, I chose to go to them, in spite of the shame and hurt I knew it would bring on them. If I had had no one to turn to, I fear I would have been far more tempted out of sheer desperation to take "the easy way" out of my problem. I thanked God, after reading your articles, that I did not take that way.

NAME WITHHELD
City Withheld, Calif.

"I've asked your fellow employees to help you in here, Harris, for a discussion of your noon-hour activities."

"HIGH" NOON

Dear Sirs:

Your layout man must have a pixylike sense of humor. On facing pages in your July 1 issue he put the enclosed cartoon [left] and a dairy-association advertisement which suggests: "Drink milk at noon."

ERNEST B. DIEM
Seattle, Wash.

● *Funny, but coincidental.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

11–Will Gainfort. • 12–Pennsylvania Bureau of Traffic Safety; two by Jim Burns. 13–Two by Don Hershberger. • 18, 19–Jack Fields. • 20–Tom Blau. • 21–Courtesy of Rijksmuseum; courtesy of Lady Hulton. • 22, 23–John Burns. 26–Ollie Atkins; United Press International. • 27–Ollie Atkins. • 30–Gus Pasquarella; United Press International; Gus Pasquarella. • 40–John Burns. • 64–From the author; M. C. Escher, courtesy of Stedelijk Museum; courtesy of Museum of Modern Art; M. C. Escher. • 65–M. C. Escher; courtesy of Warburg Museum; Joseph Albers. 76–Frank Ross; Ollie Atkins; Barney Stein; cartoon by Al Kaufman.

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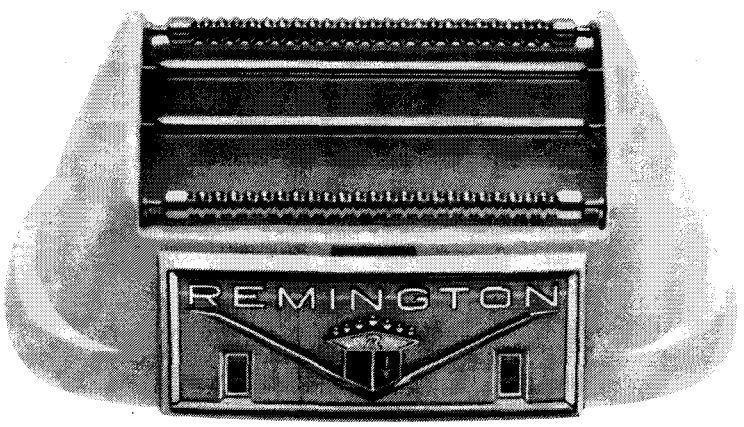
as revealed in "THE DERMATOLOGISTS' REPORT"—a 12-month clinical study, reported in the medical press and newspapers across the nation...



THE DOCTORS AGREED:

Electric shavers with adjustable comb-like rollers provide the greatest combination of a close shave with the least irritation.

REMINGTON® WITH EXCLUSIVE ROLLER COMBS GIVES SAFEST CLOSE SHAVE

Five important questions about shaving and its effects upon the skin have been answered by three prominent skin specialists—doctors of medicine—in an exhaustive, year-long study.

Whatever your present shaving method, the new facts revealed in this study are of importance to you and every family member who shaves.

Here are some of the findings as reported recently in a leading medical journal.

1. Electric shavers give greatest skin protection. The doctors observed that electric shavers remove 75% to 93% less skin cells than other methods tested and caused no cuts and few nicks. They also found that most shaving-induced skin rashes do not occur when shavers with *adjustable comb-like rollers* are used.

2. Electric shavers are advantageous when certain skin ailments are present. Most striking advantages of electric shavers were reported in treating patients with eczema, ingrown hairs, bacterial infections, and other skin ailments.

According to the doctors, the most satisfactory instrument to use in the presence of skin disease is an electric shaver with *adjustable roller combs.*

Note on teenage acne: Acne patients under the doctors' care improved when they used electric shavers with *adjustable comb-like rollers.* When adjusted to prevent cutting eruptions, roller combs reduce the likelihood of scarring.

3. Doctors caution about repeated nicks, cuts, and irritations on moles and other skin growths. The doctors warned that pigmented moles should never be irritated by repeated nickings. Such irritation is greatly reduced with electric shavers.

4. Shaving among women does not stimulate coarse hair growth as commonly believed. According to this 12-month study, women and teenagers need not fear that shaving causes coarse or profuse hair to grow on either the legs or underarms. The report adds that electric shavers caused no frank cuts on legs and underarm areas.

5. The doctors agreed Remington gives safest close shave. Photographs taken several hours after shaving showed difference in beard length was almost negligible after shaving with a blade and some electric shavers (allowing both methods adequate break-in period).

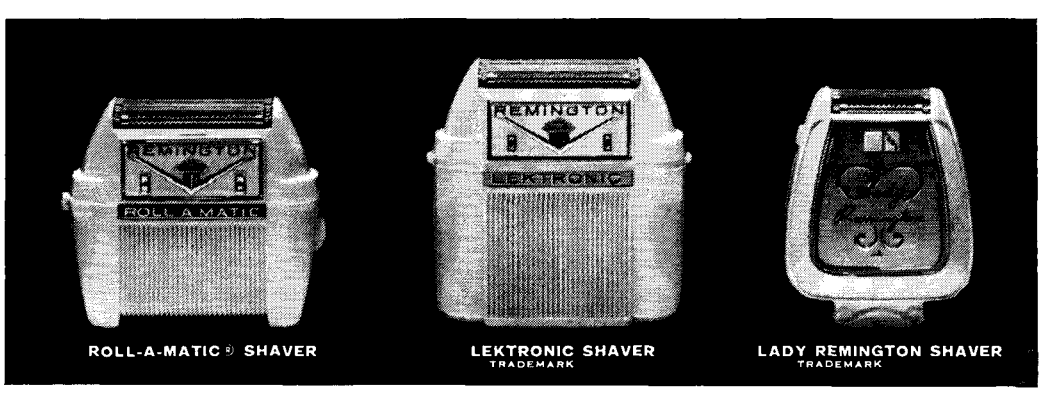
At the conclusion of their year-long study, the doctors agreed that electric shavers with *adjustable comb-like rollers provide the greatest combination of close shave with the least irritation.*

In view of the serious implications in "The Dermatologists' Report," shouldn't you and your family consider using a shaver with *adjustable roller combs* (exclusive with Remington)?

For men, there are the Roll-A-Matic and the Cordless Lektronic shavers. For women, the Lady Remington. *Each has exclusive adjustable roller combs.*

Most dealers are now offering a Free Home Trial. Why not visit one of them, soon?

Your doctor may obtain additional information about "The Dermatologists' Report" for you by writing to Box 3583, New York 17, New York.



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Editorials

Congress Should Keep Control Over Foreign-Aid Spending

People can argue ad infinitum about the number of billions which the American taxpayer should be willing to contribute to the "economic development of less-developed countries and areas, with emphasis upon assisting the development of human resources." Doubtless there are humanitarian reasons for many of these activities, although their relation to American interest and security seems difficult to establish.

The Act for International Development (Senate Bill 1983) sets no over-all price tag on "foreign aid" beyond the $8,800,000,000 in loans over five years, plus some $1,700,000,000 in grants to be made available in fiscal year 1962. However, the bill gives the President such wide authority to tap other programs and resources, including military and strategic stockpiles, that the total could be far greater. An estimated total outlay of $10,529,000,000 over the next five years, not including $1,885,000,000 in military aid plus "such sums as may be necessary" to implement the act, is probably close to reality.

Whatever the total, it is an amount which caused Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* to report widespread fear that "without new and more painful price inflation the economy cannot furnish $7,300,000,000 more for foreign aid and also finance the welfare measures urged by the President. . . ." Furthermore, it is curious that such a measure should be urged by the same Administration that wants to impose new taxes on corporations that set up plants in other countries—genuine "foreign aid" as opposed to giveaways.

However, the central objection to this bill is the method designed to get the money without troubling Congress to appropriate it in the traditional way. This foreign-aid bill contemplates "back-door spending" on an unprecedented scale, a practice which Rep. Clarence Cannon, Missouri Democrat, has described as "reprehensible." The annual appropriation system, which has taken care of vastly expanding Government activities, including two major wars, an expensive police action and billions in foreign aid, is not considered adequate to finance the social development of Africans, Asians and Polynesians. So Congress is asked to authorize the President to make loans for projects in unspecified areas of up to $900,000,000 in 1962 and $1,600,000,000 for each of four years thereafter and to get the money for this purpose by borrowing from the Treasury—in other words putting the whole thing on the cuff and outside the regular appropriation process. The bill grabs $300,000,000 a year from repayments to the Treasury, which would in normal circumstances go to reduce the national debt or even to relieve the taxpayer.

In attempting to defend back-door spending, the State Department points to other programs which have been financed by this inflationary method and adds that it is necessary in "helping the aid agency to administer a long-range development program." This is not an impressive argument. The United States Congress constantly appropriates money for domestic long-term projects, and the military departments receive their money through the usual appropriation process. Why should the bureaucrats in charge of a speculative foreign-aid program be an exception to this prudent practice?

In addition to the loans, which are to be handed out through the back door, and the grants for which Congress is graciously permitted to appropriate the money, the administrators of this act have access to an undetermined amount by tapping other agencies and resources. About $6,100,000,000 remains unexpended from previous assistance programs, including $2,400,000,000 for military aid.

The bill is also questionable because of many grants of power to the President seemingly out of proportion to the objects of the bill. For example, the administrator is required to make all facts and figures available to the General Accounting Office—unless deterred by "a certification by the President that he has forbidden the furnishing thereof pursuant to such request and his reason therefor." Thus it would seem that there need be no accounting to Congress of the way vast sums are spent if the President is willing to state why the information should be withheld. However, similar clauses have appeared in earlier foreign-aid bills.

It is hard to believe that any Congress worth its weight in Federal judgeships would surrender the power of the purse, carefully reserved to Congress in the Constitution. To do so for no more critical "emergency" than the doling out of funds to "less-developed" countries, however promising, could set a precedent for more bypassing of Congress for all kinds of projects.

It's Taken More Than a Hundred Years to Perfect the American "Spoils System"

"Can you let me know," wrote the Secretary of State to the head of a minor bureau, "what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats?"

The Secretary of State was William Jennings Bryan, who in 1913 became the chief member of Woodrow Wilson's first cabinet. Bryan was wholly in the tradition of that great hero of his party, Andrew Jackson, who started the system of firing officeholders to make room for his political adherents.

Nowadays our Presidents do not altogether follow the Jacksonian motto that "to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy," but the spoils system, the patronage system, still exists. We need political parties; our Government cannot run without them; and parties need appointive public jobs.

President Kennedy is adroitly handing out patronage. Much attention has been given to his nonpartisan appointments, including what has been called the system of "government by college roommates"; but the bulk of patronage has gone to Democratic politicians, especially those who helped Kennedy to win the nomination or who, however reluctantly, support his legislative program.

Our first President, Washington, was pestered by office seekers. The next one, John Adams, said in vexation that a President "will make one man ungrateful and a hundred men his enemies, for every office he can bestow." Adams did not originate this; it was said more than a century earlier by Louis XIV.

Jefferson, our third President, wondered innocently how to find vacancies for office seekers. Apparently it never occurred to him to do what Andrew Jackson pitilessly did later—namely, fire the persons who already held the offices. Vacancies, said Jefferson, "by death are few; by resignation, none."

Benjamin Franklin thirty years earlier had wittily stated his own rule concerning resignation. He had risen in the colonial post-office system by great ability, till he was made Deputy Postmaster General in North America. At first he paid the deficit of the post office out of his own pocket. Afterward he made it self-supporting. Then Pennsylvania sent him to Britain as its agent. By defending colonial rights he acquired important enemies, who, as he wrote in 1770, are "endeavoring to provoke me to resign. In this they are not likely to succeed, I being deficient in that Christian virtue of resignation. If they would have my office, they must take it." Three years later they did take it. Franklin's rule concerning offices was never to ask for them, never to refuse them and never to resign them.

The humorous and hyperbolic Col. James A. McKenzie, a Confederate veteran and a former Congressman, was a kindly man and himself an officeholder, and did not mean what he said in 1890 about the swarm of office seekers in the capital of his own state, Kentucky: "If God in a moment of enthusiasm should see fit to snatch them to His bosom, I should regard it as a dispensation of divine Providence in which I could acquiesce with a fervor that would be turbulent and even riotous."

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Jamesburg, New Jersey: The 27-year-old driver of this demolished car was killed when a train struck it at a railroad crossing. He was deaf.

I SAY RE-EXAMINE ALL AUTO DRIVERS

By O. D. SHIPLEY

Pennsylvania's Commissioner of Traffic Safety estimates that over a million Americans should be disqualified from driving. In his state he found blind, armless and epileptic persons legally behind the wheel.

A young, wild-eyed stranger sat hunched at the counter of a roadside diner in the heart of the storied Pennsylvania Dutch country. As the waitress served him a piping-hot cup of coffee, she heard him mutter, "She refused to marry me. . . . She refused to marry me."

He downed the hot liquid in two gulps, rose from the stool and nervously emptied the contents of his pocket on the counter. With a wave of the hand, the stranger beckoned the waitress and told her, "Here, keep these things. They're yours. You won't see me again." Before she could answer, he was out the door. She saw him climb into his car, gun the engine and roar away. Lying on the counter were personal cards, Army dogtags and a sterling-silver bracelet with the inscription: KENNETH M. SHELLY MAY 11, 1927 LITITZ, PA. The bewildered waitress telephoned the Pennsylvania State Police.

Later that Sunday evening the state troopers again heard about Kenneth Shelly—this time from a toll collector at the Pennsylvania Turnpike's Lebanon-Lancaster Interchange. Shelly had barreled at sixty miles an hour past the toll booth, taking a part of the structure with him. A Turnpike patrol car was on his trail in a matter of minutes. It found him pulled up at the Lawn Service Area. While the state trooper was examining his driving credentials, Shelly suddenly started his car and sped away, swinging sharply around and heading east in the westbound lane—against sixty-mile-an-hour traffic!

Meanwhile state police investigating the diner episode had learned from his parents

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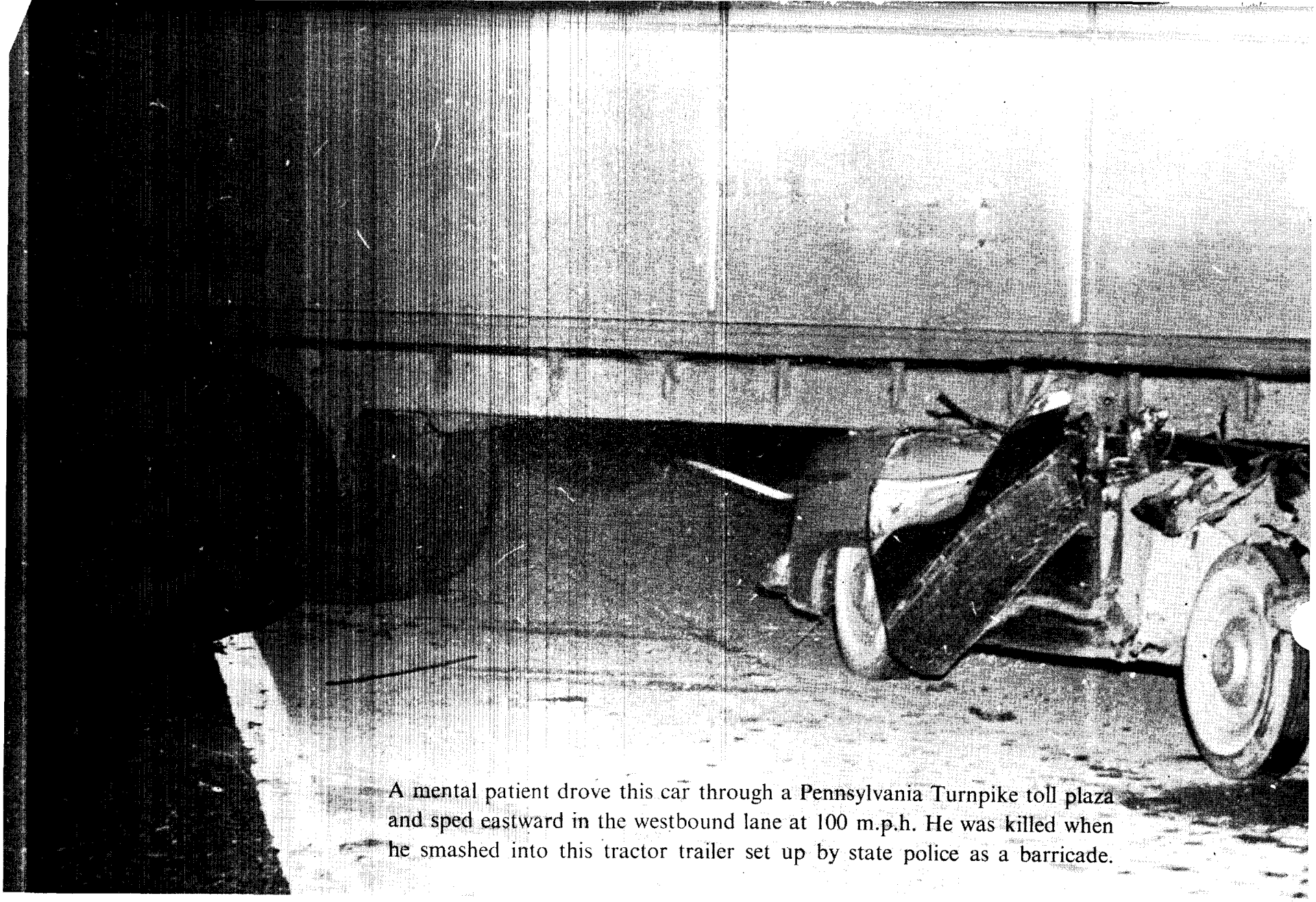

A mental patient drove this car through a Pennsylvania Turnpike toll plaza and sped eastward in the westbound lane at 100 m.p.h. He was killed when he smashed into this tractor trailer set up by state police as a barricade.

that he was a periodic patient in a state mental hospital. This information later aided officers in making an agonizing decision.

Shelly, speeding east in the darkness toward Philadelphia—in the wrong lane—erratically flicked his headlights on and off. Terrified westbound motorists took to the ditch, lucky to get out of the path of his speeding car. A trooper in the proper lane clocked Shelly at speeds up to 100 miles an hour. Alerted by radio, other state police were hurriedly clearing all traffic from one of the busiest turnpikes in the world. At times they were able to play their spotlights on the fugitive Shelly, and whenever they caught him in their lights he thumbed his nose at them. Flares and barriers were set up on the turnpike at Bowmansville in an attempt to flag him down. Shelly bowled them over like tenpins and headed for Morgantown, the next interchange, ten miles beyond.

At Morgantown, forty miles east of the starting point of Shelly's wild ride, the state police made the agonizing decision. They commandeered a tractor-trailer rig and placed it across the westbound lane as a roadblock. Shelly's car came thundering down the turnpike, and, without slackening speed, he zeroed in on the trailer like a kamikaze, striking it with such impact that his car plunged under the rig and emerged on the far side with its top sheared off. A disturbed mind behind an automobile wheel ceased functioning.

Rather than being a freak, the case of Kenneth Shelly is representative of a segment of our driving population. Certainly Shelly, with his record of mental illness, should not have been licensed to operate a motor vehicle. Yet uncounted numbers of licensed operators with dangerous physical and mental disabilities drive the expressways and blacktops of the nation every day. The death and destruction caused by such drivers frequently escape public notice, since police and coroner reports generally list only "cause of death"—not "cause of accident."

I am Commissioner of Traffic Safety for Pennsylvania. On the day I was elevated to my present post—February 2, 1960—I asked

The author, Traffic Safety Commissioner "Mike" Shipley, examining a wrecked automobile. Pennsylvania's driver-improvement program is not designed to take away licenses, he says. It is designed to save lives on our roads and highways.

A Pennsylvania resident receiving a visual test by a state trooper during a re-examination for his license. Each vehicle operator in the state evenutally will also be required to pass a medical examination, given by the physician of his choice.

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Governor Lawrence what instructions he had for me, if any.

Governor Lawrence's instructions were terse and simple: "Save lives, Mike!"

"How far can I go, governor?" I asked.

"All the way," he said. "Last year, according to your own figures in the Bureau of Traffic Safety, 1685 people died on Pennsylvania highways. Get as close to zero as possible."

The governor was aware that getting as close to zero as possible demanded vigorous, forceful action, and he started me in the commissioner's post with a sweeping thirteen-point program to save lives on Pennsylvania's highways. Each of the thirteen points is directed at rehabilitating or eliminating problem drivers as far as humanly possible—and to attack the traffic-accident problem in its many complexities from every possible angle. But the most unusual phase of the program is periodic physical re-examination of all drivers. It might be said that Pennsylvania's pioneering program making physical, mental and visual examination a legal requisite for acquiring and keeping a driver's license is the very core and heart of our massive attack on death and injury on the highway.

Pennsylvania is the only state which subjects its drivers to this sort of searching inspection of their physical and mental ability to handle a motor vehicle safely. It is beyond my comprehension why such a fundamental, common-sense step has not been taken earlier. Rigorous physical examinations are required by the armed forces and by many industries and businesses. Bus and truck drivers operating in interstate commerce must undergo physical examinations every three years; some employers require annual checkups.

Pennsylvania is one of the few states which has no special licensing provisions for drivers of commercial vehicles. As a result, there is no legal bar to an eighty-year-old woman driving the largest tractor-trailer truck on Pennsylvania's highways. The requirement we in Pennsylvania now insist upon in granting grandmother a license to drive that tractor-trailer or her passenger automobile is that she be mentally and physically competent, notwithstanding her age. Lest some of our senior citizens cringe at the thought of losing their licenses and the pleasure of travel in their twilight years, let me emphasize that age is not the determining factor. Competency is. Highway accidents definitely traceable to serious physical or mental impairment among drivers are not uncommon among either the young or old. The following examples are unhappily too commonplace:

A blind man was killed in Pennsylvania when the truck he was *driving* went off the road. His method of navigation was unique: His small son, seated on his lap, gave him directions!

A man was arrested after being clocked at speeds up to 106 (Continued on Page 71)

When a trucker suffered a fatal heart attack on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, his rig crashed through guard rails and jounced down a forty-five-foot embankment. Below, right, his body is removed from the wreckage.

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BEEF TO THE GUNWALE

BY
C. S. FORESTER

The lives of every man in the boat depended on him. ★ And all he knew about the sea was what he read in books. ★★★

Malcolm Blanke, M. D., was in a state of mental turmoil when he came back into the room where he had undergone his oral examination. Two stupendous things were happening to him at once. He was about to learn if he was to be granted a Ph.D., and he had just joined the United States Navy. About the Ph.D. he would hardly have worried at all if that had been the only factor in his present life. He had every confidence in his thesis on the Histology of the Peripheral Neural Plexuses.

It had broken new ground; it had disproved one theory and established another, and it opened the way to a fresh series of important researches. It had called for four years of hard work—four years of the most slavish concentration, the most accurate laboratory technique, the most painstaking observations and

A DOUBLE-LENGTH STORY BY THE CREATOR OF HORATIO HORNBLOWER

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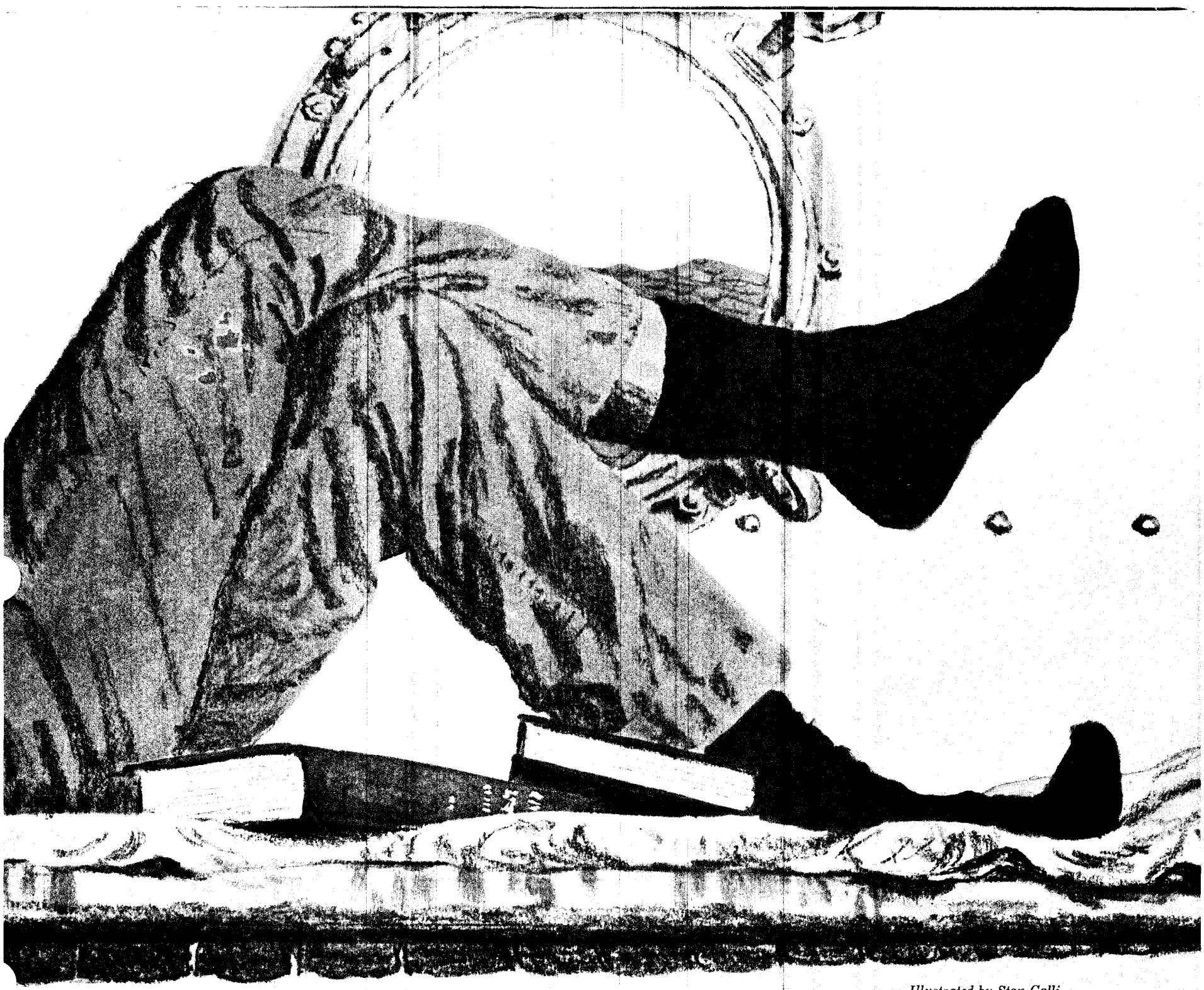

Illustrated by Stan Galli

the most ingenious theorizing regarding the deductions to be made from them. The examining board could hardly deny him his Ph.D. now that they had studied his thesis.

Incidentally, it was more than likely that the end result of his work would be the alleviation of a good deal of human suffering, which was a strange thought in a world at war—Blanke could think that way now that he was emerging from four years of total abstraction and now that he had joined the Navy. In fact, as he went back into the room to hear the decision of the examining board regarding his Ph.D., another absurd human thought came up into his mind—at some rare frivolous moment in his youth he had read about the procedure at Naval courts-martial, and how the accused coming in to be told the finding was warned in advance by the position of his sword on the table; the sword point toward him meant a verdict of guilty. Blanke remembered this as he remembered everything he had ever read because he had the fantastic memory of the true scholar, but the clearest proof that he had been jolted out of a purely academic state of mind was that he actually found himself sparing a glance at the council table to see if there was a sword there.

"I must offer you my heartiest congratulations on your thesis, Doctor Blanke," said the chairman of the examining board.

"A very definite contribution to human knowledge," said another member.

"Thank you, sir. Thank you," said Blanke vaguely in acknowledgment.

"I understand we should address you as

Continued on next page

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continued

Lieutenant Blanke, and not as Doctor Blanke, in the future," remarked the chairman.

"I suppose that's so," agreed Blanke. "I've just received my orders."

"At any rate, you have your Ph.D.," said the chairman, "but I don't expect it will be much use to you in the Navy. Undoubtedly it's your medical degree that interests Uncle Sam at the present time."

The day the last word of the thesis had been typed, the last reference checked, Blanke had sent in his application to join the Navy. Less than a week later the Navy had asked for a copy of his M.D. degree, something he had almost forgotten about during four years of research. And now he was a lieutenant (j.g.) USNR—for years, he knew, that would be far more important than just being a Ph.D.

He went back to his home, and his moth awaited him as he let himself in at the door She was Doctor Blanke, the same as he was her vocation had been mathematics, but she had years ago reconciled herself to the fact that her son had chosen to be a mere scientist

"Well, dear?" she said.

"It's all right, mother."

"I'm glad, dear," she said. "Of course, I never had any doubts."

She might have been expected to discuss his Ph.D. further, but she was a woman as well as a Doctor of Philosophy, and there was something else she could hardly wait to mention

"There are about a dozen big packages for you, dear," she said.

"My uniforms, I expect," Blanke said.

"Well, aren't you going to open them?" demanded his exasperated mother.

As Blanke tried to handle the tiller, the boat slithered precariously along a crest and almost capsized.

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"Of course I will, mother," said he. In fact, I seem to have heard somewhere that it's illegal for a member of the armed forces to wear civilian clothes now that there's a war."

"I'll help you, dear," said his mother.

Over some of the packages there was a shade of disappointment. "You didn't need anymore underclothes, did you, dear?" asked his mother.

Blanke came over and looked at the contents. "That," he decided, "must be the 'six undershirts and six pairs of drawers' they spoke about."

"Your present things are much more suitable," sniffed his mother.

"Here's the khaki," said Blanke, opening another package. He unfolded the coat and held it up for inspection.

"Don't you think you'd better try it on, dear?" said his mother.

She left him while he put on regulation shirt and coat and trousers and tied the regulation tie. When he called her in again, he was standing before the mirror, trying to appear unconcerned at the first sight of himself in uniform.

"You look quite handsome, dear," she said, and only a mother could have thought that the gangling Blanke, with his laboratory pallor and scholarly shoulders, was "quite handsome." Blanke turned back to the mirror.

"Just a minute," said his mother, diving into one of the packages. "Here's something else you have to have." She produced the shoulder boards with their gold stripes.

"Yes, of course," agreed Blanke. "They show my rank. Let's put 'em on."

He buttoned them on his shoulders, and his mother handed him the

Continued on page 66

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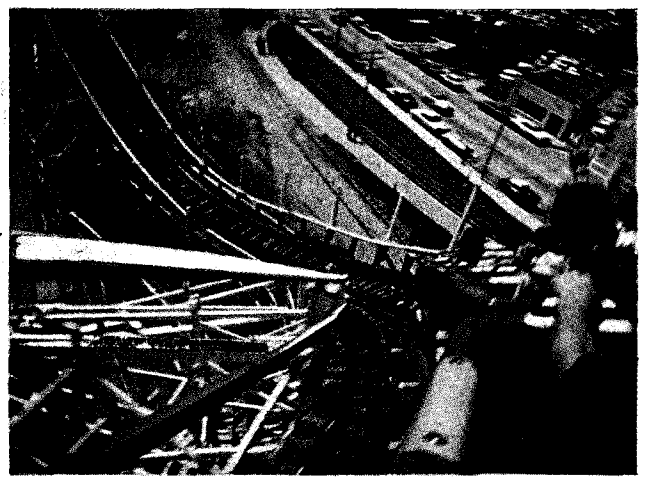
The Face of AMERICA

Over the Brink

Slowly upward the cars are drawn, higher, still higher, to the crest of the rising rails. Eager faces are tilted skyward. A gleeful moan goes up as the cars reach the summit. There they pause for a shrunken moment. Then down they plunge, faster, faster. Boys howl and throw their arms into the air, showing the highest bravery and daring as they disdain the drab safety of the hand bar. Girls squeal



and shriek. The cars lurch this way, then that, as the tracks snake earthward. Riders rise, fall, twist, slide in their seats. Then they are carried upward again, racing to the next exhilaration in the chain of thrills that is the roller coaster. Known by many names—Scenic Railway, Zephyr or, as here at Santa Cruz, California, the Giant Dipper—the roller coaster is the top thrill ride in amusement parks across the nation. During the Dipper's working hours a line of patrons continuously waits for a turn on the breath-taking minute-and-fifty-second ride. Since 1924, when the Dipper was built, more than 7,500,000 people have stood in that line.

● Photographs by Jack Fields

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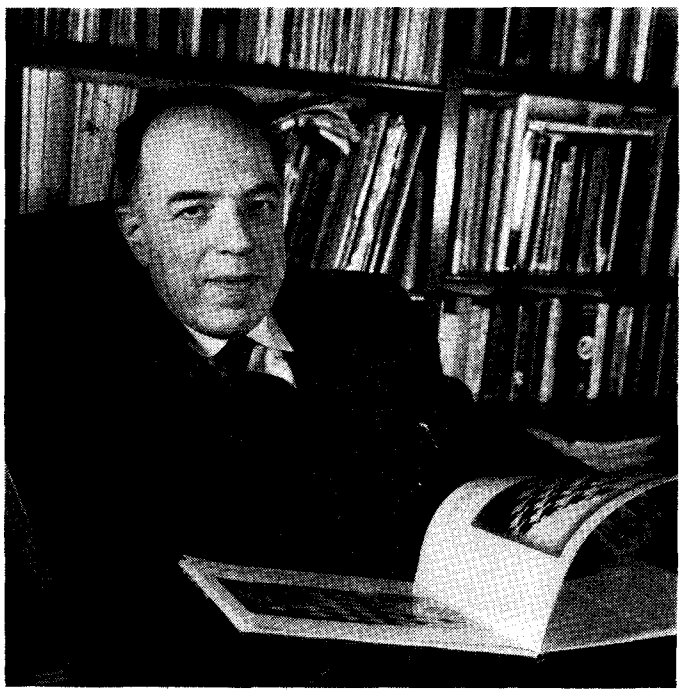
ADVENTURES
of the MIND

How to Read a Painting

By visual paradoxes the artist shocks the viewer into the realization that there is more to art than meets the eye.

By E. H. GOMBRICH



Ernst Hans Gombrich, director of the Warburg Institute of the University of London and professor of the classical tradition there, was born in Vienna, which he left in 1936 under the shadow of the Nazi terror. Professor Gombrich has written extensively on the history and theory of art. His latest book, published in this country by Pantheon Books, Inc., is *Art and Illusion*, which he originally delivered as the A. W. Mellon Lecturer in Fine Arts at the National Gallery in Washington in 1956. Professor Gombrich, who has taught also at Oxford, Harvard and Oberlin, gave the 1961 Spencer Trask Lectures at Princeton University.

None of Molière's immortal witticisms is surer to get a laugh from a modern audience than the surprise of his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* when he is told that he has been "talking prose" all his life. But was poor M. Jourdain all that silly? What he had discovered in his frantic efforts to climb into the class of noblemen was, of course, not prose, but verse. The notion of prose as a special kind of speech could never have been thought of without the poet's truly surprising ways with language, so well described by the author of Alice in Wonderland:

For first you write a sentence,
And then you chop it small;
Then mix the bits, and sort them out
Just as they chance to fall:
The order of the phrases makes
No difference at all.

The corresponding ways with images practiced by twentieth-century artists have turned us all into M. Jourdains. They have shocked us into a fresh awareness of the prose of pictorial representation.

If we had told an art lover of former days that a picture needed deciphering, he would have thought of symbols and emblems with some cryptic "hieroglyphic" content. Take the

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Fig. 1. *Still Life.*
Jan Simonsz Torrentius, seventeenth century.

still life by the Dutch seventeenth-century painter Torrentius (Fig. 1). It seems clear enough as a representation, and for good reasons: We know that the artist used an optical device, the camera obscura, to project the image of the motifs onto the canvas where he traced it as one might trace a projected photograph. What wonder that it seemed just as easy to recognize the objects in the picture as it would be to recognize them on the table. If deciphering came in at all, it applied to a second level of meaning, as it were—to the question of what these objects might signify. To the learned *gentilhomme* they would suggest more than a jug, a glass and a yoke, for he would recognize in this curious assemblage the emblems or "attributes" of the personification of Temperance, a lady with the laudable habit of pouring water into her wine and a corresponding disposition meekly to accept the bridle and the yoke.

It was only when learned allusions of this kind went out of fashion, and when everybody could reproduce the image of objects by means of his own photographic camera, that artists began to question the simple assumptions underlying the still-life painter's craft. No sooner had they done so than the public questioned their competence. What impudence of the impressionists to demand of us to decipher their blots and splashes! But this is easy, retorted the painter's champions. Just step back and half-close your eyes, and the blots will fall into place. The magic worked, and the outcry subsided. What remained was the conviction that the artist knew more about seeing than the layman. Surprising as it may sound, the blots must be all we really see of a motif on the table. If we recognize things more easily in life than on impressionist pictures, it is because we can touch and handle objects and thus acquire knowledge of properties which we have no right to ask the artist to paint.

No right? Why not? Should we not demand of the artist precisely for this reason that he must somehow include in his pictures that indispensable information gained from touch, those tactile values we need for recognition and participation in his world? If so, where should he stop? It is not only touch that gives us information. It is movement, looking at objects from several sides. Without such movement we would never learn to sort out the impressions received by our eyes.

So the debate went on, and representation became self-conscious. The cubist revolution some fifty years ago established the painter's right to present his own commentaries to the conundrum of vision. Instead of tracing the image of a camera obscura, the artist superimposes and telescopes fragments of representations which follow a mysterious order of

Fig. 2. *Still Life.* Pablo Picasso, 1911.

their own (Fig. 2). No longer will a simple trick suffice to recover the object on the table. Like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "It is here, it is there, it is gone."

There were and still are critics who claim that this tantalizing method represents some higher order of reality than does the photographic picture. It may well be that Picasso and Braque, who invented the style, were inspired by echoes of similar mystic beliefs. But the continent they found on their voyage of discovery was not the never-never land of the fourth dimension, but the fascinating reality of visual ambiguity. We are in danger of missing this fascination through sheer familiarity with cubist methods which have long since penetrated into commercial art. The shock has worn off, and we no longer attempt to decipher the images that play hide-and-seek among the facets of ambiguous patterns. And thus we are apt to miss the real problem posed by the first of the "modern" styles that broke resolutely with the "photographic" rendering of *CONTINUED ON PAGE 64*

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Maine's Sweetest Secret

The luscious down-East blueberry is unrivaled for pie, says this New Englander, who offers his favorite recipe.

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

Teen-age pickers such as these youngsters from Head Tide, Maine, harvest much of New England's blueberry crop. They are paid $1.20 per bushel.

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Photographs by John Burns

Across the old starved fields and barrens of Maine that the wild low-bush blueberry loves there is a cast of powder blue. It is as if the late-summer sky itself had filtered down some of its resplendence on a foggy morning when no one was looking. But it is the blue of millions of tiny ripe blueberries basking their fat little skins. Harvesttime again! Pie time again! The most delicious juice that can drip off a fork and slurp down a man's chin unquestionably comes from warm homemade wild-blueberry pie. By rights a man should use his spoon.

To make an old field gay is the sort of whimsy you could expect from that pesky little plant, the low-bush blueberry. Its botanical name is *Vaccinium augustifolium*, which makes the tag bigger than the package. It is a spreading, ground-hugging bush varying in height from four to fifteen inches. Its fruit, mostly powder blue in color but sometimes black, ranges in size from one fifth to five eighths of an inch in diameter. A little thing, but spunky.

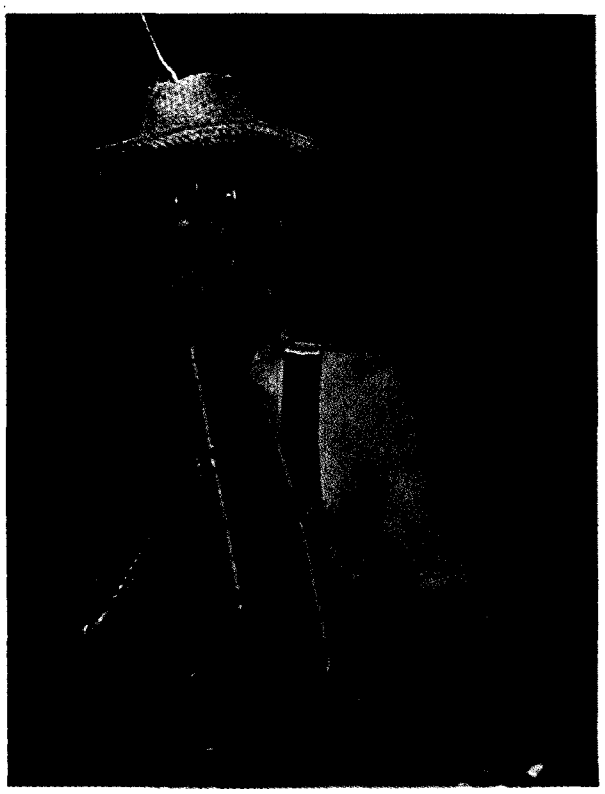
It is an independent, science-frustrating, thumb-at-nose fragment of deliciousness. No other soil-produced food that man uses in commercial quantity has held to its natural state like the low-bush. For instance, even if you have $10,000,000 you cannot make wild-blueberry land. If blueberries are not already there, you and all your minions cannot attract them. It cannot, with any degree of success, be transplanted even in its own soil. A transplanted clone, which a cutting from one of its underground runners is called, will live, but even the water of a scientist's tears will not make it grow. It simply stands still in quiet stubbornness.

Birds and wind have carried low-bush-blueberry seed since the retreat of the ice age, and it has germinated and thrived. But seed will not thrive for man. Straight nitrogen fertilizer in certain areas and under certain conditions has some effect. But mostly—in the experimental areas where careful men have sprinkled sulphate of ammonia in the manner of priests blessing ground—all that happens is that the grasses and weeds improve.

Someday man may succeed in taming the wild little berry, if "success" is the proper word. He wants to make it uniform in size and color, get it into level fields where his machinery will not bump and toss, make it stand up and be docile for some sort of mechanical picker he will invent when he can figure out what will work. He keeps on trying. With one of the low-bush cousins, the high-bush berry, he has triumphed and made a beautiful hybrid as big as a fat grape. It may be as good as it looks. We frankly do not know. We could not find out in Maine. But to date, all man has been able to do for the low-bush is to fight its enemies—weeds that crowd and trees that shade and the insects and fungi that sting and blight. By observation he has learned that he can prune and force the bush into a very beneficial dormancy with fire every other year. Aside from that, all he can do is stand aside and let the untamed urchin go.

It goes very well. Maine, from its commercially tended fields and barrens, will very likely rake more than 20,000,000 pounds this harvest. Some 22,000,000 pounds last year were canned and frozen for market. That was 90 per cent of the nation's wild-blueberry production. "Maine blueberries" (Continued on Page 36)

Above: Mrs. Carrie Hall, rolling pie crust in her Bunker Hill, Maine, kitchen. One secret the author reveals for making old-fashioned blueberry pie: Use four cups of berries for every 9-inch baking pan.



Farmer Walter Howe, of Hope, Maine, holding one of the rakes pickers use to strip blueberries from the plant.

Amateur pickers gathering the makings of a dessert during a family outing. Blueberries can be used in fritters, muffins, ices, sauces, soufflés, tarts, waffles and pancakes—as well as in mouth-watering pies.

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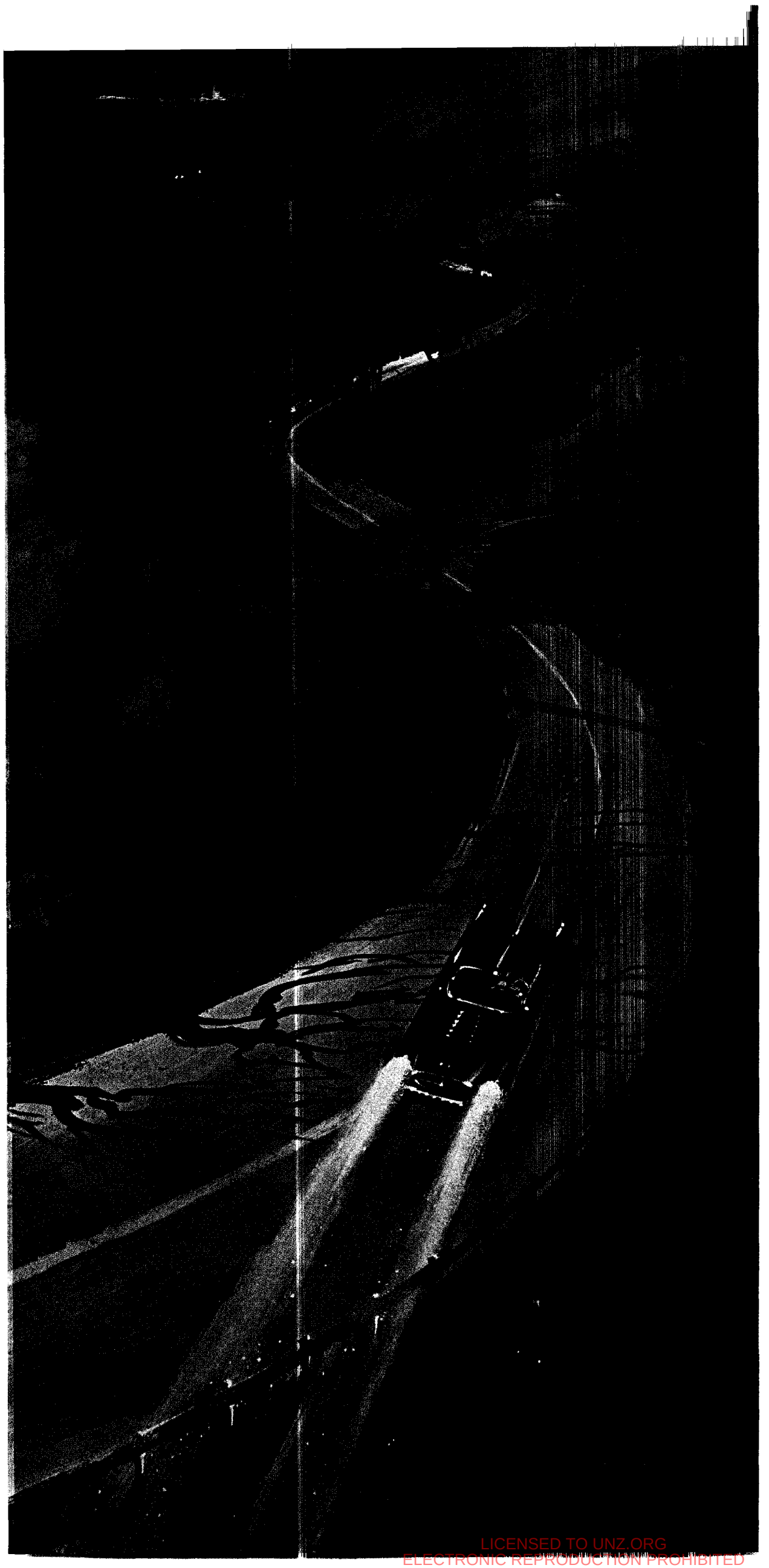

The Big Wheel

By FRED McMORROW

He stepped into a rare automobile and got the ride he deserved.

The little man did not look up from his book of poems when the sound of the engine came through the window of his office, a sound that had no more business being on Mechanic Street than what it belonged to, a Jupiter Custom 12, or the kind of man or woman a Jupiter Custom 12 would belong to, whoever was behind the wheel.

"Sammy," the little man said, "go out and tell the man in the Jupiter Custom 12 to come in here. Then take his car and put it inside in the back."

Sammy looked out the window. "Now, how in hell did you know that was a Jupiter Custom 12, Mr. Deels?" Sammy asked. "You got eyes in your ears or something?"

"You get used to them," Mr. Deels said. "You'll catch on when you've been with us a little longer. Go on now, before he starts blowing his horn."

Mr. Deels went on reading his poems until, his eye jumping to the left side of a page, he saw the hem of a camel's-hair coat just beyond. He looked up. "Welcome," Mr. Deels said. "My name is Mr. Deels. Hell on wheels with Mr. Deels."

"Hello, how are you," said the big man in the camel's-hair. "I heard you had a Diana IV M around here, and I'd like to see it."

"That's a beautiful car you've got there," said Mr. Deels.

"Yes, I know," the man said. "About the Diana IV M ——"

"I can imagine the time and money it must have cost just to find that car of yours," Mr. Deels said.

"Yes. If you don't mind, I'm interested in buying your Diana IV M, if you've got one, and I'm willing to pay cash."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Deels. "Cash." He sighed and arose and closed his book and put it in a desk drawer and locked it. "I'm just curious," he (Continued on Page 59)

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THE HARMLESS AMERICAN

Why, when we have the best of intentions, do we irritate, annoy and even anger foreigners when we go abroad?

By JOHN MASTERS

Once upon a time there was a guy called Joe. Joe left school at fifteen and started a garbage-collection service. He'd never had any more time for culture than his father, a bricklayer, had had. He was just a good, kind guy. In his late thirties he took the first vacation he'd had in ten years. Fired by the Olde Worlde travel ads, he bought a couple of smart new suitcases, a good camera and some new dresses for his wife and set off with her for Europe.

When they came back, I asked Joe how he'd liked it. "They've got something over there, all right," he said with a kind of grudging admiration, "though it's hard to put your finger on it. They kind of live well and don't fret so much as a lot of guys do here. But, Jack, what do they take us for? Every guy we meet says, 'Ah, Americans—millionaires!' Me, the trash man! At the same time, they act like they think I'm a damned fool, padding the bill and charging me double. Then they spread out a dozen knives and forks and ten glasses and bow and scrape like I'm a duke, but they're grinning behind their hands because they know darned well I never handled that sort of junk before."

I sighed and said nothing, because it was too complicated, and Joe had to get back to work. His trip to Europe had given him a brief glimpse in the distorting mirror which the outside world holds up, often to its own face, when it wants to see the United States. Let's have a longer, closer look at that image. I omit from the description what our indoctrinated Communist enemies see and what our less numerous but equally fanatical friends see—but I do not omit, because it is an important element of the whole, the influence these groups have on the general view. Wincing slightly, grimacing—as we all do when we look in such a mirror at a fun fair—here goes.

People of other countries usually concede that John Doe, United States citizen, is a kindhearted chap. He will press candy on children and give ten-dollar bills to total strangers. But, they insist, he is also ignorant and blundering, as likely to press his dirty money on a bank president as a waiter. He is a simple, naïve, well-meaning soul who wants above all to be liked and he expects to achieve this by a ruthless regard for his own interests first, last and all the time. He is generous to a fault and he worships the almighty dollar. He's a vulture for culture—other people's—because he doesn't have any of his own. He's terribly nervous about everything, from the food he eats to the chances of revolution or war, Communism, the inscrutable Russians and the Yellow Peril. He is also aggressive and, at the drop of a hat, will tell you he has enough H-bombs to wipe all life off the planet and, by gosh, he sometimes has a good mind to use them. He has a mystical reverence for everyone else's institutions, especially royalty, but insists that anything really good "can only happen here."

Jane Doe—they go on to say—besides sharing in all her husband's qualities, is immoral, because she sometimes wears short shorts in unusual places, showing her long stems; but, of course, she is frigid. (French women often reveal a great deal more than their legs—but they're *French.*) Jane Doe is bossy, since the U.S.A. is a matriarchy, but she is unable to do a hand's turn of work, since her house and life are mechanized, automated, canned and instant. She is charmingly natural in her behavior, but quite artificial in her beauty.

This composite, contradictory image comes from three main sources. First, there is the impression given by Americans abroad—the tourists, the technicians, the G.I.'s. Second, there are our own cultural exports—the speeches of our Presidents, senators and generals, our magazines, movies and books. Third, there is the deliberate campaign of our enemies. This is always based on a genuine point of friction. Young girls like a good time, and when the American G.I. has three times as much money in his pocket as the British private soldier, it is not hard to invent the sort of crack which will spread fast, like this example from England in 1944: "There are four things wrong with the Yanks. They're overfed, overpaid, oversexed—and over here."

I wish we could afford to ignore the nonsense, but we cannot. The so-called uncommitted nations are not really nations at all, but, like us, people—people who buy and sell things and have weapons and skills which they will use for a cause they believe in and minds to absorb and spread ideas. Through our foreign service and our information services and other channels we spend millions to create a true image of ourselves and our principles. We do care, then, and we must. We should first try to separate the true from the false and see where and why the distortions begin.

We are rich, and there's no use trying to pretend otherwise. Joe was aggrieved at being thought a rich man, but he was probably the first garbage collector who'd ever sat down to dinner at the Hotel Splendide. His mere presence on the other side of the Atlantic proved his wealth. Those three weeks could not have cost him less than $1600. A large majority of Americans can save $1600 in twenty years. In the rest of the world a huge majority can never save it, in their whole lifetime. Wage and price levels are much higher here, and when Joe goes abroad, in most countries he's rich—period. Men whom we regard as pretty well off are stinking rich by the standards of most other countries.

The advertising in magazines underlines the same impression. Our economy is geared to mass production, and, by heavens, we produce. The flood of goods available, shown in page after page of vivid natural color, their prices seeming reasonable to us, simply stuns the average foreigner.

(Continued on Page 73)

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"Dear Mr. President..."

By ROBERT CAHN

Every week 20,000 letters—from crackpots and beggars as well as world leaders—come to the President. What kind and how many does he personally see? A *Post* editor reports.

Shortly after nine o'clock the morning after the Inauguration last January, the executive offices of the White House were in the state of confusion that might normally be expected on a first day of business. Outside the oval Presidential office, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, the President's personal secretary, was busily rearranging the furniture when President Kennedy appeared at his office door.

"Mrs. Lincoln, where is my mail?" the President asked wistfully. "Didn't I get any mail?"

The best Mrs. Lincoln could do at the moment was to round up a batch of telegrams. Not that there was any lack of mail. The problem was that the White House mail room was trying to dig out of an avalanche of mail, the vanguard of 87,000 letters that were to arrive during the first two weeks. Before the end of President Kennedy's first day at the office, Kenny O'Donnell, the top Presidential administrative assistant, had placed a stack of mail two feet high on the Presidential desk—and by that time the President was already too busy to read it.

"That first morning the President wanted to know exactly how his mail would be handled," says O'Donnell. "He said he wanted to see everything. He didn't want others deciding what letters he should see. Of course, neither the President nor any of us at that time realized how heavy the mail was going to be."

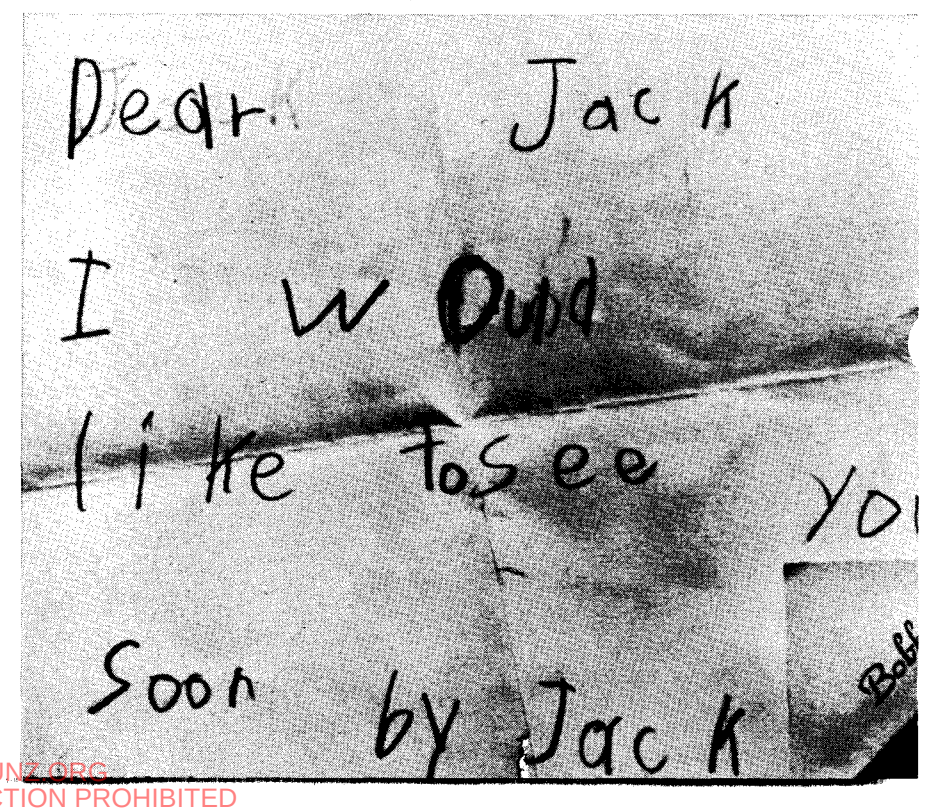
Today, with the experience of the first six months behind him, the President has long since cried "uncle" and has somewhat reluctantly resigned himself to the inevitability of seeing only a fraction of the Presidential mail, which is now running heavier than at any time in history, and which is almost twice as heavy as that received by President Eisenhower. An average of 20,000 letters a week—more than half a million to date—pour in from every state in the nation and from scores of foreign countries. Obviously it would not be humanly possible for the President to read and answer all this mail, even by devoting all his waking hours to the task.

A Maryland youngster writes: "Some wise guys at school say you are trying to start an atomic war. Please send me a reassuring letter." A G.I. overseas calls the President's attention to what he charges is a flagrant waste of Government money at his installation. A women's club in Worcester, Massachusetts, invites the President to tea. A man from Florida comments: "If we have no plan to invade Cuba, we'd better get one."

A New Jersey man wants help in getting a job. From St. Paul comes a letter complaining

Paper work for the President. He signs his replies and often jots personal postscripts to letters he has dictated to his secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln (left).

An alert clerk identified the author of this mysterious letter. It was postmarked at McLean, Va., home of Attorney General Robert Kennedy. The writer: Bobby Jr.



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Samples from the White House mailbags. Most of the letters are from citizens expressing their opinions on news events, legislation and Mr. Kennedy's speeches.

that electricians can get $764 a week at a missile base, while college graduates who earn $150 a week have to work overtime for nothing. A Los Angeles woman claims she has a refund due on her income tax. An accountant in Texas suggests a method for awarding defense contracts which, he asserts, would save millions of dollars a year.

Sack upon sack full of letters like these, in addition to official mail and personal letters from the President's family and close friends, are delivered four times a day to the White House mail room, a series of offices in the basement of the Executive Office Building just across the alley from the west wing of the White House. One morning recently, having been given permission to find out how the President's mail is handled, I started following the mail from the moment the first delivery arrived.

As the sacks were emptied, all letters were placed in trays and, along with packages, run through a fluoroscope and past a Geiger counter in a routine check for any potentially harmful contents. In case the fluoroscope should indicate a suspicious object, a bomb-disposal truck is kept in readiness near the mail room.

About a year ago a man in the Midwest wrote President Eisenhower that he was sending him a "surprise package." When his fifteen-pound gift arrived a few days later and the fluoroscope revealed that it contained switches, tubes and pieces of metal, the package was rushed in the disposal truck to an uninhabited area outside Washington where it was opened with remote-controlled mechanical "arms." To the (Continued on Page 47)

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

In the mail room: Americans have sent thousands of presents to the Kennedy family. The President refuses to accept those valued at more than $25.

The Secret Service uses this bomb-disposal truck whenever a suspicious-looking object turns up in the President's mail. Here an agent demonstrates the unit's time-bomb detector.

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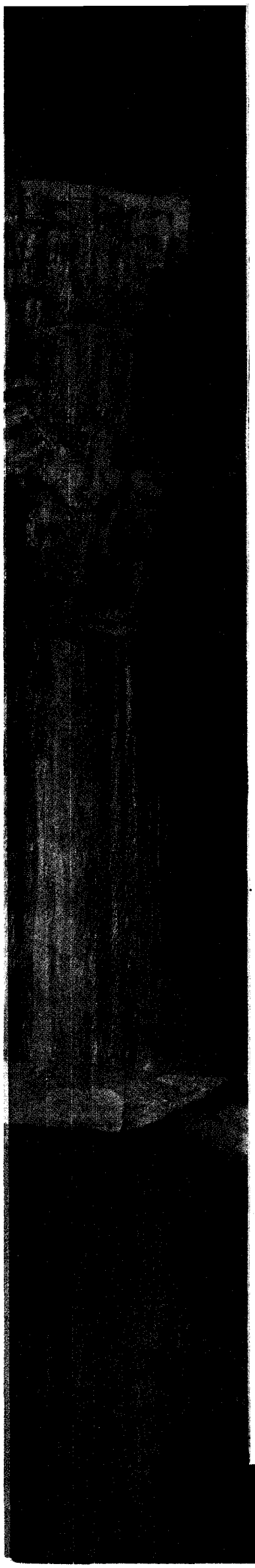

Love comes to Miss Lucas

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

she took an all-expense-paid tour of Rome— with a junior executive she hardly knew.

(TAPE No. 1. Property of Miss Myrna Lucas. Not to be opened until the year 2030, or anyway ten years after my death, whichever is sooner. This reel contains Preparations for Trip. New York, Spring, 1960.)

What I want to do is make this a historical document. I read in the paper—oh, I don't know, several months ago—that up at Columbia University they had established the Oral History Research Office, and what they do is record on tape right from the lips of the people concerned all sorts of data and information about the important political, economic and cultural events of our time. They have now over eight hundred people who have done this, and the way they persuade them is to promise that the tapes will not be played for a certain agreed time—say, when everyone connected with the event is dead and no one can become annoyed and sue.

It seems Columbia feels that this is the only way a really truthful history of our time can be written—I mean with all the details filled in—because of what is a technological problem, that is, the airplane and the telephone. In olden days everybody used to write long letters and memoranda to one another, so in that way history was preserved; but nowadays the President can get in an airplane and go somewhere and talk face to face with a prime minister or someone, or he can pick up the telephone and just talk, and large amounts of valuable material are lost.

Well, I don't want to imply that I have any valuable historical information to impart or that it's going to be locked up in a vault for a hundred years—oh, no; I just want to explain what gave me the idea of making tapes of my trip. I am a bad letter writer. If it were up to me to tell what happened in a letter, it would never get told. In my job I type all the time—letters, reports, interoffice memos, what have you—and I can turn them out at a hundred and twenty-five words a minute and never think. But if I have to sit down by myself with a blank piece of paper in a machine, nothing happens. It's a block, you call it.

But I can talk. Let me lie back with my portable tape recorder going and the little red light flashing, and before you know it I have several hours of conversation preserved forever. So that's what gave me the idea of making a specific record of my trip to Rome.

When I told my sister, she said, "You're crazy, all that weight," and I said, "It's portable; I'm going to put it under my coat, and no one will know, and besides I think it's important for future generations of our family. After all, I'm the first one of us who ever went abroad."

My sister said, "What about Grandma Lucas? She came over from Austria in 1897. That's abroad." And I said, "She doesn't count. That wasn't a trip; she came to immigrate. And she didn't speak English then and, besides, there weren't any tape recorders."

So I decided to take mine.

Maybe first I had better explain how I got the tape recorder, because that whole area is important. I am a person who enters contests, and what is more, I am a person who wins.

Contests are a knack. You've got to have a feel for them. Many people enter contests—they get excited at the prospect of a free station wagon or a free mink coat or a free I-don't-know-what and they write off—but you will find that most people don't win, even once. It is the old regulars who come up time and again with the prizes. They have the know-how.

But we don't talk much about it, and I will tell you why from my own experience.

(Continued on Page 61)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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Municipal Stadium, Cleveland: Vic Power snaring a peg in characteristic one-handed fashion. The base runner, out at first, is Detroit's Bill Bruton.

Power, notorious for his own battles on the ball field, restrained his explosive teammate Jim Piersall during this recent beanball brawl with the Tigers.

Vic Power: MASTER AT FIRST

Some say Cleveland's flashy first baseman is a "showboat" who makes easy plays look tough. But there's a lot they don't know about him.

By
EDWARD LINN
and HAL LEBOVITZ

Vic and his attractive Puerto Rican wife, Idalia, outside their Cleveland home. They pamper their two sons, Gerry Lewis, 3, and Edward Victor, 1.

From the time he started playing professional baseball at the age of fifteen, Vic Power, the first baseman of the Cleveland Indians, has displayed a remarkable talent for offending the opposition by his mere presence on a ball field. Yankee relief pitcher Luis Arroyo, a fellow Puerto Rican, says in some bewilderment, "I've played on four big-league teams, and the first thing I heard on all of them is what a bad guy Vic Power is. I tell them no, he not bad guy, he nice fellow." But then even Arroyo is moved to add reflectively, "I mean he nice fellow when I have beer with him after game in Puerto Rico. During game, I not so crazy about him either."

For years the cry of "showboat" has descended upon Power's head from the opposing dugouts. It is a baseball term of derision and insult for a show-off, a faker, a man who plays to the galleries at the expense of the game and of his team.

With Power everything is one hand. He scoops up ground balls with one hand, takes throws to first base with one hand and even catches fly balls one-handed, something that would get any Little Leaguer sent to bed without supper. And all of it is done with a flourish. He takes the throws to first with a swoop of the arm, a casual flick of the glove and—on occasion—a wholly unnecessary little leap. If he has a second to spare, he seems to go into a fancy little dance step as he kicks the base and skips nimbly away. "All he needs," says one player sourly, "is a baton in his hand and a brass band behind him."

Power can stir up the animals with his base running too, as he proved a couple of years ago by stealing (Continued on Page 49)

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the case of the BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Was Mason using underhanded methods?

"You're being held on suspicion of first-degree murder," Lieutenant Tragg informed shapely Gwynn Elston, Perry Mason's law client. Gwynn had discovered the body of Felting Grimes, but she assured Mason she was not the killer.

Grimes was the husband of Gwynn's best friend and her host since she moved into the Grimes residence. When Gwynn's book-selling job took her to the home of Frankline Gillett, she learned that Gillett and Grimes were the same man; Grimes was a bigamist living two lives. As she returned from a visit to the Gillett home, Gwynn had a mystifying encounter with a detective who gave her a pistol and then disappeared. When she realized that the pistol had been fired, Gwynn returned to the place where she had met the detective. Nearby lay the body of Felting Grimes.

After Gwynn's arrest, Perry and his secretary, Della Street, prepared to go to the Grimes home to interview Mrs. Grimes before the police contacted her.

III

Della Street eased the car to a stop at the curb in front of the Grimes residence at 367 Mandala Drive. "No notes," Perry Mason said and held the door open for her.

She squirmed out from under the steering wheel, slid along the seat, giving Mason a tantalizing flash of beautiful legs, then stood on the sidewalk shaking her skirts. "O.K., chief, let's go."

They walked up the concrete walk. Della Street said in a low voice, "How much are you going to tell her?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "I'm going to play it by ear. We'll have to see what develops." Mason pressed the door chimes.

Nell Grimes came to the door.

"Good morning," Mason said. "My name is Mason. I'm an attorney at law. This is Miss Della Street, my secretary. We'd like to come in and talk with you for a few moments, if you have no objection."

"*Perry* Mason!" she exclaimed, her eyes widening.

"That's right," Mason said.

"Heavens, I've read about you in the papers, and your face is familiar from pictures. Please do come in." She led the way into the living room.

Mason said, "I'm going to have to ask you questions. I'm afraid you're going to have to take me on trust."

"Go right ahead," she said. "I'll be glad to help you in any way I can."

"The questions involve Gwynn Elston."

Mrs. Grimes gave a start of surprise. "Gwynn! Why, what in the world—what's *she* been doing?"

Mason said, "Miss Elston has been rooming with you, I believe."

"Yes. She has her room and eats her breakfast here. Sometimes we invite her for dinner. But the financial arrangements include room with breakfast."

"She's selling books?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where she was last night?"

"Last night," Nell Grimes said, choosing her words carefully, "she was on a most mysterious mission of some sort."

"Did she tell you anything about being stopped by an officer?"

"She told me a story about an officer who stopped her car and tossed his gun in her lap, so she could have it to protect herself in case he—took liberties."

"Did you believe that story?"

"Definitely not."

"You are friendly with Miss Elston?"

"I've known her for years. She's my closest friend."

"Has she ever lied to you before?"

"She's fibbed once or twice, yes, but this—well, this time it was different."

"She showed you the gun?"

"Yes."

"Swung the cylinder out where you could see it?"

(Continued on Page 41)

"Get out of this car! You were trying to get me to betray my own husband," she screamed.

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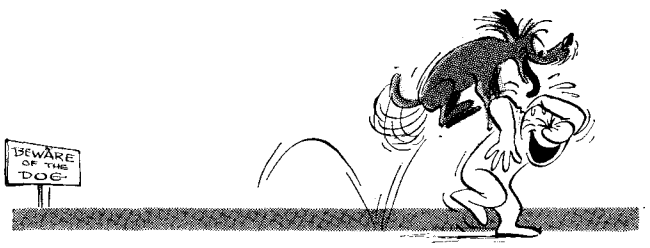
Post Scripts



The Sense of Humor

"Son, did you hear the one about the bunny who was going to have his tonsils out and he asked the doctor not to give him Novocain, and the doctor said, 'Why not?', and the bunny said, 'Becauthe I'm the ether bunny'?"

"No, I didn't hear it, dad. How does it go?"

"That's the joke."

"I don't get it."

"Well, you see the joke is ether."

"I don't think ether's so funny."

"No, but see, it's just a pun on the word Easter—see, ether and Easter and. . . ."

"Dear, did you hear the one about the bunny ——"

"Yes, I heard you telling Billy."

"Bobby, did you hear the one about the bunny who was going to have his tonsils out and ——"

"You mean the ether bunny?"

"Oh, James, did you hear the one about the bunny who couldn't take Novocain because he was the ether bunny?"

"Oh, that's a good one, boss. Ha ha ha, who who hee, that's really good. I'm going to have to—whoo whoo haa haa—remember that one. Who ho ho that is one of the . . ."

BETSY BYARS

". . . leaving a balance of zero for the fiscal year."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Word to the Newly Married

Enjoy your meals by yellow candlelight
On linen tablecloths, unstained and white,
With dinner conversation gay and bright
Centered around the latest book or play;
Ah, yes, enjoy it fully while you may.

Because, when families grow, the change is drastic.
White cloths give way to place mats made of plastic.
The conversation grows much less elastic. . . .

And, believe it or not, there'll come a day
you'll find yourself entreating,
"Please, son, don't put the puppy on the table
while we're eating."

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

"I limit myself to one drink a day—at the moment, I'm six weeks ahead."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Shape We're In

Vacation days arrive at last,
And so we widely scatter
To find that travel broadens fast,
But also makes us flatter.

HELEN CASTLE

I Fail to See the Connection

"A lot of famous people were born in Colorado or lived there at one time—Eugene Field, Damon Runyon, Gene Fowler, Lowell Thomas, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Harold Lloyd, Paul Whiteman, Glenn Miller, Jack Dempsey, Max Baer ——"

"I once drove up Pike's Peak."

"In 1904 the major presidential candidates were Teddy Roosevelt and Alton B. Parker. Teddy got three hundred and thirty-six electoral votes, while Parker got one hundred and forty, I think it was. The vice presidential candidates that year were Charles W. Fairbanks and Henry G. Davis, who ——"

"Gee, that was just two years before the big San Francisco earthquake of 1906!"

"Well, let's see—Michelangelo (1475–1564), Titian (1477–1576), Rembrandt (1606–1669), Renoir (1841–1919) ——"

"Disraeli (1804–1881)."

"As I recall, Jack Sharkey won the heavyweight championship from Max Schmeling, and then Primo Carnera won it from Sharkey, and Max Baer won it from Carnera, and ——"

"I used to work with a guy named Alonzo Sharkey."

CHARLES A. MATTESON

I Used To Be Bored; Now I'm Overboard

Psychologists and doctors say
Diverting pastimes have a way
Of smoothing out a wrinkled mind,
And everyone should try to find
Some hobbies which can be enjoyed
So time and hands are well employed.
This good advice got through to me.
I followed it so thoroughly
Diverting work I sought to do
Keeps me from work I ought to do.

IRENE WARSAW

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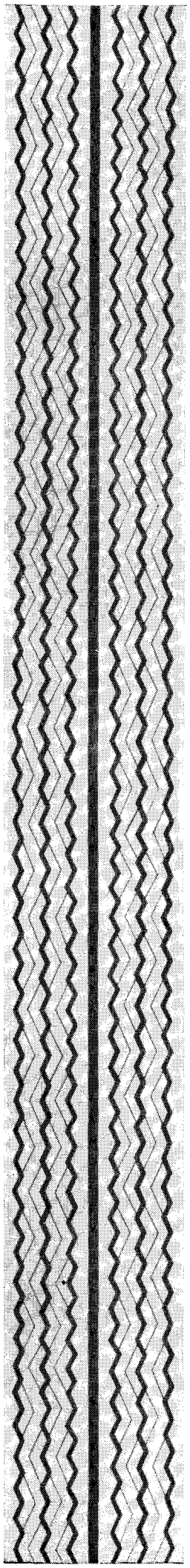
ONLY PREMIUM-QUALITY TIRE IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD!



TWIN-TREADS

You get the extra traction of two treads, not one. Load is shared, mileage increased. Braking is more efficient—wet or dry. Noticeably more stable, especially on curves.

NYGEN CORD

Nygen is the most indestructible tire material known—a real premium-tire safety feature of the Jet-Air. Nygen is high-speed impact resistant, heat dissipating.

ODESSA RUBBER

You get bump-absorbing, luxury softness and penny-pinching mileage costs with General's exclusive Odessa Rubber—a chamois-soft, rhino-tough formula so superior it was awarded a U. S. patent.

DOUBLE GUARANTEE

With Jet-Air Nygen you get a warranty (1) of materials and workmanship for the life of the tire and (2) 27-month guarantee against normal driving hazards. Adjustments prorated on General's current prices at time of adjustment.

The Twin-Tread Tire that gives you Nygen Strength with Odessa Rubber Mileage

THE GENERAL

JET-AIR

Here is the tire that gives you a luxury ride never before available at its low price. Compare it with conventional tires, feature for feature, dollar for dollar. This is the way to see for yourself why the Jet-Air is such a sensational success, setting a new high for customer enthusiasm.

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World's foremost manufacturer of premium-quality passenger tires • more than 700 different types and sizes of truck, bus, farm and airplane tires • largest vinyl film and sheeting producer, Boltaflex and Tolex for furniture, car interiors, etc. • Aerojet-General, rocket fuels, satellite and missile components • RKO-General television and radio • Pennsylvania athletic goods • wrought iron and plastic pipe • plants in 15 countries.

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passage to danger

They were fighting for their lives, against a murderer.

BY EDWIN LANHAM

"It wasn't me killed Mr. Leroy," protested hulking Bahama Gibson. "But I got to get away. That sheriff knows me and he knows I done time." After the murder of millionaire rancher Bart Leroy, Bahama commandeered the yacht *Cormorant* to make his escape. He took with him five unwilling passengers: Scott Chapman, a New York publisher vacationing in the Florida Keys, Scott's eight-year-old son Pip, lovely Barbara Hopkins, Carl Norwood and Sam Edwards, the professional skipper of Leroy's yacht. When the three men were bound securely, Bahama headed seaward from Vaca Key in a driving storm.

Hours later Bahama hove to, and the *Cormorant* rolled heavily a few yards off a tiny key. He forced everyone except Pip to swim ashore and marooned them on the island.

"You stay on that key, make no signals for twenty-four hours, and everybody will be O.K. But if they come after me, remember I got Pip," Bahama threatened. The engines churned, and the *Cormorant* headed off into the drifting grayness.

CONCLUSION

The island was about a hundred yards long by fifty wide and it was mostly mangrove, an impenetrable barrier of roots and branches closely interlaced, fringing a small, lumpy area of land that had a coral base and was tufted with brown grass flattened by the rain. On the western side there was a narrow beach, and a hundred yards out waves broke on a sand bar, beyond which, an eighth of a mile away, was another, smaller mangrove key. There was a sense of desolation and complete isolation that affected all of them.

Their wet clothes clung clammily to the skin, and the air seemed chill after this day without sun. Barbara was wearing shorts and a blouse, but she had been wearing a light jacket, which she now wrung out thoroughly and hung to dry on a branch. There was little hope of getting a fire started. What wood was available was too wet to burn, and there were no dry matches. Scott's cigarette lighter had been doused, but it might in time dry out enough to ignite; he found a flat rock and set it there to dry.

Captain Edwards had opened the duffel bag and said cheerfully as he took inventory, "We've got a quart of water here. We'll have to ration it pretty tight, of course. And we've got a dozen oranges—that's three apiece—and four big cans of stew. One can ought to make a meal for the four of us. Cold, it won't be exactly tasty, but it's food. These crackers will dry out tomorrow in the sun."

"If we could get a fire started, somebody might see it," Carl Norwood said. "Maybe some fisherman will pass this way."

"No signals, please," Scott said. "I told Bahama we'd give him twenty-four hours to get away."

"Oh, say," Carl said with a delicate smile. "We can't just sit here for twenty-four hours without lifting a finger, old man."

"He's got Pip as hostage," Scott said.

"Is that any reason for us to leave our bones here?" Carl said.

"He promised to send word where we are," Scott said tightly.

"Let's be practical about this," Carl said. "That Conch would leave us here to rot. Sure, we'll give him his twenty-four hours; but, meanwhile, let's get off this damned key. All we have to do is keep our mouths shut for twenty-four hours." He flung out his palm. "Look at Barb, there, soaked through and shivering. Do you intend to leave her exposed like this for twenty-four hours?"

"I'm drying out already," Barbara said quickly. "Please don't worry about me, Scott."

"I do worry," Scott said. "But we have adequate food. We can make out all right, I think."

"I love oranges and stew," Barbara said with a quick smile; then she added in a low, worried voice, "I also love Pip."

"After a storm, the water gets cloudy," Sam Edwards said. "But it will clear up tomorrow or the next day, and ——"

"Or the next day!" Carl cried. "Let's not colonize this key, after all."

"—and when it does, we'll make out fine," Edwards went on smoothly. "There'll be oysters on the roots of them mangroves, and in clear water we can pick us up some of them spiny lobsters. We'll make out O.K."

"Captain, you're a good man to have along," Scott said gratefully.

Carl walked away and stood on the beach. Sam Edwards said softly, "Don't you worry, Mr. Chapman, Bahama won't hurt that kid. All he wants is to get away with the dough, so let him have his twenty-four hours, then we'll figure how to get off this key."

"Bahama claims he didn't kill Bart Leroy," Scott said. "If I could believe that, I'd feel a lot better."

"Oh, he done it all right," Sam said. "Like how he gunned down the crew of that rum-runner."

(Continued on Page 53)

As Scott dived at him Barbara swung the conch shell with both hands.

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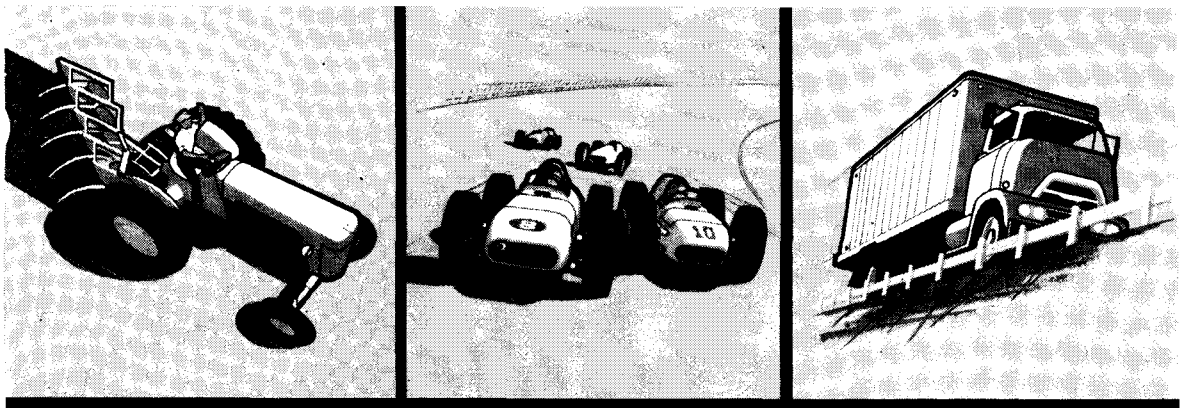

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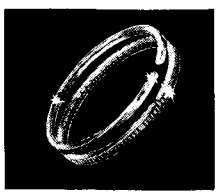

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Maine's Sweetest Secret

(Continued from Page 23)

is the name the country calls the fruit, which is not quite fair, of course, for the low-bush berry also grows in the other New England states, most of eastern New York, upper Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and even Canada. It has cousins that eat very well in a pie or muffin known as the mountain blueberry of the Rockies and the rabbit-eye of the Southeast and the wild high-bush of all the Atlantic coast from Cape Cod south into north Florida. But Maine has those big, hard-scrabble, rock-worthless, acid-bitter fields and barrens, miles of 'em, that the low-bush berry loves so. What fields and barrens they are!

"Not fertile soil," says *Bulletin 479* of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station with rare understatement. It sums up the way 215 shovelfuls of high-production Washington County soil came out of the laboratory—"Low or very low in available phosphorus, potassium and calcium. The pH [acidity] was 4.7."

From a green-thumb point of view that is about as close to nothing as soil can get. A photograph of a vertical cross section of it looks like a slab of poor-house vanilla cake with a thin frosting of organic matter from forest litter.

But the low-bush blueberry likes it. It knows what it wants. It always has. It is indigenous to North America. The Indians used it for a blue dye on their porcupine-quill fancy work and their war paint. At berrytime their papooses were a sticky vermilion from eyebrows to belly buttons. The first settlers steamed it in their duffs and baked it in their tarts.

A walk down a woods trail in blueberrytime shows every bird and animal dropping dyed blue—coon, porky, deer, bear, even my own setter dogs who have learned to pick ripe berries daintily with their short gnawing teeth. A black bear in good pickin' is Hogarthian. His jaws dripping blue spit and his beady eyes agleam with greed, he sits on his backside with both hind legs stretched out and his belly hanging down like a fat old man's. He reaches out with his front paws and rakes inward. He rakes clean, too, and then, not even bothering to get up, hunches on to a fresh stand. Deer drive blueberry growers mad. A dainty nibble here and then another there until a whole acre, half eaten and tramped and pulled ragged, is spoiled in a single night.

Man bends his back until it creaks to pick blueberries. A young, supple back is best, and most of the paid pickers these days are recruited from teen-agers, with the gals often favored over the boys because of speed and thoroughness. In sparsely populated Washington County, Maine's biggest commercial producers on their vast barren acreages bring in Micmac and Abnaki Indian families from Eastport and New Brunswick and house them in company shacks.

Professional picking is all done with a blueberry rake, a special tool shaped like a husky dustpan with heavy wire teeth for its floor. The teeth are sharp-pointed to lead the way, and the berries are stripped from the stalk with a forward and upward sweep of the arm. The rakes are a fine tinsmith job, and the Drisko family, now C. H. Drisko and Bro., in Columbia Falls, Washington County, have been rake makers for generations.

The raked berries are gathered in half-bushel baskets and taken to a central place in the field where the winnowing machine, another specialized blueberry rigging made also for generations by the Rivers family, now Emil Rivers, Inc., of Rockland, Knox County, is whining its tune. It blows the twigs and the leaves and the unripe berries away. The cleaned product then is loaded into half-bushel boxes and transported to the canning and freezing plants. The picking areas in the commercial fields are lined off into lanes by white strings. A picker stays in his lane and is responsible for picking it clean.

But for every paid picker in the growers' lined-off fields stooping up his eight, sometimes twelve, bushels a day with his purple-dyed rake, there are a thousand amateurs picking a lard pail full with their fingers for tonight's pie or a pan of muffins. All over middle and eastern North America in patches in old abandoned fields, in slash-littered woodlands recently lumbered, between outcrop of ledge in land "good for nawthin' ever," the low-bush berry is waiting. Anybody can go out and help himself. Virtually everybody at one time or another in his life has. It is very likely that there are more people who know exactly what you are talking about when you describe blueberry picking than there are who would know about any other agricultural task.

What a lovely task! Overhead in Maine is the blue maritime sky of late summer, 10,000 fathoms sheer aloft without a blemish. The smell of wild sage and sweet fern scents the baked air. The plump little berries, delicious even to your fingers, clump into your pail. And all around you everything is clean—clean air, clean rock, clean leaves, clean Maine in late summer without a bug to sting you or a snake or an animal that is not a friend.

Not working for a living, you can let sweet somnolence soften your bones as the day intends. Robert Tristram Coffin, Maine's poet, was a picker who nodded over his lard pail. In *The Secret* he said:

You grow clumsy as your pail gets full.
Your fingers now are getting to be thumbs.
You listen to each bumblebee that hums.
Locusts tune their fiddlestrings up taut.
It's clear it's going to be ungodly hot.
The pail fills slowest when it's near the top.
*The sun has got inside you, and you stop.**

I knew there was a good batch of berries behind the Baptist church down the road, and the afternoon was fine. Whistling up the lone setter bitch that was around at the moment, I swung a lard pail from a finger and headed for the makin's of a supper pie. There was a long black car with an out-of-state license parked beside the church. Somebody else had heard about the good pickin'. Into the patch I listened, but did not hear them. They must have wandered far. Then my bitch pointed, and her hackles lifted as they never would for a bird. There, sticking out of a patch of sweet fern, was a female arm. Unmistakably female—just her naked, too-white, plump little forearm with a diamond-studded wrist watch winking its gems. She was sound asleep amid the ferns—a pink-dressed, fat little luxurious mamma with her blond shingle a bit askew and her face still pretty with her mouth open just far enough to burble a snore like a kitten's purr. Her guy had started off with his head in her lap, but she had apparently pushed it off when her leg went to sleep. He looked like the sort of mate she deserved—thin and kindly faced and nice and old and rich.

Now, for all his wealth, he had a puckerbush for a pillow. But he slept on. They had both earned their nap. Their lard pail, heaped fuller than I would have the patience to fill mine, stood beside them. I clucked to my bitch, and we tiptoed off and left them with a feeling of warm kinship. Once in a while a summer tourist understands your land and how to use its beauty.

The men who do not go to sleep over the little wild berry are a race apart. If any farmer deserves the name of husbandman, the true wild-blueberry farmer does. All he can give his crop is his care. Pruning with fire is his most important and dangerous task. Like all berries, the low-bush bears on new wood. Last year's bearing stalk stands stiff and dead, no longer needed. Nature dries and rots it, and it falls away, but not in time. If left, the stiff, many-branched twig bruises berries in the raking, catches in the rake and breaks off and then does not winnow out easily. So every other year man burns it away together with this year's new wood and gives the plant a year of rest.

The use of fire was a natural discovery. Berries came in thick and fat amid the charred stumps of burned forest and on burned field. Many of the big berry areas, the Washington County barrens in particular, were undoubtedly great forests long ago. Fires so terrible they burned the soil to depletion swept them. Decades, more likely centuries, brought them back to the feeble fertility that will support blueberries, and there they probably will remain forever.

The growers' burning must be no holocaust. Spread hay and straw are the traditional fuels and still most widely used, but an oil-burning flame thrower that shoots three fans of fire astern as it trundles down the field has come into use recently. In the hands of an expert driver on reasonably smooth ground it can do a fine job in a fraction of the time and labor needed for spread hay. Abused, it can destroy the underground sprouts that are future growth and burn away the topsoil humus.

The grower burns half his land every year and harvests the other half in a turnabout schedule. If he uses hay, it is spread in late fall, a ton to an acre. Winter's snow holds it there, and in the drying winds of March and early April it becomes dry enough to burn while the frost is still in the ground. One of Maine's spring harbingers is clouds of white smoke that well up on the sky line in late-March and April afternoons and vanish in an hour.

After a field is burned, the grower's task is bugs and weeds. The bug fighting is simply watch and kill with dust and spray as any horticulturist would. The weed battle is special, for no plow or harrow can be used on the rowless, solidly grown fields. It is hack and cut with saw and blade and chemical in single combat. There is a recently invented rig out of the University of Maine's engineering department that is making a faster chemical kill on high-standing fern, alder, pin cherry and willow that jump up in a field. It is a big felt roller—the first ones came from paper-mill discards—mounted on wheels that revolve it slowly a foot or so above the ground. The roller is kept wet with 24d and 245T herbicides sometimes mixed together and sprayed on the felt by overhead spray heads. The power comes from a tractor. Rolling over the tall brush, it bends it over and gives a caress of death. The tractor I saw working was named Lucrezia, by some college-kid driver who had imagination.

In the fruiting field, pollination is a worry. The bloom is a tiny pinkish-white bell flower, one for every blueberry. That means a million million pickup stops for bees and the other pollen-hunting insects. In Maine, at least, there are not enough of them to go around in the short two-to-three-week bloom period. No doubt, like the heavy wastage of fish spawn, nature never intended that pollination be complete. To overcome nature's crassness, bees are imported from Rhode Island, Maryland and Virginia with a rental, for the bloomtime, of eight dollars a hive. On the big barrens of Washington County, where insect flight is curtailed by the steady sweeping winds, and the only native pollinator is a thin population of bumblebees, the hive renters reap a rich harvest. We went over one of the big holdings near Cherryfield with Ralph C. Wentworth, the district agent for the Maine Extension Service. The field hands were gathering up 1000 hives for the trucks that would carry them back to Rhode Island. It was a puffed-faced crowd stung around the temples and eyes by left-out bees wanting to get home too. But in spite of the 1000 hives, pollination was far from complete. The berry stems showed up half blanks when you shook away the shedding blossom.

"Our next job," Wentworth said, "is to invent a new bumblebee for Washington County—one that is not so lazy."

The native bumblebee, unlike honeybees, gathers only enough pollen for food during its short life span of one year. Its impregnated queens go dormant in the ground in the fall, and there is no need to store food over winter.

Down the coast on the rolling fields of Lincoln and Knox counties, sheltered from sweeping winds and with insects aplenty, pollination is more nearly complete. Just after bloom-fall this spring we drove over Robert Wilkinson's beautiful acres with him to inspect his "set" of fruit. Wilkinson is "Mr. Blueberry" in the mid-state area. A leather-faced former trapper, he bartered a catch of muskrat skins for his first blueberry ground. Twenty-odd springs ago the battered, wooden-bodied station wagon he used to pick up his skins and journey from one

*From *Collected Poems* of Robert P. Tristram Coffin. By permission of The Macmillan Co.

Silver Anniversary

By Dionis Coffin Riggs

This silver summer we can
watch the wind
Flow over the meadow grass,
then hear it rise
To the top of the poplar tree
to flutter and twist
The gray-lined leaves, and
touch the tips of the cedar;
Or see the sunlight on the
weather-satined
Shingles; feel the incipient
rain that lies
Half hidden in the pearl and
pewter mist
Of sea-born spray. This peaceful
silver summer
Lingers in the dooryard quietly,
But I would wade the brook to
see the flowers
Of cardinal, or cut a branch
of thorny,
Sweet swamp rose, and
squander secret hours
Along the sedgy cove if I could
bring
To you one wild blue iris left
from spring.

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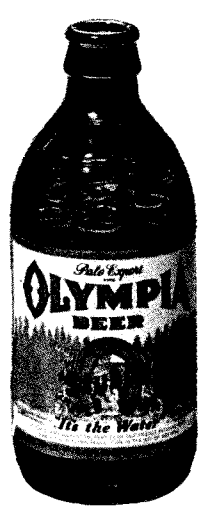

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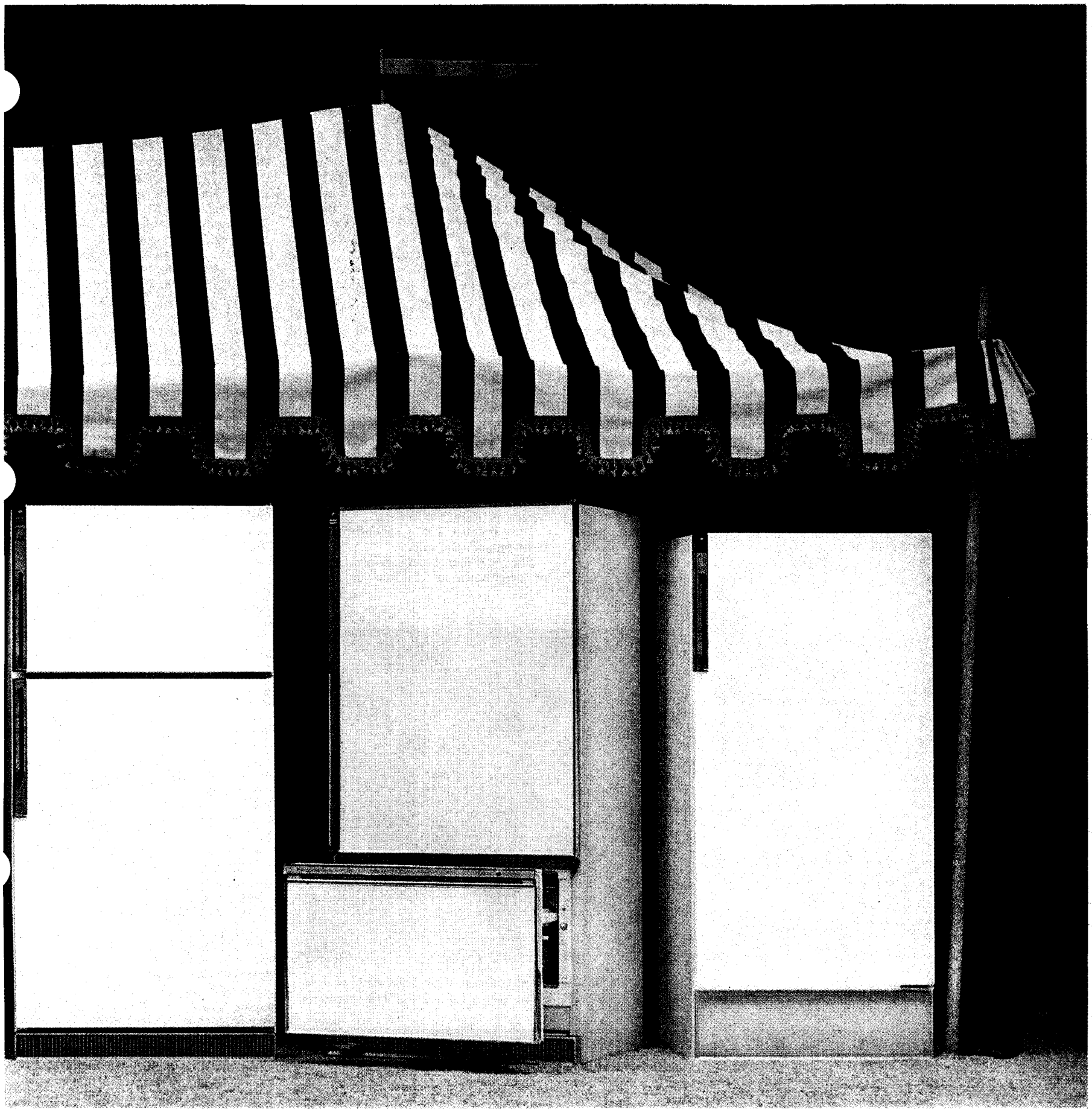

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trapping place to another, bogged down in the mud of Whitefield, Lincoln County.

"If I could buy a little piece of land around here, I'd put up a camp," he told the nearby farmer whose oxen were pulling him out. The farmer said he could buy the very mudhole he was in, and he had just enough 'rat skins in the wagon to do it. There were blueberries in the clearing he chopped out for his cabin, and he watched them thrive. Last year he raked 207,000 pounds from his fields—for he now owns most of the famous Whitefield Plains. His ability to make the pesky little low-bush berry yield for him is fabulous.

Better than any other man we met, he personifies the true blueberry grower—a man in partnership with nature, a trapper still. It is a different attitude from that of the orchardist or potato man who gets to feel he "makes" his crop. The preachers, of course, have a great deal to say about this attitude on Rogation Sunday and label it a sin or at least a false vanity of man. But the blueberry grower does not have to be told he is just a keeper of the vineyard. Nature makes Wilkinson's crop, as he appreciates completely. But under his hand nature comes flooding with her bounty. He labors for her unstintingly in deep gratitude. Nature and Wilkinson have a love affair going over blueberries.

We rode with him in his horribly beat-up pickup truck. It was a jolting afternoon, most of it spent crawling over the two ruts he calls roads through his fields. For much of the trip we stopped every fifty yards. Kneeling amid the bushes, he stroked them back with the gentleness of a sheep rancher stroking the wool on a merino's back to grade its length and quality. There were the berries, little green dots no bigger than pinheads on the stems, thousands of them in a square yard of the thick growth. In the whole great field that stretched up the broad back of a hill half a mile away and then over the hill and down its far side to a distant river—how many? Tons! Little round pellets that, even when filled out and ripe, are no bigger than No. 2 buckshot, figured in tons.

He was very pleased. He and nature were going to smile indeed—if the July rain came, if no bad hail fell, if. There was no "if" with him.

"They're here," he said. "We'll let nothing hurt them now."

We got out and walked through the bushes. I worried about our boots' crushing and breaking. "A man's got to walk a little," he said. "They know me. They'll fill in if we break a stem or two."

Atop the hill we came on a lovely granite outcrop—part of the world's backbone, worn smooth by wind and aeons. He kicked it, hating it, because it was the one blemish in his field he could do nothing about. A mile farther on there were rock foundations where habitations had been.

"A set of buildings," he said. "They were here when I bought the place. I burned them down."

"Why?" I asked.

"They shaded my berries," he said.

Back at Marcia Robbin's place, where Wilkinson boards, he gave me two cans of berries in syrup. He had won a case of them, of all things, as a door prize at a party he had attended the night before.

"Eat some berries," he advised. "A man wants to eat blueberries all he can."

And so a man does. They are edible little scapers, those low-bush blues. Fritters! Muffins! Pie! Grunt! Ice! Sauce! Soufflé! Tart! Tart Liegeoise! Waffles! Griddlecakes! But for this man's money, the cookbook could just say pie, or maybe just pie and muffins if the right gal makes the muffins. The right gal had best make the pie, too, for it is not for the trifling or the foolish.

We found ours in a little coastal hotel—the perfect pie recipe, that is. We were stormbound a winter or two ago waiting for a chance to ride a lobster smack out to Monhegan Island. Another guest was a tall, spare dame with snow-white hair and all dressed up, killing a winter in style until she could again open her summer boardinghouse down on the Point. It is a famous place, and one of the reasons is her blueberry pie. She is the best blueberry-pie maker from Portland Head to Schoodic Point, and that is a lot of hard, stormy coast. I asked her how she did it; and because I was a man and no competition, she told me.

"It's because I'm a spendthrift, dirty old woman," she said.

She held her blueberry-picking crew of neighborhood children until every smidgen of dew was gone in the morning and then watched while they washed their hands. Then she shooed them away and, when they brought in the berries, she took over and did the "sortin'," the picking over, herself, berry by berry.

"And that's it," she said. "Into the pie they go. No washing. No sanitation. No drop of water ever touches my berries."

"You can't dry berries," she said after the impact of her sacrilege had settled down. "When you try, they wilt and get soggy. Wet berries, a wet soupy pie. Now, my spendthrift side. Four full cups of fine dry berries for a nine-inch pie. Not one berry less. The cans and the frozen boxes give you twelve ounces—that's about two cups—and say it's enough for a nine-inch pan. It ain't. That's a skimpy pie—thin and flat as an old maid's bed. Four cups of berries. Sugar to taste. The recipes tell you too much sugar. One cup of sugar to four cups of berries is plenty sweet. You want to taste berries, not raw sweetenin'. And then"—her big, fine bony hand winked its hard-earned diamonds as she stretched out her fingers and then made a single, quick squeeze—"one little pull of my flour sifter. Just that much thickenin'. Top crust on. Filigree the edge with my false teeth—only, of course, that's a joke. They don't work good—too slippery. A fork's the best edgin' tool. Into an honest-to-goodness four-hundred-and-fifty-degree oven to grab that bottom crust and crisp it before the berry juice can sog it."

"A dry pie?" we asked.

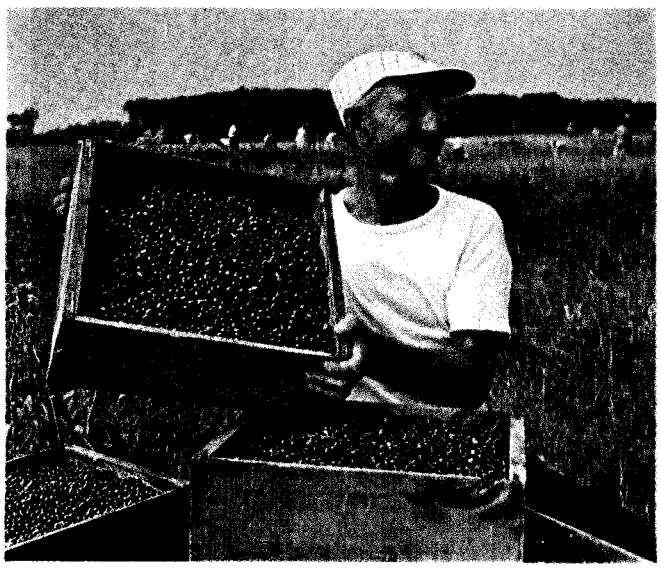
"No. There's no such thing as a dry-bottomed hot blueberry pie. If you get one, you'll know it has been all puddinged up with tapioca or cornstarch or made pasty with too much raw flour. My pie is just good-crusted, top and bottom, and firm in between with blueberries. They run out a little pure juice. People don't mind lickin' that up. On blueberry-pie night my girls call out, 'Pie! Keep your forks *and* spoons!'"

How right she is. In pickin' time, you can get bone-dry berries, and that's the big, important time for blueberry pie. But out-of-season frozen berries come the closest to being dry. They are washed as clean as pins to satisfy government regulations, but they are carefully drained, and freezing evaporates much of the surface moisture. They end up with each berry being a little frozen globe separate from its fellows. Be suspicious of a package that does not squeeze loose and rattle. It's probably a refreeze. But well-frozen berries make a fine pie.

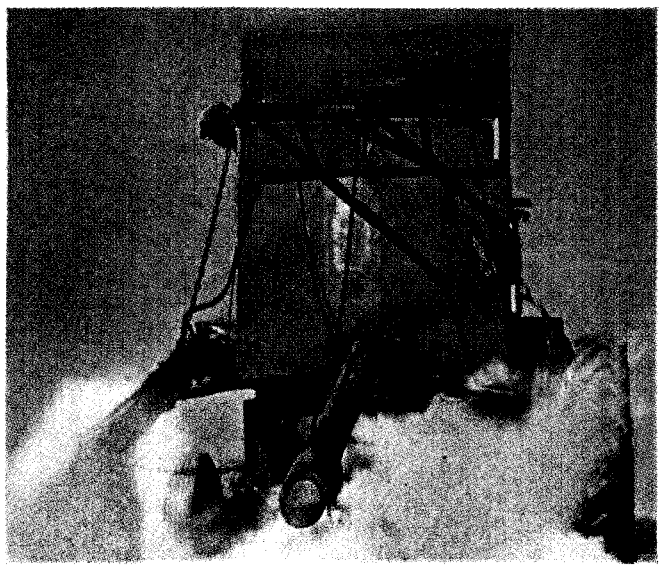
Ralph Wentworth who, after forty years as county and district agent in low-bush country, has eaten enough blueberries to turn his belly purple inside and out, is a blueberry-grunt eater. A proper grunt, of course, is a hot dish with especially made dumplings floating atop hot "sass." It is a refinement of the steamed duff of the pioneers. But Ralph says when the rest of the family have gone to bed and you're hungry, just open a can of the pie-mix berries packed in simple syrup and dunk in the biscuits left from supper, and for a cold grunt, that does all right.

Naturally he won't turn down a good hot pie. He started the pleasant practice here in Maine of "putting a shot in the locker." You save one corner of your home freezer for a twenty-two-pound keg of frozen berries. The packing plants put them up in the fat tin kegs for bakeries. The blue pellets rattle like buckshot when you go out to dip up enough for a bubbling-hot, brown-crusted, four-cupper pie. On a January night, with the wind howling, a pie like that can nourish a man and take him back to bee-hung August, and he'll lick his spoon.

THE END



Bob Wilkinson, one of Maine's leading blueberry growers. About twenty million pounds are harvested in the state annually.



Some blueberry farmers recondition their land each year by "burning it off" with self-propelled, oil-burning flame throwers.

Fresh fruit: A group of nonprofessionals savoring the take of a hard afternoon's labor in the wild, low-bush blueberry fields.

Mary Lafford, one of many Micmac and Abenacki Indians Maine growers hire each year to help harvest the bounteous berry crop.

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The Case of the Bigamous Spouse

(Continued from Page 31)

"Yes."

"Did you notice anything unusual about it?"

"Heavens, Mr. Mason, I don't know enough about guns to know the usual from the unusual. Gwynn knows something about guns, but I don't know a thing about them—except what she told me."

"What did she tell you?"

"She said there was an empty shell in the cylinder. I myself saw one of the shells that had this little indentation which, I believe, means the shell has been fired. Now, that's all I know about it, except that story Gwynn told me about someone giving her the gun to protect herself with and then running out on her and leaving her with the gun."

"And you didn't believe that story?"

Nell Grimes shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I'm not going to lie to you, Mr. Mason. I didn't believe that story."

"Did it ever occur to you that someone might have committed a crime with that gun, knew that it was hot and wanted to get rid of it?"

She thought for several moments, then said, "No, that didn't occur to me. To be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Mason, I had the idea that Gwynn had found herself in some sort of a jam, and she had thought up this story about the officer."

"You gave her some indication of your disbelief?"

"I certainly did."

"Then where *did* she get this gun, do you know?"

She shook her head.

"You don't know where the gun is now?"

"Gwynn took it with her."

"Do you know where Gwynn is now?"

"No, I haven't heard from her since she left this morning. There was a call for her—some woman with an attractive voice who wouldn't leave her number."

"Is your husband home?"

"No. He's on a trip. Sometimes he's away for two or three weeks at a time. Felt—my husband's name is Felting, but we all call him Felt for short—is away a lot. He left on a business trip yesterday. He said he'd be gone for a week."

"He travels a lot?"

"Yes."

"By air?"

"Most of the time, yes. However, he has his car, and I have a car."

"Where's your husband's car now?" Mason asked.

"At the airport parking lot, I presume. He left yesterday morning. Why are you asking me all these questions?"

"I am trying to get all the background I can on Gwynn Elston."

"There's one thing, Mr. Mason, and I don't know as I should tell you this."

"What is it?"

"Well—she went to the medicine cabinet yesterday morning and got some strychnine tablets. Heaven knows what she wanted them for."

"You keep strychnine in a medicine cabinet?"

"Yes. There are no children. We had some trouble with rats, and I poisoned some meat."

"Gwynn knew about that?"

"Yes."

"When did she get the tablets?"

"Yesterday morning. Anyway, that's when I found them in her room."

"Where?"

"On the bureau."

"Did you ask her about them?"

"No. I just put them back where they belonged. I intended to ask her, but it slipped my mind. She's been acting a little—well—not normal. She's been lying to me. I'm about half convinced she and my husband have been having a surreptitious affair. After all, if they have, I suppose you can't blame them. She's attractive, and she always was something of an exhibitionist. She wears tight sweaters and short skirts. And, of course, Felt notices things like that. All men do."

Mason said, "Look here, Mrs. Grimes, I'm going to put some cards on the table with you. Gwynn is in trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

Mason said, "I don't know how serious it is. The police are questioning her. I want you to help me."

"But what can I do? I'll tell the truth. I'm not going to lie. Can't you tell me any more than that, Mr. Mason? And why the police?"

Mason said, "I want to get all the information I possibly can about what happened last night, everything there is in the way of background, before the police get here."

"The police are coming *here?*"

"The police are coming here," Mason said. "They're going to interview you. They may be here at any time."

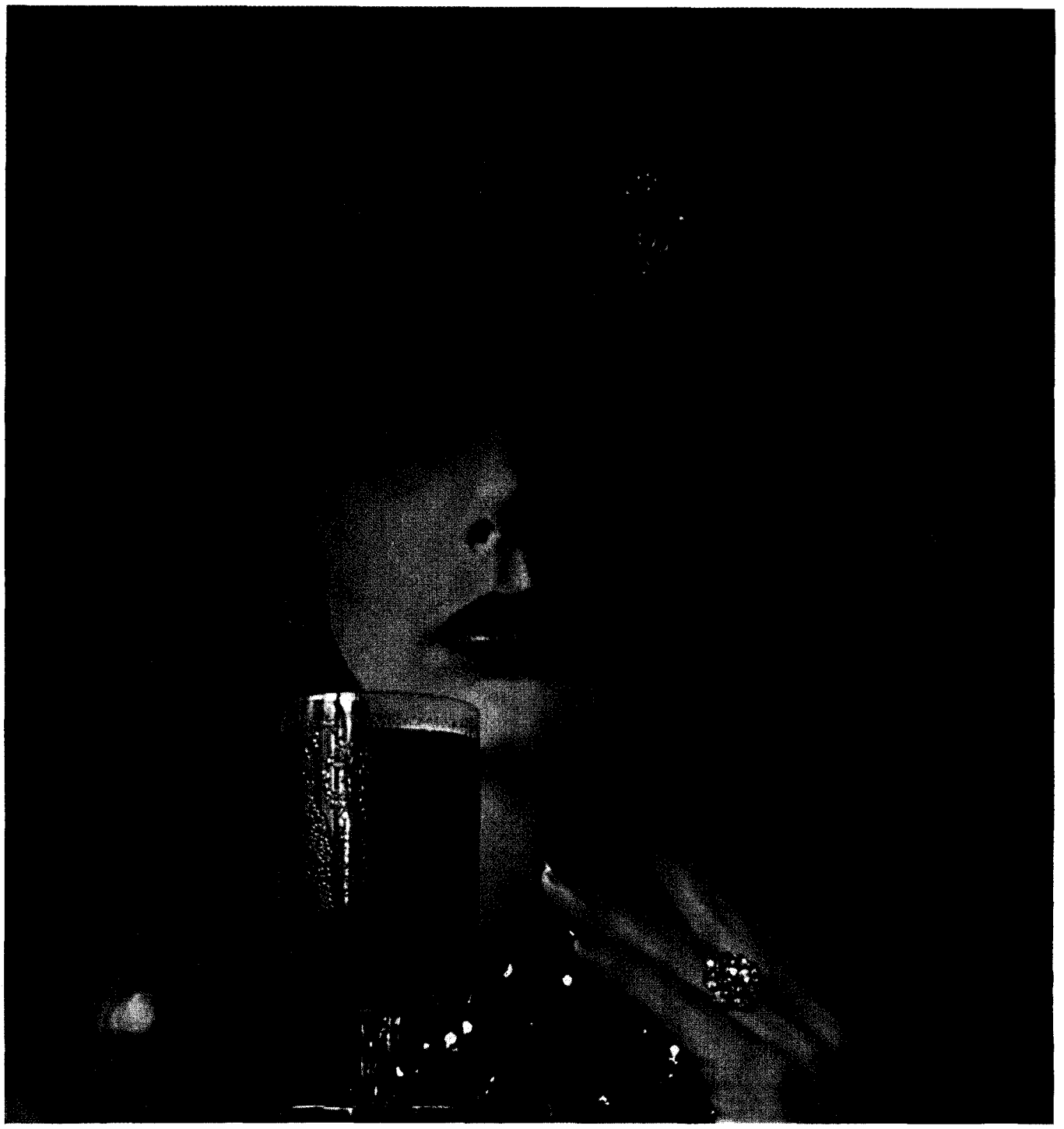
"Just what do you want me to do?"

Mason said, "I want you to get out of here."

"To run away?"

"Not that," Mason said. "I simply want you to get in your car and drive. I'll ride in the car with you and talk with you. My secretary will follow in my car."

Vodka 80 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cincinnati, Ohio. Distributed by National Distillers Products Company



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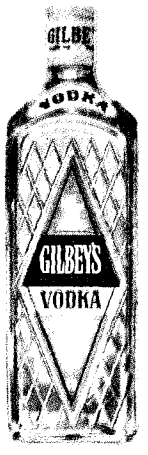

GILBEY'S VODKA

by the makers of Gilbey's Gin

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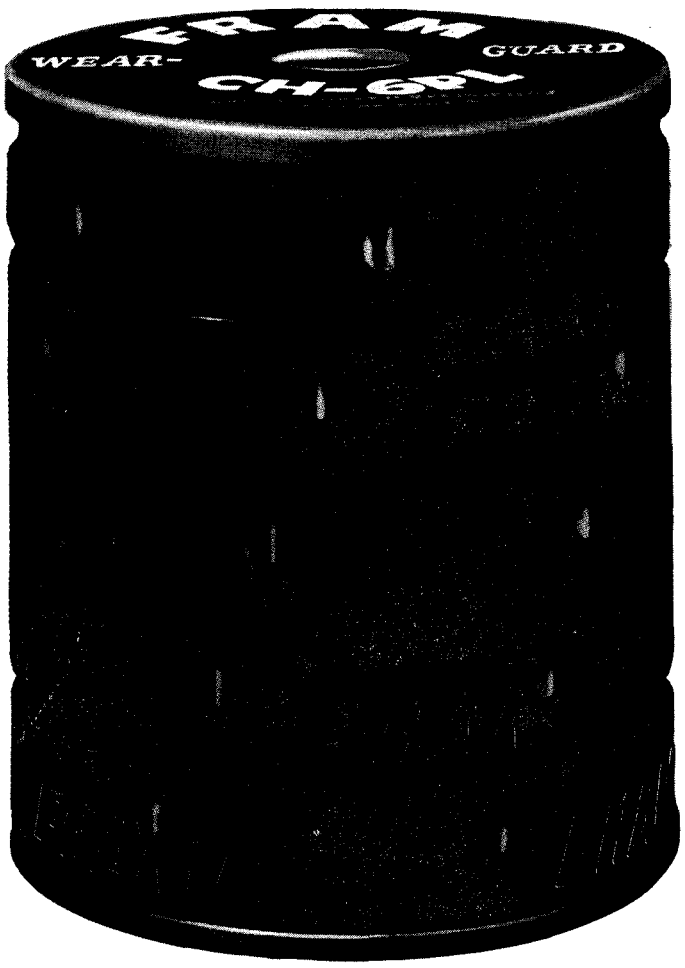
WHEN MOTOR OIL FLOWS THROUGH THIS NEW FRAM "WEAR-GUARD" OIL FILTER



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No other oil filter in the world protects your car engine like a new Fram "Wear-Guard" Oil Filter! An exclusive scientific breakthrough in construction traps more sludge . . . up to 40% more than any other filter tested. Sludge—a deadly mixture of road dirt, unburned fuel, metal particles, carbon, water and acids—can run up repair bills while in the process of ruining your engine. Why take a risk? Ask your service dealer for the safety of a new Fram "Wear-Guard" Oil Filter with your next oil change. And for your home too, insist on the protection of Fram Filters—specially permachem-treated for heating and cooling systems. Fram Corporation, Providence 16, R. I.

FRAM "WEAR-GUARD" FILTERS

"Where will we go?"

"Just driving around, where we can talk without being interrupted."

She reached a sudden decision. "All right, Mr. Mason. I'd do anything that I can for Gwynn. I'll even lie for her. I won't commit perjury in court, but aside from that I'll do anything I can."

Mason got to his feet at once. "Let's go," he said. "A police car may pull up here at any time."

Mrs. Grimes led the way out through the back door to the garage. Mason pulled open the garage door. Nell Grimes got into her automobile, turned the starter key, put off the emergency brakes and said, "I'll back right out. Your secretary will follow?"

"She'll be right behind us," Mason said.

"What general direction should we take?"

"Just anywhere," Mason told her, "anywhere where there won't be much traffic and where we can talk."

Nell Grimes backed the car out of the garage onto the driveway, then down the driveway and turned down Mandala Drive. Della Street followed about a hundred feet behind.

"What did you want to know about in particular, Mr. Mason?"

Mason said, "I would like to have you tell me as much as you can about your husband's business."

"There," she said, "I can be of virtually no help. All I know is that my husband has various business affairs, and he never discusses any of them with me. And I don't see why that would have anything to do with Gwynn."

"You make joint income-tax returns?"

"As a matter of fact, we don't. Felt makes his own income-tax return. I don't sign it; I don't see it; I know nothing about it."

Mason frowned. "Isn't that unusual?"

"You know more about that than I do," she said. "You're a lawyer. This is my first marriage."

"Do you know George Belding Baxter?" Mason asked.

"Baxter—Baxter," she said. "I've heard the name—George Belding Baxter. It has kind of a ring about it, but I don't think I know him, no."

"Do you know if your husband knows him or has done any business with him?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you know the name of the people Miss Elston was calling on last night?"

"Gillett. They live out on Tribly Way by Vista del Mesa somewhere. Didn't Gwynn tell you?"

"Unfortunately," Mason said, "events happened rather rapidly and ——"

"Mr. Mason, I want to know what the trouble is. I'm afraid my husband has been playing around with her, and —— Tell me, they haven't been picked up together in a motel, or something like that, have they?"

Mason said, "If you've been thinking things like that, hadn't you thought of asking Gwynn to move?"

"No, I hadn't. I'd felt that Felting was going to see lots of attractive girls around, and that's not the way to handle a husband, Mr. Mason. You can't take *all* temptation out of his way."

"But you don't need to have it under his nose," Mason said.

"Well—oh, I don't know. I—Gwynn might play around with him, but she wouldn't ever steal him."

"Does your husband look at other women—or do you know?"

"Mr. Mason," she said, "you may be able to trust a man not to betray your love, but a man is essentially an egoist and, if some smart girl starts making sheep's eyes at him, he thinks he's a great big hero and ——" Abruptly she reached forward to turn on the dial of the radio.

"How come?" Mason asked, indicating the radio.

She said, "There's a newscast at this hour of local news. I always listen to it. It's my favorite program. I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Mason, but I'll brain you if you ever repeat it. I know there is some other woman in Felt's life, but I don't know who it is. Up until recently the thought that it might be Gwynn hadn't entered my mind."

"How do you know," Mason asked, "about this other woman?"

"There are a dozen ways, little things—not in detail, but I do know there's another woman. There has been for some time."

The radio announcer gave a commercial, then commented briefly on the weather and swung directly into the news. "A short time ago the body of a man who has tentatively been identified as Frankline Gillett was found in the magnificent country estate of George Belding Baxter, the well-known millionaire. The body was lying face up on a grassy strip near the driveway. He had been shot through the heart with a thirty-eight-caliber bullet, and police estimate the time of death at somewhere between nine o'clock and midnight.

"While the man carried a driving license and identification papers in his pocket showing he was Frankline Gillett, of Tribly Way near Vista del Mesa, with his thumbprint on the driving license, police a short time ago discovered an automobile parked near the tennis court of the Baxter estate. This automobile was registered in the name of Felting Grimes of Mandala Drive, and in the glove compartment police found a leather folder with a complete set of identification cards and a driving license issued to Felting Grimes. The thumbprint on the Grimes driving license was identical with the thumbprint on the Gillett driving license, and police are now ——"

The rest of the announcer's voice was lost in the scream of tires, as Nell Grimes applied the brakes so suddenly that Mason was nearly thrown against the windshield. The car skidded into the curb. Mason, looking back apprehensively, saw that Della Street had barely managed to avoid hitting the rear of the car.

Nell Grimes looked at Mason with wide, shocked eyes. There seemed to be no strength in her jaw. Her hands fell from the steering wheel. Then suddenly she said, "So that's it! She killed my husband! Do you hear me, Perry Mason? She killed my husband, and you were trying to trap me into taking her part."

Mrs. Grimes's voice rose to the high pitch of hysteria. "That's what she did! She killed my husband! You get out of here, Perry Mason! Don't you ever dare speak to me again. Get out of this car! Get out! Get out!"

Mason said, "Now, just a moment, Mrs. Grimes, let's calm down a bit and get this thing straight."

She whirled on the seat, got her legs out from under the steering wheel and started kicking at his face with her high heels. "Get out! Get out!" she screamed. "Get out of this car! I'll kick you. I'll scratch you. I'll kill you! You were trying to get me to betray my own husband. Get out!"

Mason saw the flashing high heels as her feet kicked up at his face. He blocked a couple of kicks as he hastily opened the car door and jumped out to the curb.

"Mrs. Grimes," he said, "you're hysterical. You're jumping at conclusions. Now, if you'll just calm down for a moment ——"

She whirled around on the seat, jerked the car into motion, leaving Mason

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standing there. Della Street drove up beside the lawyer and stopped. "Going my way?" she asked.

Mason stood for a moment looking after the speeding car.

"Nice legs," Della Street said. "Or didn't you notice?"

"They were wicked heels," Mason said.

"One would say she had defended herself that way quite a few times before," Della Street said. "She certainly whirled around and got into action fast. What did you say to her?"

"It wasn't what I said," Mason told her. "It was what the radio announcer said. Police think they have proof that Frankline Gillett and Felting Grimes are one and the same person."

"And so?" Della Street asked.

"And so," Mason said, "Mrs. Grimes thought I had been trying to trap her into helping the person who had murdered her husband."

"She jumped to the conclusion Gwynn was guilty?"

"She had been jumping to conclusions before we ever got there this morning," Mason said.

"You should never have let her get those feet up in your face," Della Street said. "Those were wicked heels. She could have gouged an eye out or ripped your face wide open. So what do we do now?"

Mason settled himself on the seat beside Della and said, "Now we're going to drive out to take a look at the estate of George Belding Baxter."

"Paul Drake will be out there?" Della asked.

"Paul Drake will be there," Mason said, "and I think Lieutenant Tragg will have left orders that Paul Drake isn't to be permitted to get anywhere near the scene of the crime, nor to have any chance to uncover any evidence that will do anyone any good."

A dozen automobiles were parked along the road near the gates to the George Belding Baxter estate. Mason found Paul Drake leaning against the wrought-iron fence, smoking a cigarette.

"Where is everybody?" Mason asked.

"Newsmen go inside on a pass," Drake said. "Many other people walk right in. We don't."

"What stops us?"

Drake indicated the uniformed officer at the gates. "He does."

Mason said, "Let's go."

The lawyer, Della Street and Paul Drake approached the uniformed officer. "I want to go in," Mason said.

"Got a pass, press card, anything?"

"I have my professional card," Mason said. "I'm Perry Mason, an attorney at law. I'm representing Gwynn Elston, who is being questioned concerning the murder here."

The officer said, "Get a pass, and I let you in."

"Where do I get a pass?"

"It depends. Some of the passes are signed by Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide, some by the sheriff's office, and you get in with a press card. That is, you don't get into the house, but you get into the grounds."

"Nice," Mason said. "Any communication with the house?"

"What do you mean?"

"Lieutenant Tragg's in there now?"

"I'm not supposed to be giving out information about Lieutenant Tragg."

"I'd like to reach him."

"So would lots of other people."

"You don't have any telephone communication?"

"We don't carry walkie-talkies around with us, if that's what you mean."

"See what I mean?" Paul Drake asked. "We're the public. We're an excluded class."

"I see," Mason said.

The lawyer took a hammered-silver cigarette case from his pocket, opened it, extended it to the officer. "Have one?" he asked.

The officer shook his head.

Mason extended it to Della Street, who said, "No, thanks."

Drake took a cigarette.

Mason produced a lighter, held it for Drake's cigarette, lighted one himself, snapped the cigarette case closed and casually tossed it high over the wrought-iron fence into the shrubbery.

"Hey, what the hell's going on?" the officer said. "You can't throw things in there."

"Some law against it?" Mason asked.

"Sure, there's a law against it. You can't throw refuse around on other people's property."

"Come, come," Mason said, "that's not refuse. That is a very valuable cigarette case. Now, take a look at this. This is a very fine cigarette lighter." The lawyer casually tossed it over into the bushes. "Well, Paul," he said, "I guess there's not much we can do here."

"Hey, wait a minute," the officer ordered. "What's the idea? What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing," Mason said. "I've already done all I intended to do."

"You can't plant evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"I don't know," the officer said.

"I'm sure you don't," Mason agreed.

The officer walked over to a police car which was parked nearby just inside the gates, tuned in on headquarters, held the transmitter close to his lips and talked for some time, then listened apparently to instructions. The officer at length hung up the transmitter, got out of the car and came over to Perry Mason, glowering at him belligerently. "You said your name was Perry Mason, the lawyer?"

"That's right," Mason said. The lawyer stretched, yawned, took a drag at the cigarette, gave Drake a surreptitious wink and said, "Well, let's go, Paul."

"You can't go now," the officer said.

"What?" Mason said. "You mean I'm not free to leave here?"

"You stick around a minute."

"Are you going to let me go in?"

"No."

"Then there's nothing further I can do here. I'll be leaving."

"I said you wait. Lieutenant Tragg wants to talk with you."

"When I wanted to talk with him, you told me lots of people wanted to talk with him. Now you tell me he wants to talk with me. For your information, lots of people want to talk with me."

"Now, take it easy, buddy," the officer said. "You've been planting evidence out here."

"Evidence of what?"

"Well, you've been throwing things over the fence."

"Now, with that," Mason said, "I agree with you, and I would like the opportunity to go and recover my personal property."

The officer looked anxiously back along the driveway. A few moments later Lieutenant Tragg, accompanied by a plain-clothes detective, came striding down the graveled walk. "Well, well," he said, "we seem to have quite a collection here: Miss Street, Perry Mason, Paul Drake."

Tragg turned to the officer. "Now, what's the trouble, officer?"

"This guy," the officer said, pointing at Mason, "takes a cigarette case out of his pocket, offers a cigarette around, then casually tosses the whole case over the fence into the shrubbery. Then, when I tell him he can't do that, he takes a cigarette lighter and throws it over after the cigarette case."

Tragg's eyes narrowed. "Now, you've been watching him all the time he was here?"

"That's right."

"Those two things are the *only* things he threw over there?"

"That's right."

"What about him?" Tragg asked, pointing at Paul Drake.

"He's been hanging around here for an hour."

"Anywhere near this wrought-iron fence?"

"Standing right up against it, smoking and ——"

Tragg said angrily, "Smoking and planting evidence. He's the one that planted stuff in there. Now, let's find out what this is all about. What Mason did was simply a grandstand. You shouldn't have let this Paul Drake hang around that fence."

"Well, you said not to let anybody inside. He was outside."

"Use your head," Tragg said. "Anybody could lean against that fence, put his hand behind his coat and, when you weren't looking, throw something in the brush in there."

"Throw what?" the officer asked.

"How the devil do I know!" Tragg said. "But I'm certainly going to find out. Let's go take a look. Now, just where did Mason throw this cigarette case and lighter?"

"Right over in there. I saw the light glint on it a minute ago. If you'll move around here, you can see —— Hey, there it is. You can see the reflection of the light on it."

Tragg said to the plain-clothes officer, "All right, Dick, go in there, and we'll direct you to it. While you're in there, look around." Tragg stood thoughtfully watching Mason.

The officer at the gate said, "A little more to the right . . . a little farther back . . . now, just a bit to the right. There you are, you're right over it."

The plain-clothes officer called out, "I have the cigarette lighter, lieutenant."

"The cigarette case went a little farther and a little more over to the right," the officer called. "I watched it when it lit. It lit on one of the tree limbs and bounced. It's ——"

"I see it," the man called. "I've got it and ——"

"All right, what else?" Tragg asked as the officer's voice suddenly ceased.

"There's a gun here, lieutenant."

"I thought so," Lieutenant Tragg said. "*That's* the reason for all these shenanigans. Paul Drake planted that gun, and Mason wanted to be sure we found it."

"That's making rather a broad accusation of unprofessional conduct against a reputable private detective, lieutenant," Mason said.

Tragg thought a minute and said, "O.K., O.K., I was just thinking out loud. I wasn't talking to anybody in particular. Ignore it, you fellows. Put a pencil down the barrel of that gun, Dick, and bring it out here. Let's have a look at it."

The plain-clothes officer scrambled out from the brushy hedge and shrubbery holding a .38-caliber revolver by means of a pencil which had been pushed down the barrel.

"Now, what do you know?" Lieutenant Tragg said, taking hold of the pencil and looking at the revolver carefully. "All right, let's get this down to the laboratory and see what we can discover. Maybe we can find something that will tie it in with the person who planted it here."

"And my cigarette case and lighter?" Mason asked. "Do I get them back?"

Tragg grinned at him. "You don't get them back," he said, "not for a while, anyway. And when you get them back, they'll have my initials scratched on them. You see, Perry, these have become evidence in the case."

"In the meantime," Mason said, "what do I do for smokes?"

"Just a plain package of cigarettes works very nicely for us officers," Lieutenant Tragg said, "and a folding book of paper matches accomplishes the ignition job very nicely. . . . And now, officer, we're going to get a rope and stretch it across the roadway between these two gates and keep everybody away from that iron fence. We don't want anyone loitering around here."

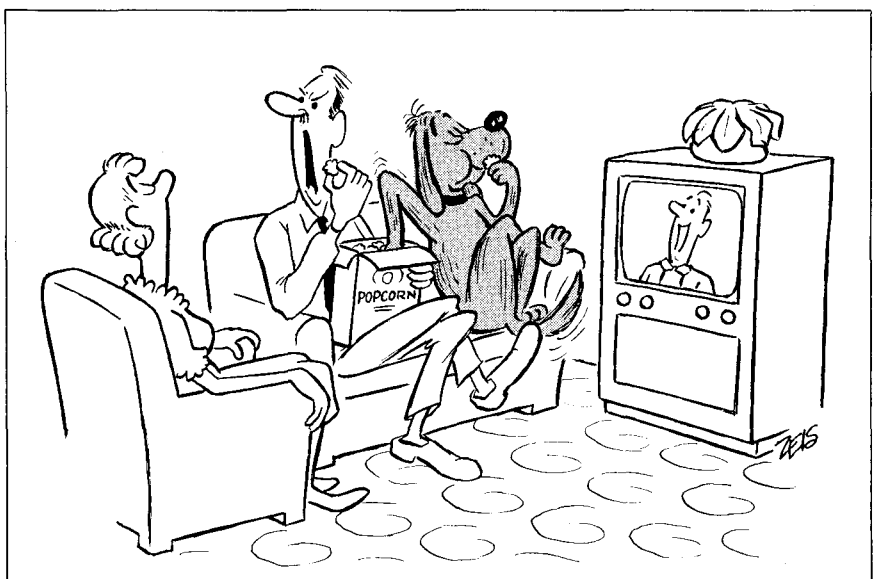
"That," Mason said, "is our cue, Della. That's our exit line."

"Sometimes," Tragg said, "you take a hint beautifully, Mason. I wish I knew why you were so anxious to have us find that gun, and I also wish I knew how you knew the gun was there."

Mason turned to Drake and said, "That's what comes of being a police officer, Paul. It makes you cynical and skeptical. I toss a cigarette case on the waters, and it comes back a gun."

"You bird-dogged some evidence for us, all right," Tragg said, "but we still can't evaluate it and don't know just what it amounts to. But I'll tell you one thing," Tragg promised. "We're going to trace this gun from the time it left the manufacturer until the time it was planted here in the grounds and, if that gun is connected with you in any way, you're going to hear about it."

(*Continued on Page 46*)



"Why can't he beg like other dogs?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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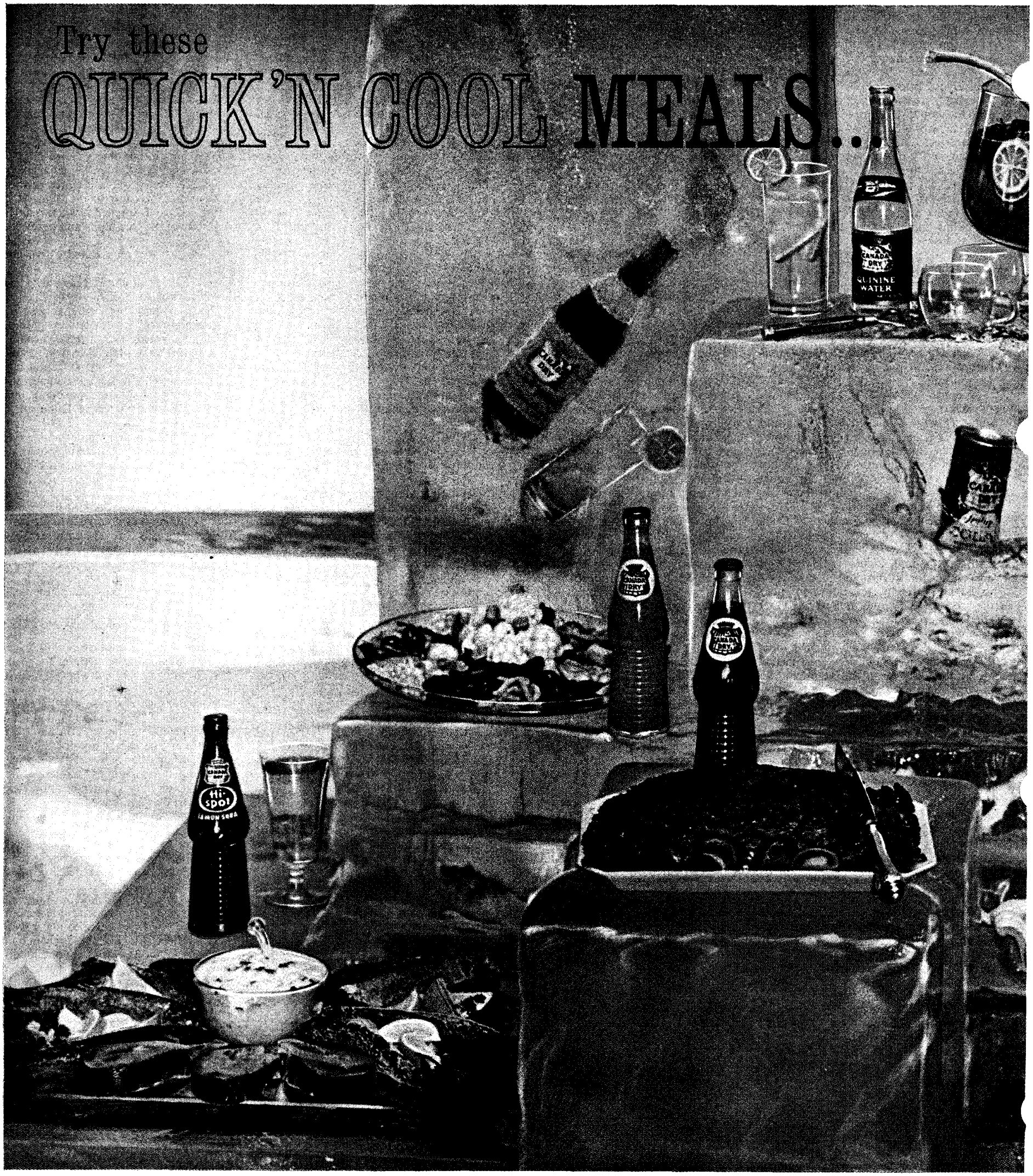
Try these

QUICK'N COOL MEALS...



A different dish for every day...
A sparkling flavor for every taste

JACK FROST FISH PLATTER (*Serves 6*) Sauté 6 trout. Sprinkle with 2 tb. lemon juice. Chill. Simmer 6 small salmon steaks in ½ c. water and 1 c. dry white wine, 1 bay leaf, 6 peppercorns, for 20 min. Cool in liquid. Drain. Chill. Serve with dressing of 2 c. sour cream, ½ c. minced cucumber, 2 tsp. grated onion and 1 tb. chopped fresh dill. The lemony taste of Canada Dry Hi-Spot adds a bright, delightful tang.

SNOW CAP VEGETABLE SALAD (*Serves 6*) Cook, chill 6 carrots, 1 cauliflower, 18 asparagus, 36 wax or string beans, 18 beets, 1 lb. spinach, 3 ears corn, 1 pkg. artichoke hearts. Cut corn from cob. Arrange with vegetables and ½ lb. cheddar cheese, cubed, on serving dish. Serve dressing of 1½ cups mayonnaise, 2 tb. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. Tabasco, 2 tb. mustard. Enjoy with tangy Canada Dry True Fruit Orange.

NORTH STAR MEAT LOAF (*Serves 6*) Combine 2 lbs. ground round steak 2 c. soft bread crumbs, 2 eggs, 2 tb prepared horseradish, ¼ c. choppe green pepper, 2 tb. minced onion, clove garlic, crushed, 1 tsp. Worcester shire and ½ c. Chili sauce. Form int loaf on greased shallow baking pan Bake (350°) 45 minutes. Cool. Chil You'll find sparkling Canada Dry Grap adds a delightful dash of bubbly flavo

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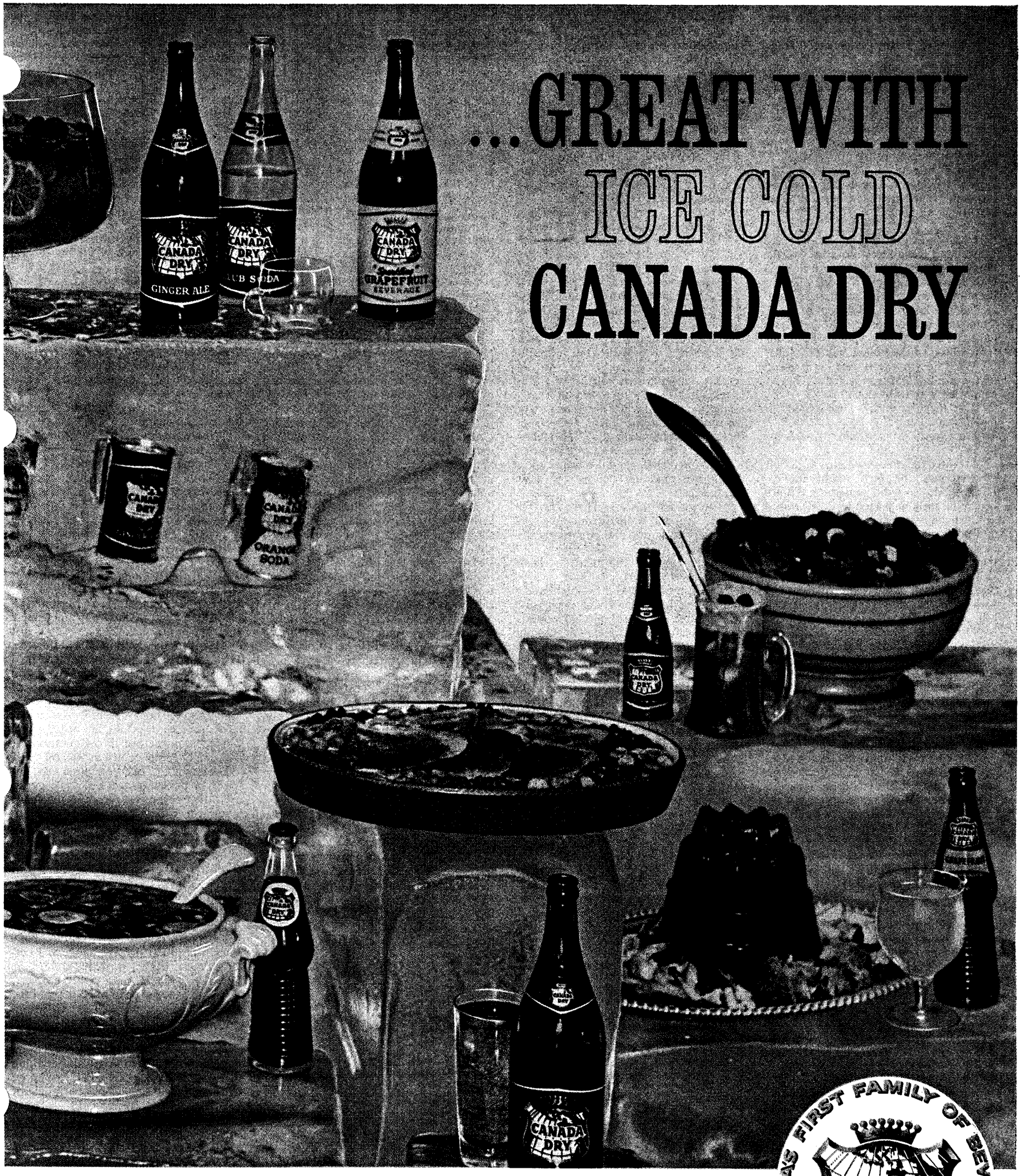
...GREAT WITH ICE COLD CANADA DRY



ED GAZPACHO (*Serves 6*) Combine c. chopped tomatoes, 1 c. chopped en pepper, ½ c. chopped onion, ½ thinly sliced cucumbers, 1 clove lic, crushed, 4 c. chicken broth, ¼ lemon juice, ¼ c. olive oil, 2 tsp. t, 1 tsp. paprika, few grains cayenne per. Chill thoroughly. Enjoy with arty old-fashioned Canada Dry ot Beer—perfect companion to cool nmer eating since grandmother's day.

GLACIER CASSEROLE (*Serves 6*) Arrange 6 slices roast beef, 2 c. sliced cooked carrots and 1 c. cooked peas in serving dish. Soften 2 envelopes gelatin in ½ c. Ginger Ale. Add 1 c. boiling water, stir until dissolved. Add 2 cans consommé, 1 tsp. Worcestershire, ¼ tsp. Tabasco, 1 tb. horseradish. Chill until syrupy. Pour over meat and vegetables. Chill until set. For sparkling good taste, serve with sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

ARCTIC ASPIC (*Serves 6*) Soften 1 envelope gelatin in ½ c. tomato juice. Heat 1½ c. tomato juice to boiling. Pour over gelatin mix. Stir until dissolved. Add 2 tb. minced celery, 1 tsp. grated onion, ¼ tsp. Worcestershire, 6 drops Tabasco. Pour into mold. Chill 6 hours. Halve 3 Avocados. Arrange around aspic with 1½ lbs. shrimp. Fillip: the tingling true fruit flavor of Canada Dry Grapefruit.

COOL-N-CRUNCHY BEAN SALAD (*Serves 6*) Rinse two 1-lb. cans kidney beans with cold water. Drain. Add 1 c. sliced celery, ½ c. chopped scallions, ½ c. sliced water chestnuts, 1 c. chopped walnuts, ½ tsp. garlic salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper and ½ c. French dressing. Toss well. Serve on lettuce. Clincher: the dry, gingery-bright flavor of sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Brings any meal to a peak of lively perfection.

AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILY OF BEVERAGES
CANADA DRY

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(*Continued from Page 43*) "Illegal to toss a gun on private property?" Mason asked.

"Illegal to falsify evidence," Tragg said.

"Come, come, lieutenant, you'd better read your Penal Code again. What's false about it, and how does it happen to be evidence?"

Tragg jerked a thumb toward the parked automobiles. "On your way," he said. "Nothing more for you here."

Mason turned to Della Street. "In view of the situation here, Della, let's go buy some cigarettes. . . . Come on, Paul, we'll buy you lunch."

It was shortly after four o'clock, and Mason and Della Street were back in the lawyer's office when Paul Drake came in with a series of reports. Mason, who had been impatiently pacing the floor, paused as Paul Drake produced a sheaf of flimsy from the Bristol-board file and said, "O.K., Perry, we're trying to keep one jump ahead of the police, but it's a job."

"What do you mean, one jump ahead of the police?" Mason asked. "They've caught up with us by this time."

"No, they haven't," Drake said. "I had a break, Perry."

"Go ahead," Mason said, "what's the break?"

"I wanted to find out whether Gillett or Grimes was the guy's right name," Drake said, "so I did something the police apparently neglected to do. I looked up the birth certificates of Felting Grimes and of Frankline Gillett. There isn't any birth certificate for Felting Grimes, but there is a birth certificate for Frankline Gillett. Now, I'm going to skip over all the immaterial matter and just hit the high spots, because some of this is red-hot, and you may want to take action."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"Frankline Gillett's father was Gorman Gillett. I guess his father ran off, all right, when he was just a youngster. The mother filed suit for divorce on the ground of desertion, and then the mother died. No one seems to know what happened to Gorman Gillett—that is, as far as the divorce records were concerned.

"Now, here's a funny one, Perry. Gorman is an unusual name. I checked the vital statistics and, of course, I have a bunch of operatives out working on the case. One of these chaps has a mountain cabin up at Pine Haven. That's a mountain town up near the Walker Pass country. He says there was a character up there named Gorman Gillett, who was something of a recluse. He ——"

"*Was?*" Mason interposed.

"That's right," Drake said. "My operative put through a phone call and finds that the fellow died three days ago. The coroner and public administrator up there can't find any relatives, and he's holding the body, hoping someone will show up and pay for a funeral. Now, Gorman is an unusual name, and there's just a chance—the age is about right, and everything would seem to fit."

Mason frowned in thoughtful contemplation as he digested the news. "How well did your operative know him, Paul?"

"Not too well. The fellow was a character up there. He'd let himself get pretty much run-down. That is, he wore old ragged clothes, grew a beard, didn't shave or have a haircut for long periods of time, and no one knew just how he subsisted."

"And no relatives?"

"No relatives."

"What else have you got—anything?"

"A lot of routine stuff. I've got a picture of Frankline Gillett."

"What about Mrs. Grimes?"

"Oh, she got in touch with the police right after she left you, told them a story about how you were trying to get her to go into hiding and —— What with one thing and another, I guess you're going to get your name in the papers, Perry."

"You have a copy of the driving licenses?"

"That's right. Gillett was five feet, eleven inches tall, thirty-two years old, weighed 185 pounds, had brown hair and hazel eyes. I got a copy of his photograph from the newspaper boys, but it'll be out in the paper within a couple of hours."

"What about the car with the flat tire in front of the gates of the George Belding Baxter estate?" Mason asked.

"There wasn't any," Drake said. "You may as well face that fact now as later."

"There had to be," Mason said.

Drake shook his head. "Not with any flat tire, at any rate."

"How do you know?"

"First, we have negative proof," Drake said, "for what it's worth. I've covered all the garages, all the automobile clubs, all of the service stations within the area. No one sent a tow car or a repair car out there. I've had my men check with the service station where you asked me to check, and there's no question that a young woman who answers the general description of your client showed up there last night about 9:35. The fellow remembers the time because he went off work at ten o'clock, and it was just about twenty-five minutes before his relief showed up.

"The woman was driving the car. The man got out and walked around the back of the service station and apparently disappeared."

"Description of the man?" Mason asked.

"I have it here. About five-eight and a half or five-feet-nine, about twenty-five years of age, weight about 175 pounds. He had very dark, wavy hair but the service-station man couldn't give me the color of his eyes. He was dressed in a dark-brown suit.

"Now then, notice the time, Perry. It's fixed rather accurately at 9:35. At ten o'clock the caretaker at the George Belding Baxter estate closed the iron gates and locked them with a chain. At that time there was no car parked in front of the gates, no sign that a car had been parked."

"Who's this caretaker?" Mason asked.

"A character by the name of Corley L. Ketchum. He has a little cottage back in the grounds, and it's his duty to see that the gates are opened at seven o'clock every morning and closed at ten o'clock at night."

"Who takes care of the house?" Mason asked. "They certainly don't let anyone just come walking in, do they?"

"No. When George Belding Baxter is there, he has a couple of servants who come in at eight o'clock in the morning and leave at five o'clock in the evening. Then there's a cook who comes at noon and works until eight o'clock and a housekeeper who lives on the premises. The housekeeper is supposed to be there most of the time, but today is her day off, and she told police that George Belding Baxter had told her she could leave the night before. She left a little before 9:30."

"What about Baxter?" Mason asked. "Where is he?"

"Baxter had been up in San Francisco on a business deal, and he was driving back. He got as far as Bakersfield, checked in at a motel, spent the night, then came on here this morning. He drove directly to his office, and the first he knew anything was wrong out at the estate was when police contacted him at the office."

"He's seen photographs of the body?" Mason asked.

"He's seen the body itself," Drake said. "He says the man is a complete stranger to him. He's taking a plane for Honolulu tomorrow. He's left word for his employees to give the police every cooperation, and I understand he's turned over keys to Lieutenant Tragg.

"The police feel reasonably certain now that Gwynn Elston knew Frankline Gillett and Felting Grimes were one and the same person—at least by the time she had seen a picture of Frankline Gillett on her first trip out to the Gillett residence. She evidently wanted to make sure. There's a similar picture of Felting Grimes in the Grimes house. They both show a military hangar with Chinese characters on it. Apparently Gwynn Elston copied the Chinese characters from the picture in the Grimes house and went out to make a comparison with the picture at the Gillett house."

"Any proof of that?" Mason asked.

"Lots. They found rough sketches of the Chinese characters in her purse."

"O.K. Go on from there."

"The police theory is that Grimes caught up with her, that she got in his car, that she probably accused him of being a bigamist, and there must have been quite a scene. So then she pulled a gun on him, forced him to drive into the George Belding Baxter estate and herded him at gun point into the driveway, killed him, went to call on Mrs. Gillett and ——"

"And how did she get home?" Mason asked.

"Walked to her car," Drake said. "At any rate, that's the theory of the police; that she had parked her car somewhere, that Grimes caught up with her, that she went in his car and forced him to drive into the Baxter estate. That's where the shooting took place. Then your client dumped the body, parked the Grimes car and walked back to where she had left her car. This all had to be done before the gates at the Baxter estate were closed."

"How about the man who was with her at the service station, Paul?"

"Her boy friend; an accomplice. Ju as soon as the police find out about hin they'll have an open-and-shut case."

"It's open," Mason said. "They can't shut it."

"Don't kid yourself," Drake said. "You just watch the way they go about tying up the loose threads."

Mason was thoughtfully silent for a few moments, then said, "It seems a shame that my second cousin, Gorman Gillett, has no one to bury him. I'm sorry to learn of his death, Paul. I guess I can put up the money for his funeral all right."

Drake's face showed alarm. "Now, wait a minute, Perry. Don't get yourself caught in *that* trap."

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"It's illegal. You can't —— you don't dare to claim the man was your relative."

"I know of no law against it," Mason said. "I certainly can put up burial fees if I want."

"But you can't tell them he's a close relative and claim the body."

"Who wants the body?" Mason asked "Let's just go take a look."

"It's time wasted," Drake said. "You're one jump ahead of the police, because you know where Gillett's father is, but Frankline had lost track of his father for years and years—in fact, ever since he was a kid."

"How do you know he had?" Mason asked.

"Well, that's the story he told everybody."

"He told lots of stories," Mason said. "He told his wife he was away on business and apparently drove away and just moved into the Felting Grimes home. Then, when he got tired living there, he'd tell Nell Grimes he was going away on business and go back to the charms of Mrs. Gillett. Poor old Gorman, he's certainly entitled to a decent burial, and I have an idea that if I'm not around where the police can throw questions at me tonight I may be just as well off."

Drake said, "This is one time I am going to be tickled to death to stay right in my little cubicle, keep on the job, have lukewarm coffee and eat soggy hamburgers that have been sent in to me from the hole-in-the-wall restaurant downstairs."

Mason turned to Della Street. "Want a ride, Della?"

"I'd love it."

"Bring a notebook, a few pencils," Mason said, and then, after a moment, added, "You'd better get a lipstick that's as light in tint as possible, and we'd better get started. They probably roll up the sidewalks in Pine Haven at eight o'clock.... What have the police found out about the gun, Paul?"

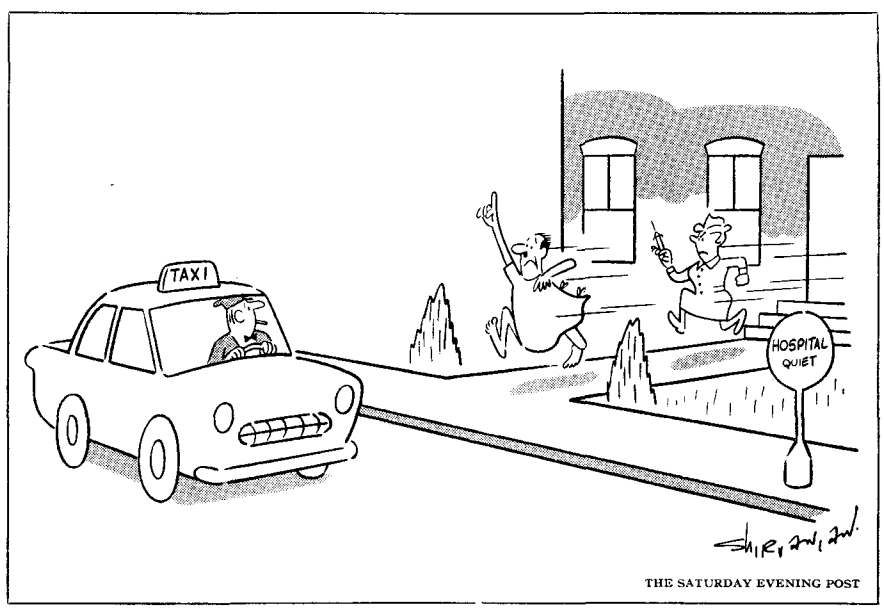
"Anything they've found out so far they haven't released. But they're sure checking it. I think they have something pretty hot, but they don't want anything to leak out just yet. Look, Perry, suppose Gorman Gillett *should* be the father of Frankline Gillett—then what?"

"Then," Mason said, "you have to admit that the mortality in the family suddenly became rather high. If two members of the family perished within a matter of twenty-four or thirty-six hours, you have to admit it's a startling coincidence."

Drake said, "Gosh, Perry, I never thought of it from that angle."

"It may not be an angle," Mason said. "It may be a curve." He turned and nodded to Della. "Come on, Della, let's give the car some exercise."

TO BE CONTINUED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Dear Mr. President . . ."

(Continued from Page 27)

relief of the Secret Service, the package contained only a disorganized mess of nuts, bolts, switches, radio tubes and other scraps. A crackpot had cleaned out his workshop drawer and sent the contents to the President.

After watching the mail go through the security check, I followed it to another room where it was sorted. Letters addressed to Mrs. Kennedy, to the President's personal physician, Dr. Janet Travell, and to various Presidential assistants were weeded out, placed in pigeonholes and sent by White House messengers to the secretaries of the addressees.

The remaining letters, all addressed to the President, were stacked side by side on a yardstick-bordered counter, squeezed together and counted by measuring how far the stack extended along the yardstick. Tests have shown that each thirty-three inches of mail contains about a thousand letters. The letters were then placed on a long table for a preliminary examination by White House Chief of Mails Thomas R. Padgett, aided by Marguerite Mondock and Audrey Falconer.

Padgett and his two expert assistants, who have a combined total of fifty-three years' experience handling Presidential mail, deftly worked through the huge pile, giving each letter only a glance before placing it in one of several stacks. One stack was for letters from Congressmen; another for mail from embassies or foreign governments. Letters addressed in childish scrawls went into a separate pile. Other mail that "looked important"—either by virtue of the stationery or the return address—was also set aside.

This preliminary sorting, Padgett informed me, ferrets out any letters that should go immediately to the President. Letters from the President's family or close personal friends, from former Presidents or their wives, from the State Department and from embassies or foreign governments are sorted out and immediately sent across the alley to the White House without being opened. Other mail that looks important is given priority reading within a few hours.

Looking over Padgett's shoulder as he sorted through the mail, I noticed letters addressed to President and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, President Robert Kennedy, His Excellency J. F. Kennedy, President Kent and Mr. U. S. Governmint.

"You wouldn't realize people could find so many different ways to address the President," Padgett commented. "We get letters addressed to President Cenedi, Canady, Kenney, and what have you. We also get mail addressed to Washington, Maryland; Washington, New York; and Washington, Virginia. Or they just draw a picture of the White House."

I asked the White House "Postmaster" about the many letters I saw marked URGENT or PERSONAL or TO BE OPENED ONLY BY THE PRESIDENT.

"Doesn't mean a thing to us," said Padgett. "Those letters are treated just like all the rest. Some folks also have the mistaken notion that their letters will receive special attention if they use a 'Dear Jack' salutation."

One "Dear Jack" letter which arrived early in March did get special attention, however. It was printed in a child's scrawl and consisted of nine words: I WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU SOON. BY [meaning "good-by"] JACK. And it was signed BOBBY. A sharp-eyed mail clerk noticed that the return address was McLean, Virginia, and she deduced that the letter might be from Robert Kennedy Jr., the seven-year-old son of the President's brother. Her deduction proved correct. The note went right to the President, and an appointment was arranged for young Master Kennedy. A few days later Bobby arrived at the White House and presented his Uncle Jack with a pet salamander.

When Padgett and his assistants had completed their sorting, the Presidential mail was put through an electric letter-opener and the letters were divided among more than a dozen readers. These readers, who are skilled at deciphering all types of scribbles and scrawls, scanned the letters, underlined key sentences and attached buck slips indicating generally what each letter was about and where it should be sent.

As I toured the various mail rooms, I sampled letters from the numerous distribution boxes. One large group of letters was from children, who now send more than 10 per cent of the mail received each week. Many of the letters were obviously the result of a classroom project, and showed little interest or originality. There were also a few smart-aleck letters: A girl in Texas wanted a lock of the President's hair; a boy in Chicago asked for the President's old license plates; a girl in Tennessee wrote, "I would like for you to write Elvis Presley and tell him I am your best friend."

But for every one of these, I noticed dozens of sincere letters from youngsters writing to their President as a friend. A high-school youth in Salt Lake City writes to recommend one of his teachers for a position in the Budget Bureau. A boy from Chicago says, "Why don't we have secret news like the Russians? They read that we are getting stronger, so they try to get stronger than Americans." Sandra, a third-grader in Peoria, Illinois, asks, "Since they have a Mother's Day and a Father's Day, why isn't there a Children's Day?" From a boy in Virginia: "Is there anything I can do to help the government, because I am too young for everything? I am eleven."

A nine-year-old in Manhattan Beach, California, prints in large letters on a ruled sheet: I KNOW YOU ARE VARY BUSY MR. PRESIDENT AND I AM SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU. I HAVE A KIND HEART ABOUT INDIANS, AND YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, STUCK ON A DRY PIECE OF LAND WHICH CANNOT BE FARMED. CAN YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT? And Abigail in Virginia tells the President about the opossum with a broken leg that her father brought home on election night and which they named Miss Kennedy-Johnson Jr.: "She is getting too big now to let her run around the kitchen, so could you let her go and run around on your farm, if there are not any dogs and other animals that could hurt her? She never bites people."

Most of the children's mail is sent to a team of fifteen expert letter answerers in the correspondence section, who reply on behalf of the President and in accordance with directions he has given. Occasionally unusual letters are sent over to the White House in the hope that the President will have time to see them.

Another group of letters were the supplicatory type. Some Americans figure that because they voted for John Kennedy, or just because he is their President, he has an obligation to help them personally. A woman whose husband is in the hospital asks the President for money. A taxi driver in Kansas City who had his license revoked wants the President to help get it reinstated. A man asks for a job—as do hundreds of people each week. And a woman in Detroit writes a long letter complaining that her landlord won't fix the water heater.

The majority of the mail I saw being processed had come from citizens expressing their opinions about events in the news, the President's speeches or legislation before Congress. There were scores of letters, pro and con, on the meeting with Khrushchev, medical aid to the aged and the Federal aid-to-education bill, and I was told that 3000 letters about Cuba had been received the week after the attempted invasion. Some of the letters I perused were critical of the farm program. Many were just in general support of the President and his entire program. Most of these letters of opinion were to be sent for answering to whatever executive agency was involved with the issue raised by the writer.

The one type of mail never seen by the President is the violent crank letters from people in varying degrees of mental derangement, some of them already in institutions. These letters, many of which include threats against the President or his family, are turned over to the Secret Service, which classifies them as Protective Research Subject (PRS) mail.

Secret Service Chief U. E. Baughman told me that many of the PRS letters lead to investigations of the writers. Some of these people, Baughman said, are kept under surveillance, especially if the President is going to be traveling in their vicinity or if the "subject" travels to Washington, Palm Beach, Cape Cod or any other place where the President may be staying.

"Each year about 20,000 letters to the President are referred to the Secret Service, and perhaps 500 of them are serious enough to call for an investigation," said Baughman. "A citizen can write and criticize the President as strongly as he desires. But when he threatens the President, his family or his staff—or even makes a veiled threat such as 'If you know what's good for you you'd better . . .' then we start an investigation," Baughman added.

One of the practically unanswerable questions about the President's mail is this: How many of the more than 500 letters a day that get through to the inner sanctum of the White House actually reach the President? All of the President's mail from Capitol Hill goes first to Presidential Assistant Larry O'Brien. Correspondence from communications media goes to Press Secretary Pierre Salinger. Letters from governors and other public officials land on Assistant Fred Dutton's desk. O'Donnell gets all requests for appointments with the President, invitations to the President to attend functions and a bundle containing a random sampling of the day's mail—every fiftieth letter for the President.

A number of letters, in addition to the President's personal mail, work their way up to Evelyn Lincoln's desk each day. Other types of mail are distributed by Executive Clerk William Hopkins to any of the more than twenty Presidential staff members, according to subject assignments given them by the President. And all of the White House assistants get letters addressed to them personally, but really intended for the President. Word has got around that the fastest way to get a matter before President Kennedy is to go through one of his staff.

As might be expected with such a diffuse system, it is difficult to keep track of who has what letter at what time. With no staff director assigning priorities or riding herd on the operation, letters sometimes get buried in a staff member's file or IN basket and come to light weeks or months later. Some citizens complain because they get form-type replies from executive agencies after having written to the President himself. Others are unhappy when their letters are answered by a Presidential assistant, feeling that the whim of the assistant kept the letter from reaching the President. The argument put forth in defense of the lax system for handling Presidential mail, however, is that with most of the assistants in daily contact with the President, information and letters can get to him more quickly than through a rigid chain of command.

On his part, President Kennedy occasionally complains that too few letters reach his desk, and he has taken steps to remedy the lack of opportunity to see mail. One day late in May he suddenly asked to have some average-citizen letters brought to him for answering, and he then requested that at least a dozen letters of this type be sent to his desk every day. Ordinarily they are selected by Executive Clerk Hopkins, and sometimes drafts of replies are prepared by staff members before the letters reach the President's desk. But when time permits, the President tries to dictate his own replies, or at least to indicate how he wants the letters to be answered.

Another opportunity for mail reading unique to President Kennedy is provided by his penchant for roaming through the White House and dropping in on his assistants. In the midst of a conversation he often glances over his assistant's desk, picking up and scanning any papers within reach.

"You have to be careful not to leave anything on your desk you don't want the President to see," remarked Kenny O'Donnell. "He wants to know about everything. He'll pick up a letter on my desk from a widow who says her Government pension is too small, and he'll say, 'Is this true? Is she getting enough? What are you going to do about it?' And then maybe a week later the President will suddenly ask, 'What did you do about that widow's pension?'

"The plan to sample every fiftieth letter was the President's idea," continued O'Donnell, as he handed me a bulging folder of these random letters, which that day included comments on Cuba, Laos, space flight, the John Birch Society and an invitation from a girl in Oklahoma, to attend her graduation.

"Several times a week when the President has a few minutes between appointments, he will come out to my desk and thumb through these folders," said O'Donnell. "Or sometimes I'll bring them in to him at the close of a day. Of course, we realize any one batch of these letters isn't a fair sampling. But by looking at letters like these day after day, one can get a pretty good feeling for the mail."

For a more accurate analysis of the citizen mail, a weekly report is made up for the President, listing in detail the various types of mail received. On particular issues that may be controversial, or in which the President has a special interest, there is a pro-and-con breakdown. Several times, after studying the weekly mail report, the President has asked to see all the recent mail on a certain subject.

Shortly after the Roman Catholic bishops came out in opposition to the Administration's school-aid program, the

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Braggart

When he opens his mouth
To air his conceits,
In goes his foot
And out come his feats!

Thomas Usk

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President noted that his mail on the subject, which had been running two to one in his favor, was shifting against him. When the March thirtieth report showed 2064 letters against the school-aid program and 1777 letters for it, President Kennedy asked to see some of this mail.

"The President's political antenna is usually pretty well tuned, and he had a feeling that the bishops' statement did not reflect a lay Catholic viewpoint," a Presidential assistant told me. "When he looked through his mail on the aid-to-education bill, he found a lot of letters from Catholics supporting his position and saying, in effect, 'the bishops aren't speaking for me.' He also noted that many of the letters against him were coming in clusters from a few parishes, and were obviously the pressure-group type."

The President was thus reassured that his own instincts on the issue were right. This feeling was substantiated later when the citizen mail again became overwhelmingly favorable on the aid-to-education issue. By the end of May it was running ten to one in favor of the Administration's school-aid program.

"The mail gives the President and all of us a guide to the thinking of the people," comments Larry O'Brien. "A lot of his mail as a senator was from pressure groups. But at the White House it is mostly personal, a reflection of individual opinion. The average American has a day fully occupied, just as we do. So the fact that so many citizens take the time to write personal letters to the President is greatly encouraging to him. One ink-smudged, handwritten letter is more valuable than a great many neatly typed letters from pressure groups."

According to Presidential Assistant Fred Holborn, the tremendous number of letters in support of the Administration's program gives the President a psychological uplift. "So often people write only when they have something critical to say," Holborn said. "But every week the President gets hundreds of letters just saying in one way or another, 'We believe in what you are doing—keep it up.'"

The President's mail has also produced some immediate financial savings for the Government. Letters from G.I.s complaining of wasteful military practices have led to investigations by the Department of Defense that already have accounted for budgeted savings of $4,500,000. And 1500 letters to the President suggesting ways of curbing Federal expenses have been referred to the Bureau of the Budget, where investigations are under way on several of the ideas.

The President has no regular system or time for answering mail. He may decide he wants to answer a letter he has picked up from Kenny O'Donnell's desk, and will then and there borrow a secretary and start dictating. Upstairs in the family quarters at night he may decide to comment on a magazine article he has read, and will dash off a handwritten note to the writer or editor, bringing it to the office the next morning for Mrs. Lincoln to send off without its being typed.

During the day at the White House, the President occasionally walks out to Mrs. Lincoln's office with a letter he has been reading, and dictates an answer while standing over her desk. But he does most of his letter writing after the last appointment of the day, when Mrs. Lincoln brings into his office the stack of mail she has been accumulating.

"The President dictates very fast and composes letters almost without hesitation," Mrs. Lincoln told me. "He often walks around or turns his back and looks out the window while he dictates. Sometimes, when I get a letter typed up, he will not be satisfied with what he has said, and will rephrase part of it."

"You have to coax him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mrs. Lincoln showed me some copies of letters the President had written. To an Ohio schoolteacher he had written:

Thank you for calling my attention to the article you clipped from the Columbus Dispatch. Your concern for the world situation is understandable, and I assure you that I am determined to do my best to keep America safe and strong.

Keep on reminding your students of their priceless heritage of freedom and their responsibility to be good citizens! You are to be commended for such good counsel.

With my gratitude for your prayers,

A New York industrial designer had written a letter criticizing the President's selection of an old desk of President Hayes to use in his office. The designer claimed it was an "anachronism . . . inconsistent with the vitality which you have thus far applied to the massive Twentieth-century problems of the United States." The President answered:

Thank you very much for your recent letter commenting on my selection of President Hayes' desk.

In general, I share your view that each Administration should create its own monuments. I do not find, however, that tradition is always an irritant or an anachronism. You may know the inscription on the National Archives, "What is past is prologue." By your argument the White House itself is archaic, but somehow I find it to be an excellent environment for work and for shaping the programs of a new Administration.

With every good wish,

To Peter Galbraith, the ten-year-old son of Ambassador to India John Kenneth Galbraith, the President had written:

I learn from your father that you are not very anxious to give up your school and friends for India. I think I know a little about how you feel. More than twenty years ago our family was similarly uprooted when we went to London where my father was ambassador. My younger brothers and sisters were about your age. They had, like you, to exchange old friends for new ones.

But I think you will like your new friends and your new school in India. For anyone interested, as your father says you are, in animals, India must have the most fascinating possibilities. The range is from elephants to cobras, although I gather the cobras have to be handled professionally. Indians ride and play polo, so you will come back an experienced horseman.

But more important still, I think of the children of the people I am sending to other countries as my junior peace corps. You and your brothers will be helping your parents do a good job for our country, and you will be helping out yourself by making many friends. I think perhaps this is what you will enjoy best of all.

My best wishes,

At the bottom of the letter the President had penned a postscript: "I wish a little that I were going also."

Mrs. Lincoln commented that the President frequently adds postscripts in his own hand after she has typed the letter to be signed. Even if he has thanked the person in the letter, he often adds his handwritten thanks or some other personal message. When signing a brief acknowledgment to author John Steinbeck for a letter received just after the Inauguration, the President had scribbled:

No President was ever prayed over with such fervor. Evidently they felt that the country or I needed it—probably both!

In looking through photocopies of letters sent by the President, I noticed he had not used his middle name or initial in his signature. Mrs. Lincoln explained that he usually signed John F. Kennedy only on formal or official documents. President Kennedy's secretary also said that the President was the only one at the White House whose official title does not appear under his signature, and he is the only one entitled to use the azure-blue White House stationery.

The correct form for addressing the President, I learned, is (for a formal invitation or letter):

THE PRESIDENT
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

For informal letters:

THE HONORABLE JOHN F. KENNEDY
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON, D.C.

In both cases the proper salutation is Dear Mr. President. But other salutations, such as Dear Sir or The Honorable President Kennedy are acceptable.

The letters being sent to Mrs. Kennedy also have been far greater in number than anticipated, coming in at the rate of several thousand a week. The mail arriving at Mrs. Kennedy's East Wing office ranges from requests for Baby John's formula and the Kennedys' breakfast menu to letters supplying valuable historical information about the White House paintings and furniture.

When word leaked out that the Kennedys were looking for a new chef, 500 letters of application or recommendation arrived within five days. People constantly send in their favorite recipes for Mrs. Kennedy to prepare for her husband. Others give advice about refurnishing the various White House rooms. One letter writer suggested that the "glowering paintings" of Andrew Jackson and Zachary Taylor in the Red Room be replaced by paintings with happier faces.

Mrs. Kennedy has a small staff who help her answer the mail. In general, she declines to give advice on bringing up children or on fashion, personal problems or politics. In answer to the hundreds of letters requesting menus or offering to swap recipes, Mrs. Kennedy's aides send one of three White House recipes—New England Fish Chowder, Crème Brûlée or Soufflé Froid au Chocolat.

She reads letters written to her in French, Spanish and Italian without need of translations, answers much of the mail personally and when dictating is extremely well organized, according to her social secretary, Letitia (Tish) Baldrige. "Most of us women are wordy and rambling, but Mrs. Kennedy is economical with her words," says Miss Baldrige. "She dictates carefully, and every word is just right. After finishing a letter she almost never changes a word."

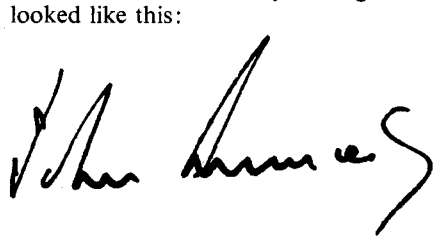
One adjunct of the mail that troubles both the President and Mrs. Kennedy is the flood of gifts Americans persist in sending to their President and his family. Since the Inauguration several thousand presents have been sent to the White House—bootees for Baby John, paintings, war medals, jams, cakes, doormats, shaving mugs, hundreds of carefully assembled scrapbooks of Kennedy clippings, a gift insured for $25,000 (which was returned unopened), rocking chairs (also returned) and pets for Caroline, which have included hamsters, birds, mice, turtles, dogs and a trumpet-playing rabbit named Zsa Zsa.

As a general policy for himself, as well as for all members of the Administration, the President has made a rule barring the acceptance of any personal gift valued at more than twenty-five dollars. Exceptions are made for official gifts to the President from visiting heads of state or other foreign dignitaries, or for items that may have unusual historic significance.

In addition to establishing new records for the amount of mail received, President Kennedy is fast heading toward another kind of distinction—as the President with the most illegible handwriting. People who get personal notes from the President these days may spend hours trying to decipher the contents. The President's associates comment that his writing and signature have become worse since Inauguration Day.

"The reason his signature and writing are so hard to read is that he is too rushed," says Mrs. Lincoln. "The President can write very nicely when he takes the time."

In these troubled days, however, the President rarely takes much time when he dashes off his signature or adds a postscript. One morning recently a Presidential assistant received a puzzled note from the mayor of a large southern city, enclosing a letter he had received, written on White House stationery. The signature looked like this:



"Can you tell me who wrote this letter?" asked the mayor. "I can't make out the signature."

The undecipherable squiggle was that of John Kennedy. THE END

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Vic Power: Master at First

(Continued from Page 30)

home against Kansas City after his team had already scored twelve runs. Pitcher Russ Meyer, furious at being "shown up" so needlessly, came stalking off the mound to curse Vic out, while from the night came cries of "Toot—toot—toot" to signify the showboat coming round the bend.

By now his reputation is so firmly established that if he broke a leg he would be accused of faking a limp. Three years ago, in fact, Vic was rolling on the ground in pain after he had been hit on the shoulder by a pitch thrown by Chicago's Dick Donovan. From the White Sox dugout came the inevitable shout, "Hey, showboat. Why don't you call an ambulance, you showboat?"

Leaping to his feet enraged, Vic advanced on the Chicago bench, cursing their manager, the normally mild-mannered Al Lopez, in Spanish. The fifty-year-old Lopez, equally enraged, threw off his glasses and came charging out. Eddie Stanky, coaching at third, grabbed Vic around the knees to hold him away, and the umpires threw up a roadblock in front of Lopez. Vic got in the final word, not in Spanish this time but with his bat. The next time up he hit Donovan's first pitch high over the left-field fence.

Power has also been accused of loafing on the field. This charge was revived on June twenty-fifth when Vic, who was on first base, got forced out at second on a drive that hit the right-field fence.

But there were extenuating circumstances, to say the least. It was the ninth inning of a tie game between the Indians and the Tigers at Cleveland Municipal Stadium. The bases were loaded with one out. When Cleveland pinch hitter Chuck Essegian lofted a long ball to right, Power played it safe and held first, since the winning run could score from third even if the ball was caught.

An umpire prematurely gave the home-run signal, so Vic started slowly jogging down to second. But the ball didn't clear the fence. Al Kaline took it on the rebound and whipped it into second base ahead of Power. So Essegian lost his base hit, but Cleveland won the game anyway, the runner from third having scored during this unusual force play.

Originally much of the feeling against Power stemmed from his pugnacious attitude on the field. When he began to play ball in this country Vic was not accustomed to either segregation or anti-Negro insults, and as he says, "I told myself I don't take nothing from nobody." A rough player under any circumstances, Power cut a path through the minor-league jungles with a series of brawls.

To keep the racial angle in perspective, it should be pointed out immediately that the twenty-nine-year-old Power is even more unpopular among the highly excitable fans of Puerto Rico, where he has played professional winter ball since his early teens, than among his fellow ballplayers. That is, except in Caguas, his winter team for fourteen years, where he has been playing-manager the last three seasons. There Vic is something close to a civic monument. In all other cities he is hooted and jeered. In Mayaguez, the third largest city on the island, Vic no longer plays or even bothers to put on a uniform, for if he so much as sticks his head out of the dugout he brings on a barrage of oranges, rocks and bottles.

Even his name has brought him difficulties. It actually is not Vic Power at all, but Victor Felipe Pellot. "Is complicated story," he sighs. When Vic first left the island in 1949 to play for Drummondville in the independent Provincial League of Canada, the fans burst into ribald laughter at the sound of his name. Pellot, it seemed, had such an unfortunate connotation in French that Vic was advised by the management to adopt some other name. Since Puerto Ricans customarily adopt their mother's name as well as their father's, he told them he could just as easily use the name of Pove. But Vic, like most Spanish-speaking people, pronounces his "v" like a "w." "They think I say Power and that's how I get my name."

In the American League he is called a variety of things, but it is generally conceded—however reluctantly—that Vic is the best-fielding first baseman in the game today and possibly the best of all time.

Yankee first baseman Bill Skowron, a onetime teammate from their minor-league days in Kansas City, says, "He defies all the rules of playing the position. The first thing I was taught was to get to the base in time to shift my feet with the direction of the throw. Power plays fifteen feet farther back than me or anybody else and takes the throw on the dead run. He can do it because his reflexes are so great and because he's got the best glove hand in baseball."

By playing so deep, Power is able to blanket the entire area. Says Frank Lane, general manager at Cleveland until this season, "He's the only first baseman I've ever seen who can win games for you in the field, and I've seen them back to Hal Chase."

Casey Stengel, who has seen them back to Hal Methuselah, obviously agrees. In one game at Yankee Stadium early last season Power robbed Yankee hitters of four hits, bringing the game to an end by snapping up a ground ball in foul territory after it had passed over the base fair. The next day Stengel called a special pregame meeting and told his players, "We've got to bring that Houdini in closer." In talking about it later, Stengel said, "I had a couple of guys bunt down there. Big Cerv did beat out a bunt; that was something to see." But power hitters like Cerv are not being paid to bunt, and Stengel very quickly decided to apply his brain power to more fruitful projects.

Power's batting style is just as unorthodox as his fielding. As Vic waits for the pitch, he is crouched over low, with his bat hanging straight down as if it were a broom and he were sweeping off the plate. By the time he swings, the bat is up almost level with his shoulders but

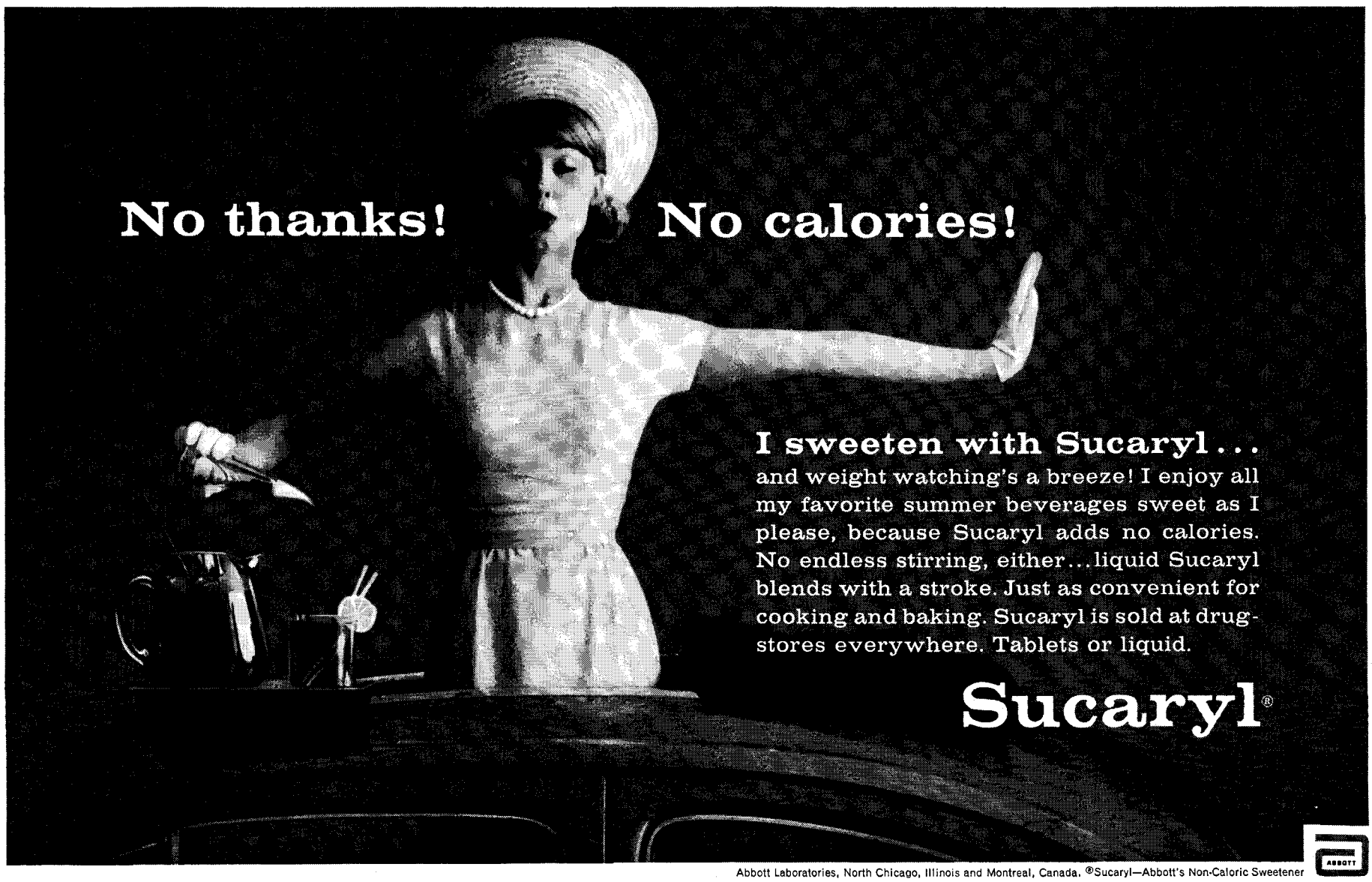
... ...

Song for an Unsung Hero

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The children wriggled and
pouted and giggled
And stuck out their tongues
at him.
Yet such the photographer's
mystic power
That, focused on imps for an
entire hour,
He photographed
cherubim!

... ...


No thanks!
No calories!
I sweeten with Sucaryl . . .
and weight watching's a breeze! I enjoy all my favorite summer beverages sweet as I please, because Sucaryl adds no calories. No endless stirring, either...liquid Sucaryl blends with a stroke. Just as convenient for cooking and baking. Sucaryl is sold at drug-stores everywhere. Tablets or liquid.
Sucaryl®
Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener
ABBOTT

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his form still brings tears to the eyes of purists. Instead of striding into the ball to get his weight behind his swing, Vic falls away from the plate, the fundamental error—theoretically—in batting.

Vic's own comments on his hitting would send any high-school coach into a state of shock. "I was reading that Stan Musial says to be a good hitter you have to know strike zone," he says. "I don't know strike zone. If I can see the ball good, I swing. Sometimes I make up my mind I'm going to hit next pitch and I swing wherever ball is, even if I have to throw my bat at it." He gets about a dozen hits every year by throwing his bat at outside pitches. To infuriate the opposition all the more, he will then beam broadly, point to his head and say, "See? Scientific."

With that foot-in-the-bucket form of his he gets most of his home runs off bean balls. Whitey Ford, as smart a pitcher as you could hope to find, says, "You have to be crazy to throw at him. Power is the only hitter I know whose power zone is a fast ball between the eyes."

Vic is perennially astonished when he goes to a new club, makes friends with his old enemies and is told of instances where they had thrown at him and found him stepping back and belting the ball out of the park. "Gee whiz," he told Cleveland's Mike Garcia after joining the Indians, "I no know that bean ball you throw. That was a good pitch to hit. I see it real good."

The most spectacular play in baseball is easily the steal of home plate. Predictably, then, the steal of home has become Vic Power's specialty. Until he went to Cleveland on June 15, 1958, he had never been allowed to run on his own in this country. Joe Gordon turned him loose, though, and Vic quickly stole home twice in a game against Detroit, the second steal winning the game in the last of the tenth inning.

Although baseball could be accurately described as a small island of action completely surrounded by statistics, no official records have ever been kept on steals of home. Cleveland writers, left to their own resources, have determined that Power stole home three times with the Indians in 1958—the only three bases he stole all season—and three more times in the early part of 1959. He stopped abruptly after he had been caught twice in a row on extremely close calls, because he read in the newspapers that Gordon was thinking of putting a rein on him. He made no further attempts to steal home for the rest of 1959 and all of 1960.

Under Jimmy Dykes this season he has got the green light again. In the first inning of an early-season game against the Yankees, Vic found himself on third with the bases loaded and two out. He bothered Bob Turley so much by racing up and down the base line that Turley walked Woodie Held and forced across a run. When Vic got back to the bench, Dykes told him, "If you ever think you can steal home in the late innings and it's an important run, you go right ahead."

The chance came two hours later. In the eighth inning of what had developed into a wild ball game, Vic once again found himself on third with the bases loaded and two out. "I'm going in," he told third-base coach Luke Appling.

"Wait for one pitch and look the pitcher over," Appling said. Having waited two years, Vic was in no mood to wait for another pitch. "No," he said. "If I get a jump I go now."

He got a tremendous jump, kept coming and slid across the plate in a swirl of dust to provide a swaggering climax to a game-winning five-run rally. The New York *Times* man on the scene was moved to write, "While this fellow Power may be the 'showboat' critics claim, he is also just about as exciting a player as the American League has had in a number of years."

Is Vic Power a showboat? Jimmy Dykes, who admits to having shared the hatred of Vic when he was managing against him, says, "I would think there's a little ham in him, yes."

Vic himself says, "I play that way all my life. I take big lead, I'm called showboat, but if catcher drop ball I move up a base. I catch ball one-handed, I called showboat. But that's the natural way for me. I have reflexes so quick, I don't make errors. If I don't make errors, I proud to be showboat. Others no showboat, they make lots of errors."

There is truth to what he says. In three of the four years he has played the required 100 games at first base, Power has finished with the league-leading average. More to the point—fielding averages being notoriously misleading—he has led in assists, total chances and double plays in all four of those years.

In order to take full advantage of Vic's agility and versatility, his managers have frequently given way to the temptation to move him into one of the other infield positions. At the time Frank Lane got Power and Woodie Held from Kansas City for Roger Maris and two lesser players, the Indians' infield was so weak that over the rest of the season Joe Gordon had Power playing second base in twenty-eight games and third base in forty-two games—more games than he had him at first base. Before the next season started, Lane traded away two other first basemen—Vic Wertz and Mickey Vernon—to force Gordon to put Vic back where he belonged.

Power is a blocky man. He stands just under six feet, and at the beginning of this season he weighed 199 pounds. He has a chubby, almost babyish face, which makes his fast-disappearing hairline all the more incongruous. As he talks, an automatic smile seems to attach itself to his face, and it is difficult for a stranger to decide whether it is an indication of Vic's good nature or only the apologetic smile of a man who is not quite at home with the language.

He is good-natured, though. In sharp contrast to the image he projects on the field, Vic is a locker-room clown. A Cleveland player, finding himself the victim of a practical joke, automatically turns his glare upon Power—usually with justification. Power invariably assumes an attitude of injured innocence and says, "I didn't did it."

Jim Piersall, who once tangled with Vic in Boston because he thought Vic had put a tag on him with a little too much enthusiasm, says, "What a surprise I got when I came over here and found out he's a lot of fun. He's always agitating. The other day the scorer took a hit away from me, and Vic was right with me, saying, 'They taking food away from your babies, Jim.' The next day I'm on the bench complaining to the scorer's brother, and Vic says, 'Gee whiz, Jim, you wouldn't take a hit on that ball, would you? The shortstop shoulda stuck it in his pocket.' I was speechless until I saw him turn away laughing."

Vic was born in Arecibo, the fourth largest city in Puerto Rico, on November 1, 1931, the second eldest of the six children of Regino Pellot, a worker in a sugar-cane refinery. When Vic was nine, his father dropped dead on the job, and Mrs. Pellot had to go to work as a dressmaker.

Arecibo had only one school for all grades, so Vic was able to become the star baseball player, basketball player and boxer before he was really of high-school age. When he was a sophomore in high school Senator Solá Morales, part owner of the Caguas team, read about him, came to Arecibo and gave him two dollars to take a bus fifty-eight miles to Caguas for a tryout.

Senator Morales, who is now probably the second most important political figure in Puerto Rico, still takes great pride in his discovery and corresponds with Vic during the summer. "Morales," says Vic, "is almost my Papa Number Two. Morales and Frank Lane."

Orlando Cepeda's father, Peruchio, the island's greatest player, was still a member of the Caguas team then, although he was forty-three years old and only playing part time. Orlando, a nine-year-old boy with a crippled leg, worshiped his father and tagged after him wherever he went. "I remember very well the first time Vic came," Orlando says. "My father said, 'That boy is going to be a good ballplayer.' Vic was a natural 'show' even then. Sure, people in Puerto Rico say he shows off. That's the way he always play—relaxed and easy."

Caguas signed Vic for $200 a month plus food, clothing, rent and whatever expenses might be entailed in attending the local high school. In his first game as a professional Vic hit the first pitch thrown to him over the right-field fence for a home run—an unusual feat for a right-handed hitter. As he recalled that moment of boyhood glory recently, his eyes lighted up. "I was so excited I thought I'd hit sixty homers. I ran to first and keep watching ball as I ran. I keep running all the way into right field, I was so excited, and they have to call me back and send me around to touch the bases."

Quincy Troupe, a long-time star in United States Negro ball, came down to manage Caguas the following year. Under him Vic became a .300 hitter. A year later, in 1949, Troupe wrote from Canada to offer him $250 a month to play for Drummondville. "A lot of money for me," Vic says. "I have to finish high school first, then I go."

Troupe played him in the outfield at first. Later, to take advantage of his ability to field ground balls, Vic was brought in to play second base. Immediately he got into his first fight by tagging one Nicolas Malfala firmly in the teeth because Malfala had shown the poor taste to knock Vic down, quite unnecessarily, on an inning-ending force-out.

After two years the Yankees bought his contract from Drummondville for $7000. A bashful boy no longer, Power insisted upon getting $3000 of that purchase price for himself before he would agree to report to Syracuse, where the Yanks assigned him in 1951. Then came two years in Kansas City, during which he was in a constant state of warfare with Milwaukee-Toledo—the franchise was moved to Toledo in 1953 when Milwaukee got its major-league team—and particularly with catcher Dewey Williams, a tough North Carolinian who had been up with Cincinnati and Chicago.

One night Vic hit a home run his first time at bat and was astonished when the pitcher neglected to knock him down on his next appearance. Williams was apparently astonished too. "He walk out in front of me and yelled, 'I thought I told you to hit this black S.O.B.' I turned to umpire and say, 'He can't talk like that.' Williams dropped glove and grabbed me. I was so mad I become unconscious of what I do. I swinging so wild I hit one of my own pitchers who was trying to stop the fight."

The Yankees were not entranced with him, especially upon learning that in rigidly segregated Kansas City Power was going out with white women in the normal course of his social life—just as he had frequently gone out with white women in Puerto Rico. The Yankees, of course, had never had a Negro player. By the time Vic got to Kansas City, their top farm club, it had become perfectly evident that they could not hold out much longer. The only question was who their first Negro player was going to be. The decision was that it was not going to be Vic Power. Out of the whispers and rumors that this kind of situation always generates came wild stories about Power's "unsavory" private life.

Vic could not help but become aware of his reputation. "When Billy Martin came to Cleveland," he says, "he told me Yankees didn't (*Continued on Page 52*)

"I'm afraid this has ruined bird watching for me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Telephones for Blackbeard's hideaway

A phone call home is taken for granted by an Ocracoke visitor. But telephones are still an innovation to permanent residents here. An Independent company, Carolina Telephone, installed the first commercial telephones on the Island in 1956.

An *Independent* telephone company changed the scene on Ocracoke Island. Lying 20 miles off North Carolina, it once served as a haven to the famous pirate, Blackbeard. Nearby, radio was born and the Wright Brothers opened the Air Age. But until 1956, Ocracoke had no commercial telephones.

On Ocracoke Island, vacationers' paradise, there are no sidewalks, traffic lights, banks or billboards.

But today, there *are* telephones. Providing this service to 550 sea-loving citizens is one of America's 3,300 *independently* owned and managed telephone companies, Carolina Telephone and Telegraph.

The shifting sands and salt air presented unusual problems. But buried cable, protected from the elements, now connects the Island's 130 telephones.

For long distance calls, a radio system links the Island to the mainland so that *any* point in the nation can be reached in seconds.

This could be termed the "last frontier" for Carolina Telephone. One of America's largest Independents, it serves a major section of North Carolina.

The case of Ocracoke is not new to the Independent telephone industry. Its member companies are bringing up-to-the-minute telephone service to every corner of the nation, including Alaska, with some settlements above the Arctic Circle, and all of Hawaii.

In fact, Independents serve 11,000 communities, large and small, with a $4 *billion* network of facilities . . . to help you reach *all* America.

More facts about this vital, vigorous industry are reported in "An American Story." For your free copy, write: *Dept. 77, U. S. Independent Telephone Association, 438 Pennsylvania Building, Washington 4, D. C.*

INDEPENDENT

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE—THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

There's plenty of room for outdoor pleasure on our first National Seashore. An Independent company, Carolina Telephone, now links Ocracoke to all America.

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(*Continued from Page 50*) want me because their scout reported I was a bad boy. What I do? I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't go to bar. I never arrested, never in any trouble. All I do is go to movies, dances, listen to music and read. Sure, I went with white girls. White and colored both. I was not a married man. In my country is different. It's okay to go with white and colored. If that's my mistake, it's only mistake I make."

He made very few mistakes on the ball field. In his first year at Kansas City he hit .331, led the league in doubles and triples and batted in 109 runs. Placed at third base, a new position, for much of the season, he did well enough to be selected as the American Association's All-Star third baseman. But the next season the Yankees did not even invite him to spring training. "I was disappointed," Vic says, "but I don't argue. I sign my Kansas City contract and send it back. I figure I'm going to show them."

Before the first ball was thrown in the 1953 season, two things happened to make it perfectly clear that the Yankees had written him off: 1) Bill Skowron was sent back to Kansas City to be converted from an outfielder to a first baseman. 2) Vic Power was put not at third base but in the outfield, the only place he could not play well.

Still he led the American Association in batting from the opening gun, finishing the season with an average of .349. He got to play first base for seventeen games in May when Skowron was injured, but went back to the outfield upon Skowron's return. A week later manager Harry Craft pulled Vic out of a game for not hustling after a ball hit down the left-field line.

Says Power, "I had a pulled muscle in my leg—I don't lie to you. I knew it was sure double anyway, so I don't run hard. But that's all the hitter got, a double."

The league-leading hitter remained on the bench for two more days, and the word went around the baseball world that in addition to his other sins Vic Power went into a sulk when he was not allowed to play first base. Vic seems to resent the attacks on him as a ballplayer even more strongly than the personal attacks. "Listen carefully," he says. "In all my baseball career nobody ever ask me where I want to play and I never tell anybody where to play me. I never say to anybody I want to play first base, even though I know I'm born to play first base. Yankees say I poor outfielder. But in entire time nobody give me one word of advice, one word of help. Coaches and managers never talk to me."

In August of 1953 both of the Yankees' first basemen—Joe Collins and Don Bollweg—were injured, and Skowron was slumping badly at Kansas City. But instead of bringing up Power to fill in, the Yanks reached down to Birmingham for Gus Triandos, a temporarily converted catcher. Negro organizations began to picket Yankee Stadium.

Dan Topping, co-owner of the Yankees, responded to the charges of discrimination by pointing out that Craft had found it necessary to bench Power for not hustling. "My information," he said, "is that Elston Howard, Negro outfielder with Kansas City, has a better chance to come up than Power. Our scouting reports rate Power as a good hitter but a poor fielder."

Finally Power was traded to the Philadelphia Athletics on December 16, 1953, with Yankee general manager George Weiss observing, "The first Negro to appear in a Yankee uniform must be worth waiting for."

Says Power, "That made me mad for the first time, because he made it look like I was not a nice man."

Vic was all but conceded the Rookie of the Year award before he played his first big-league game. Instead, stationed in center field for most of the season, he hit only .255. In every category he had the worst year of his life.

One bright spot for Vic was his relationship with the Athletics' batting coach, Wally Moses. "In all my life," he says, "he was the only coach who was so close to me. He was an older man, like a father. He is one man I'll never forget."

Moses, a native of Georgia who came back into the American League this year as a Yankee coach, is clearly astonished that Vic feels so strongly about him. "I'd see him sitting by himself every day brooding, so I got into the habit of going over to try to kid him out of it. It wasn't only the business of his being colored or the difficulty with the language. You have to remember that he was under tremendous pressure. He was the guy who was supposed to lift us up in the standings, and he was a flop. We never talked about personal matters, though. We talked about hitting. He didn't begin to hit until the very end of the year, when he was brought in to play first base where he belonged."

To top off Power's miserable rookie year, the Athletics' franchise was transferred to Kansas City, the city he had come to hate. However, he says, "The first thing I thought was I had always hit good in the Kansas City park. I figured the move had to be good for me."

It was. A full-time first baseman at last, he hit .319 in 1955 to finish second—although a distant one—to Al Kaline's league-leading .340. He also hit nineteen home runs, his all-time high.

On the other hand, his minor-league reputation as a rough, mean player spoiling for trouble took shape and solidified during his three years in Kansas City. "Sure, I had a chip on my shoulder," he says now. "I think nobody like me. I can't go to movie. Can't go to restaurant. Gee whiz, I afraid to talk to people. Sure I'm mad at everybody. What do you expect? In Cleveland I can go to restaurant. I go to show. Everybody friendly. I'm a nice guy now."

His final year at Kansas City was the most difficult of all because he had married a Puerto Rican girl, Idalia Alvarado, who is so light she could easily pass for white. Idalia had been raised in a tiny mountain town, and she came to Kansas City totally unaware of the nuances of segregation.

"Two, three times," says Vic, "police see her with me in car and ask me to show identification. They look at my license and they say, 'Who is the lady with you, Mr. Power?' I say, 'She is my wife.' They ask her, 'Is that right?' and when she say yes they say, 'All right, go ahead. Is just routine investigation.'

"We lived in colored neighborhood. One night my wife go to drug store on corner and police stop her and ask, 'Where do you live?' She say, 'Around the corner.' 'With who?' 'My husband.' 'Who is your husband?' 'Vic Power, the ballplayer.' Then they let her go."

Mrs. Power returned to the apartment badly shaken and asked Vic if the police had stopped them those other times not on any routine investigation but because they thought she was a white woman. Vic had the painful duty of explaining the facts of segregated life to her.

This year Vic and his wife live in an integrated housing project in Cleveland's near east side. They have two sons—Gerry Lewis, three, and Edward Victor, one. Vic comes off every road trip loaded down with toys for them, and although his old reputation as a playboy somehow clings to him, he considers himself a completely domesticated family man.

His relationship with Cleveland general manager Frank Lane was always good, and it seems to be just as pleasant with Lane's successor, Gabe Paul. Lane made things friendly from the beginning by calling Vic into his office to explain that he had heard all the stories about him and didn't believe them. He made it even more friendly by raising his salary from $14,000 to $15,000 on the spot. This year, in his third full season with Cleveland, Power is getting $25,000.

With this kind of money Vic was able to buy his mother a beautiful ranch home in San Juan last winter. He has built a house for himself near San Juan, about fifteen minutes away.

From his new desk in Kansas City, where he is now general manager of the Athletics, Frank Lane says, "In three years Vic Power was absolutely no trouble to the front office or to his teammates. Just the opposite. It would surprise many people who know Vic only on the field to learn that he is something of a highbrow."

By baseball standards he comes close to being an egghead. A music and art lover, he spends much of his spare time on the road visiting museums and going to concerts. Boston is perhaps his favorite city, because it gives him the opportunity of attending the Boston Pops concerts.

As a boy he showed so much talent for painting that his mother wanted him to go to art school. He has turned instead to photography. He carries a Leica with him wherever he goes. His favorite subjects are flowers, animals and what he calls "the scenes"—the landmarks—of the various major-league cities.

"In Cleveland zoo," he says, grinning, "they got big gorilla. Mean one. I got picture of him pounding wall. Real showboat. I'll bet he could play a good first base."

Vic Power still believes that the only way to play the game of baseball is to play it hard. Last year he took a swing at his best friend, Earl Battey of Washington—now Minnesota—because Battey objected to the way Power slid into him on a play at home plate. "He is still my good friend off the field," Vic says. "On the field I don't back up from nobody, not even my best friend."

Nevertheless he is convinced that he is mellowing. Says Power, "Jimmy Dykes taught me, 'If you're right, there is no sense to argue. The fellow who is wrong, he argue.' Dykes is a smart man. I'm not so smart, but I'm getting older. And maybe wiser. I figure now they mad at me because I make good play to hurt them, so they try to hurt me with name of showboat. Now I say to myself, the best way to answer is to make another good play and get them even madder."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON PETE MARTIN
BY BING CROSBY

Also:

CAN WE GET RID OF BAD DOCTORS?
By Milton Silverman

Breaking the Bonds of Second-Class Citizenship:

TEXAS HELPS HER LITTLE LATINS
By Louis Alexander

Ryozo Kado's Magic Gardens:

WIZARD WITH ROCKS
By Frank J. Taylor

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Passage to Danger (Continued from Page 34)

A voice rose in a wild shout, "Ahoy!"

Scott spun around. Carl was jumping up and down on the beach, waving his hands and shouting, "Ahoy, there."

Scott ran toward the beach, caught Carl's shoulder and jerked him around.

"I saw a boat out there," Carl said. He had a frantic glaze in his eyes and he shouted again, "Ahoy, there. Help!"

Scott caught him again and roughly clapped his hand over his mouth, saying angrily, "I told you no signals. We're staying here for twenty-four hours."

He stared anxiously into the grayness, and at his elbow Captain Edwards said, "That's no boat. It's just a floating log."

Scott spun Carl aside so hard that Carl lost his balance and fell to the sand. He sat up, saying indignantly, "I told you we'd give Bahama his twenty-four hours, but we don't have to stay marooned here."

"When we get off this key, we'll be surrounded by police and reporters asking how we got here and why," Scott said. "Somebody would be bound to let it slip."

He turned and walked away. His knees trembled, and he sat down on the wet sand, staring out across the water. A few minutes passed, then he saw movement out of the corners of his eyes. Barbara and Carl were approaching together. As Scott turned his head, Carl said in an embarrassed voice, "I'm sorry about that, Scott, but to be cast away like this, at a time like this—shut off from everything—well, it got me. I thought I saw a boat and I started yelling."

Barbara stood with her shoulders hunched in the chill air and one hand clasping the material of her dress at her throat. She smiled engagingly at Scott and put a determined lightness in her tone as she said, "Here we are, cast away on a desert island, so let's all be friends. Now, who hasn't dreamed of being cast away like this?"

"Water is our problem," Carl said. "What are we going to do when we run out of water? And in the sun tomorrow ——"

At Scott's quick glance he broke off.

"In the sun we'll all dry out, at least," Barbara said.

Scott sat scowling at the sand. Bahama liked Pip, he told himself. They had hit it off from the start, the big, ambling Conch and the small redheaded boy—an innocently incongruous pair they had seemed. Bahama would not harm the boy, he told himself, but if Bahama had killed already, if he had knifed Bart Leroy. . . . Scott shook his head. Bahama had stolen the fifty thousand pesos, but there had been no proof of it; why should he have murdered Bart Leroy? There were stronger motives—Jack's, for instance. He looked up at Carl with narrowed eyes.

"I've been meaning to ask you," he said, "where did you go after you helped pull Bart Leroy out of the water last night? You sort of disappeared."

"Man, I just had on the pants of my pajamas and I was soaking wet," Carl said with a quick laugh. "I ducked back to the *Crown and Anchor* to make myself decent. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," Scott said.

He got to his feet and walked away. He felt unbearably tense and he sat on a hummock of tufted grass near the line of mangroves and put his hands over his face. A dry sob shook his shoulders, and he tried to shut out the image of Pip's face as the *Cormorant* had borne him off into the drifting haze.

He did not hear Barbara approach, did not know she was there until her gentle voice said, "Darling, please don't take it so hard."

"I feel so damned helpless," he said. "I've failed the kid completely. There he was, aboard that boat, in terror of his life, and I never knew anything was wrong. He was almost drowned, and I was wrapped up in something else."

"But there was no way for you to know," she said, sitting beside him and putting her hand comfortingly on his knee.

"A father should know. That's his job. That's what a father is for."

"Pip thinks you're a perfect father," she said, "and so do I."

He glanced toward Carl Norwood, who was down by the water again. His thoughts kept coming back to Carl, like a puppy to a well-gnawed bone, and he said, "Well, Carl is a free man now. The umbilical cord is cut."

"Yes," she said.

"With a bone-handled knife, in fact."

She gave him a steady look. "You seem to have it in for Carl."

He shrugged. "No, I don't have it in for him, but I'll be frank. I have no fondness for the guy and I have a pretty strong conviction that he's not right for you, but I don't want to go into that. I will say this, though. You need a man to cherish and protect you, not a guy you have to protect and forever make excuses for."

"That's ridiculous," she said. "I don't make excuses. And disabuse yourself of the notion that I'm a clinging-vine type. I don't want to be protected."

"You're a woman," he said. "Given the chance, you'd cling—and you should. That's your right."

"Honestly, is that your concept of a woman's role?"

"Partly."

"And you like to be the big, strong oak."

He smiled. "I guess that's it."

"That's arrogant, I think," she said. "It's a primitive way of thinking."

"This is a primitive situation," he said. "We're marooned here together, absolutely on our own, and I guess it brings out the primitive in me."

"Why not get a club and beat a girl over the head and drag her off to your cave?" she asked, with a low, tense laugh.

"I feel like doing just that," he said.

Carl Norwood was coming back from the beach, kicking at a stone. There was a brooding expression in his eyes, and he said as he approached. "I wish we had a radio. I wonder how Jack is making out."

"Does that bother you very much?" Scott asked.

Carl set his jaw. "Of course it does."

"O.K.," Scott said. "I didn't know. It was your chat with the sheriff that put him where he is, after all."

"I only answered questions," Carl said. "I had no idea where they were leading and I was too damned upset to care. Bart had been murdered. That's all I could think about."

"Did you like the man, actually?"

Carl's eyes widened. "He was my uncle. I admired him immensely."

"Even though he took over your life—changed its whole direction?"

"I'd say that was my fault as much as his," Carl said. "I was of age. I knew what I was doing."

"You can go back to medical school now, of course," Barbara said.

Carl shrugged. "Too much water has gone over the dam. I don't know what I will do, but it won't be medicine. I don't have that urge any more."

"With all the money Bart left you, you can do whatever you want." Barbara said. "Half a million, isn't it?"

He gave her a quick glance. "Where did you hear that?"

"Mr. Bradley told me on the telephone today. Flora gets the bulk of the estate, but Bart provided for you handsomely."

Carl whistled softly. "I admit I had hopes, but Bart never told me definitely."

"So you didn't happen to mention that legacy to the sheriff?" Scott asked.

Carl looked down his nose. "I didn't know about it."

"But you had expectations," Scott said, and there was a bright gleam in his eyes. "And you told the sheriff everything else you knew—about those hotel suites, for instance."

"Scott, please drop it," Barbara said.

"Let him answer," Scott said.

"Oh," Carl said, "there's not much use talking to you, the mood you're in."

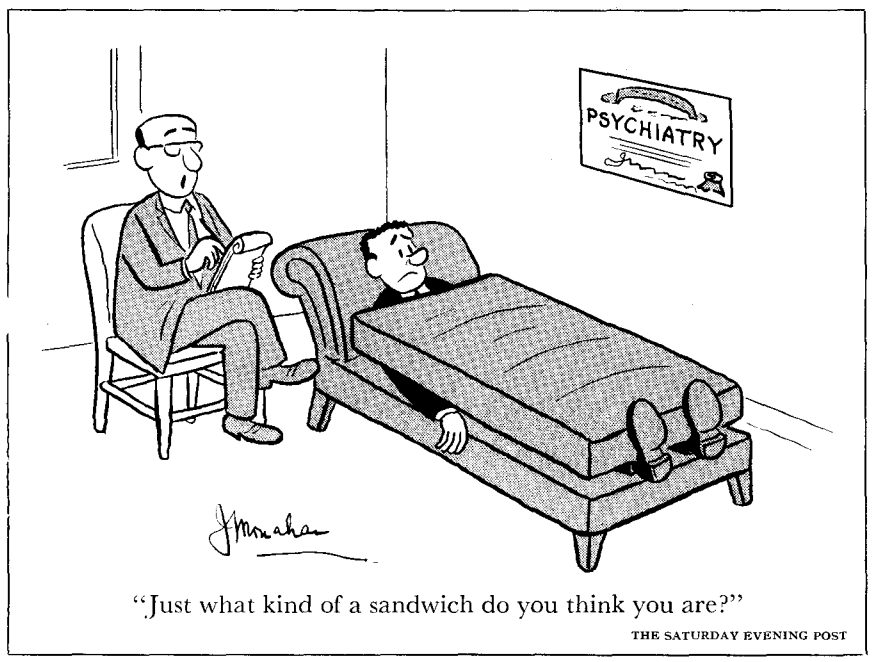
"I know damned well the cops in Miami didn't go around checking every hotel register just on a wild chance," Scott said. "They had to have a lead."

"Of course I was frank with the sheriff," Carl said. "That was my duty as I saw it, and I don't apologize to anybody. I think that the truth serves the ends of justice; and if Jack is innocent, the true facts will come out. And they have. We know now it was Bahama."

"Sure, Jack is innocent," Scott said. "But that doesn't alter the fact that the poor guy was framed."

"Scott, what are you driving at?" Barbara asked. "What's eating you? You said this situation had brought out the primitive in you, and I certainly agree."

(*Continued on Page 56*)



"Just what kind of a sandwich do you think you are?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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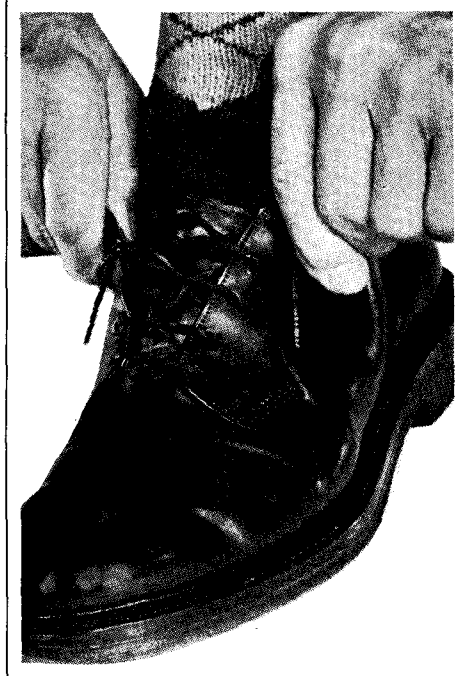

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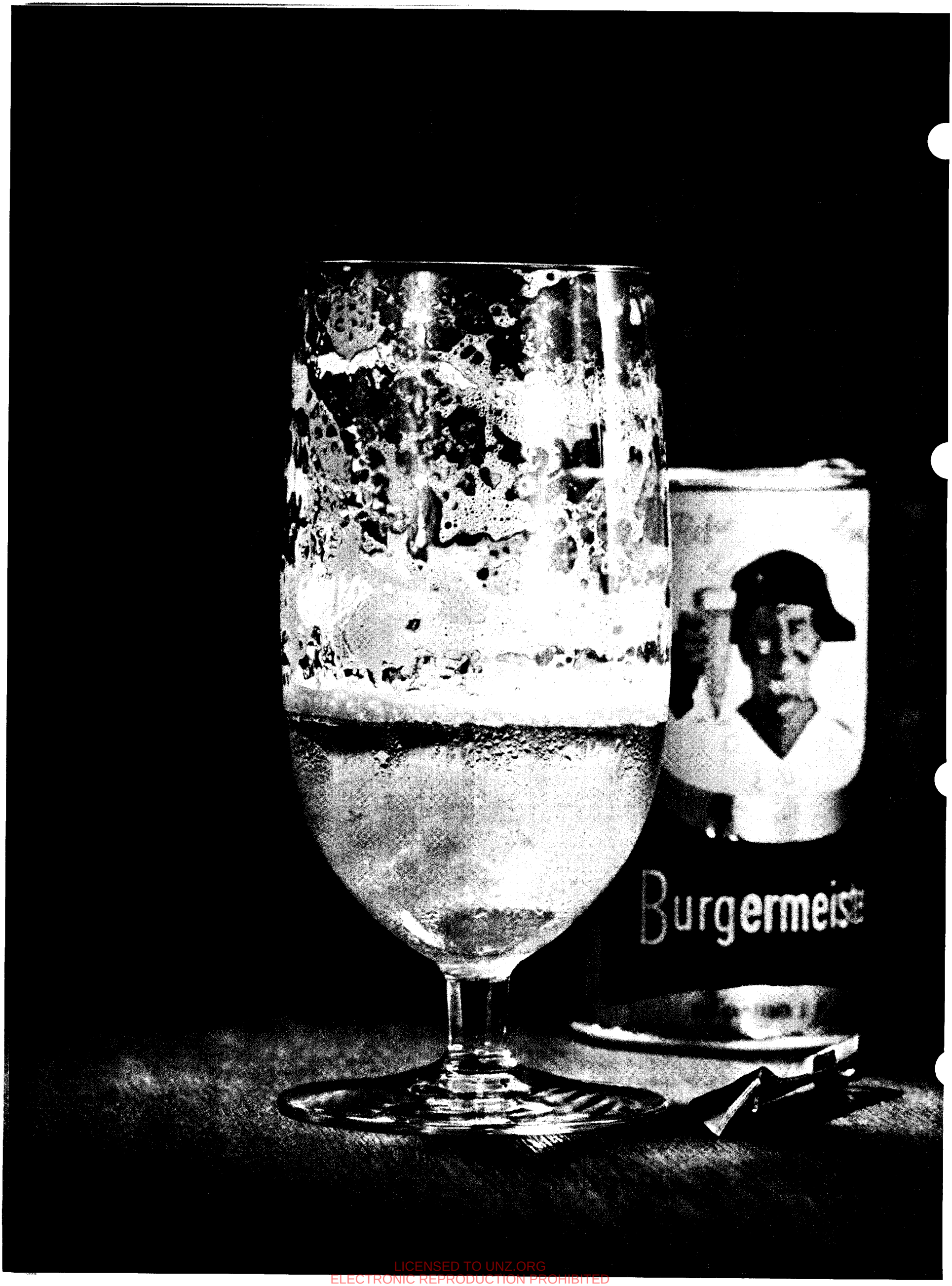

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(*Continued from Page 53*) "Something is eating me, for sure," Scott said. "I didn't want to tell you, didn't want to poison your mind, but now that I know about that half-million legacy, the picture is complete. Honey, open your eyes. I told you to think about that knife, remember?"

"Well, what about it?" Her voice was crisp and resentful.

"Jack would never have used a knife from the galley of his own boat," Scott said. "Neither would Bahama Gibson. But nobody had access to that knife except Jack and myself and Bahama. No one else went aboard the *Cormorant* after Pip washed the dishes last night. No one else could have taken that knife."

"So it must have been Bahama," Barbara said. "You said Jack was framed, didn't you? Bahama wouldn't have hesitated to frame Jack."

"But that knife could implicate Bahama, too, and did," Scott said. "No, my point is that Bart Leroy wasn't killed with that knife. I think that's the only answer."

"But ——" Barbara began and broke off.

"That knife was found in the water off the stern of the *Crown and Anchor*," Scott said. "How did it get there? Either it slipped from the murderer's hand, or he put it there deliberately. Now the significant fact is that nobody was seen to go aboard the *Crown and Anchor* last night but Jack and Bahama; so if somebody who lived aboard that yacht murdered Bart Leroy, he was in a tight corner. The only sure way he could save himself would be to incriminate someone else, and Jack had left himself wide open. That's the explanation of that knife."

"It doesn't explain anything to me," Barbara said.

"I think it's plain as day," Scott said. "That knife must have been dropped overside long after Bart Leroy was killed. It's the only explanation that dovetails with the facts. It was taken from the galley of the *Cormorant* and dropped there in the water after Bart already lay dead on the dock. The murderer stabbed Leroy with a knife of his own and he wouldn't have let it fall into the water, for Pete's sake! Jack's knife was dropped there deliberately. It had to be. So the question is not who had access to that knife before Bart was killed, but after."

"I see the meaning of that innocent question you asked me a little while ago," Carl said in a low, bitter voice. "You're trying to tab me as a murderer, I suppose."

Scott's eyes were cold, his voice insistent. "You came aboard the *Cormorant* last night and you slipped away again. Nobody saw you go. You had every opportunity to sneak into the galley and take that knife. Did you do it? Did you frame Jack? Is that why you loaded the sheriff with every incriminating fact you could dredge up?"

Barbara slapped his face, hard and strong, and was on her feet and gone while he still felt the sting of it. She walked quickly away, and Carl stood looking down at Scott with a tight half-smile on his lips.

"You're pretty free with your accusations," he said. "But I'm not forgetting that you were sore enough to kill Bart yourself, and that knife was always within your reach."

"True," Scott said. "I was mad enough to kill him, for a fact, but I didn't, as it happens."

"Neither did I," Carl said. "And I'd like to point out that I wasn't the only one aboard the *Cormorant* last night. Sam Edwards was there, for one."

"Did he have any reason to kill Bart Leroy?" Scott asked. "You did, Carl."

A shaft of light broke through as the setting sun dipped beneath a cloudbank and sent a probing ray of light down on the mangrove island, seeking out Carl Norwood's face and lighting his dark brown eyes. Scott saw the shine of hatred in them as Carl said in a soft, polite voice, "I think you and I had better just stay out of each other's way, old man."

He walked away, and Scott sat with his head bent. Anger still seethed in him, but he was honest enough to ask himself whether he had let personal considerations color his judgment. In this emotional ferment of fear and worry he could not answer it. He looked toward Barbara, who had gone down to the water's edge and was picking up sea shells. After a time he rose and moved slowly to the beach, said as she turned her head, "I guess I behaved like a self-appointed district attorney. I'm sorry."

"I got a little primitive myself," she said. "Forgive me for slapping you like that; but, Scott, you were so—so hostile and cold."

"I deserved it," he said. "I guess you love the guy and I hope I was dead wrong about it."

"You are wrong," she said. "I know Carl. There's no violence in him."

"I can only judge it on the cold facts," Scott said. "As Jack was judged. I know that a great wrong has been done in Jack's case, and I admit I was driven by anger—maybe jealousy too. I'm ashamed of myself, Barbara; but remember, Jack is my best friend."

"Help me collect shells," she said obliquely. "We need them to eat with. See, this flattish, shallow kind makes a nice plate, and these will do for spoons."

They gathered shells in silence, and she did not look at him again, would not meet his eyes. When they had washed the shells, they carried them to the mound where Captain Edwards had put the duffel bag. He was working on a can of stew with the can opener.

"I suggest we divide up one can for tonight," he said. "And everybody gets one small cup of water. We'll have to take turns on that. There are only two of these plastic cups on the Thermos."

They sat in a circle and ate the stew as the sun set and the tropical twilight swiftly passed. Carl Norwood had sat down well away from Scott and, after seeming to hesitate, Barbara had moved over beside Carl. The stew was cold and lumpy, but they finished the can without complaint. There was little talk, but once Barbara said in a voice that attempted to be gay, "The mosquitoes are restless tonight."

"Everybody better put on plenty of repellent," Sam Edwards said and passed the container around.

Edwards was unconcerned. Tomorrow would bring clear weather, he said, and some small craft would come this way. The food and water would last. His voice came out of the darkness, firm and reassuring. He had known these keys since boyhood. He wasn't sure just where they were, having been shut up in the stateroom forward, but by daylight he could probably identify the main keys that lay to the south.

When Barbara turned in for the night, all she said to Scott was, "'Night." The north end of the beach had been reserved for her. Sam Edwards bedded down where he had been sitting, stretching out on the soggy ground, and Carl Norwood moved off toward the mangroves. Scott sat alone for a long time, then he moved down to the south end of the beach.

His clothes were beginning to dry, but the sand was still wet, and he felt the chill of the night air. Overhead thin clouds drifted, but the stars were out brilliantly. As Edwards had said, tomorrow would be a hot, fair day. He tried not to think about Pip. The boy was safe, he told himself; he had to be safe. Bahama was no monster. Even though he had betrayed a friend, even though he had stolen fifty thousand pesos, even though he had at least contemplated drowning Pip in the salt-water pool, the boy was no longer a threat to his security. Why should Bahama harm him? Scott went over it again and again in his mind, his eyes wide open to the stars, and it was his own helplessness that unnerved him most. If only there were something he could do, some action he could take, but he could only lie here on this isolated beach and stare at the cold eternity of the stars.

He heard a scuffing noise in the sand and turned his head as a low voice said, "Scott, is that you?"

He sat upright. "Yes."

He saw a darker shape as Barbara came toward him, stumbled over his outstretched leg and dropped to her knees in the sand. "Oh, you're a hardheaded, contrary man," she said. "I couldn't sleep for thinking about you. Why do you go out of your way to make people hate you?" When he did not answer, she murmured, "May I sit here with you?"

"Please do," he said. He groped for her hand and found it. She did not draw it away; it lay submissively in his.

"I felt so very much alone over there," she said. "There were strange noises off there in the mangroves, and I heard a big, scary gasp out on the water. Did you hear that?"

"A porpoise, probably," he said.

"I felt so small and cold and vulnerable over there alone," she said. "I couldn't stand it." Her voice was low and gentle. "I came looking for a big, strong oak."

He felt a quick pressure of her fingers, and his heart jumped. He slipped his arm around her, drawing her close, and she murmured, "I'm so lonely. Please be nice."

Her head rested on his shoulder, and he saw the starlight on her eyes as he bent his head. Their lips met, and his arm tightened around her. Her kiss was soft and giving, and he held her so strongly that he felt the trembling of his arm. She whispered in his ear, "I've been fighting it. I don't know why I fought it. I've known all along that it couldn't be Carl."

"Could it be me?" he whispered.

"But it is you," she said. "Of course."

"I love you, Barbara," he said.

"Oh, and I love you," she said. "May I cling a little?"

For a long time they whispered in the starlight, with the waves washing in on the beach below them. This had come so unexpectedly, this moment of surrender in the starlight, on this remote key. Barbara said softly, "It was when I slapped you that I really knew. I was so full of anger when I walked away and then I knew it wasn't anger at all. I was all churned up inside; and when you came up to me to say you were sorry, I was ready to swoon in your arms. Tell me, why was I so stupid? Why did I fight it?"

"I haven't been a very lovable character," he said. "I've been bad-tempered, aggressive, bitter. I don't blame you."

"With the strain you've been under, an angel would have blown his top," she said. "But Pip will be all right. Believe it. We're going to have a wonderful life, me and my two redheads."

The sun was hot on Scott's face when he awakened the next morning, long past the dawn. He sat up with a jerk. Barbara lay curled up on the sand close by, still asleep. He got to his feet and stretched. Captain Edwards was over near the mangroves, now walking his way, but he saw no sign of Carl. Edwards made a beckoning signal and said when Scott joined him, "Seen Mr. Norwood around? He seems to have disappeared. I thought he might have gone looking for oysters or something, so I looked around." He gestured toward his khaki pants, which were soaking wet well above the knees.

Scott frowned. "No sign of him anywhere?"

"I just noticed that the life belt is gone," Edwards said. "It was there beside me when I went to sleep last night; and when I woke up in the dawn, it was gone. Do you suppose the damned fool tried to make it to shore?"

Barbara's voice called, "What is it?"

She came up from the beach, her tousled hair in a cloud around her face, and Scott said, "Captain Edwards thinks Carl may have taken the life belt and started for shore."

"I waded halfway around this key," Edwards said. "He ain't here."

She asked anxiously, "Can he make it?"

"I guess he can make it O.K. You can see land over yonder, six or seven miles away. That would be one of the Matecumbe Keys, I'd say, and there are plenty of shoals out there. If a man knew where they were, he could wade a good part of the way."

"I hope my restless tossing isn't bothering you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"But it's such a foolish thing to do," Barbara said. "Why didn't he discuss it with us?" She glanced at Scott. "I suppose he thought you'd stop him."

Sam Edwards shrugged. "Well, it leaves us an extra orange for breakfast."

"But maybe he's off there in the mangroves," Barbara said and called, "Carl. . . . Are you there? . . . Carl!"

Her clear voice died in a deep stillness under the hot sun. Sam Edwards shrugged and picked up the bag of oranges. He offered two to Barbara, but she shook her head and took only one orange. Scott did the same; and after a moment's hesitation Edwards took only one orange for himself. They ate all the pulp and gnawed the inside of the rind. The sun was intense; it would be a very hot day. Captain Edwards spread the crackers to dry, and when Scott tried his lighter, it had already dried out. He produced a flame on the third flick. He and Barbara went to the edge of the mangroves and gathered deadwood. If they were to spend another night on this key, they would at least have fire.

Scott glanced often toward the dark, low line of the distant key. Bahama had asked for twenty-four hours, but although it was still six hours short of the deadline, he had surely got away. Pip would be with him, wherever he was, and surely Bahama would send the boy home safe. It was not important now if Carl talked, he assured himself, but an hour passed—two hours—and no boat came. Under the blazing sun no object showed on the flat surface of the water, which was the color of lime juice mixed with skim milk.

Barbara wanted to explore the key. They tried to get through the mangroves, but the struggle was not worth it, and she said, "I guess that's not it. I thought Carl might have wandered off somewhere and had a fall, but he couldn't have got through here, could he?"

"Here's something, though," Scott said and reached down among the roots where he had seen something shiny. It was the can of stew they had opened the night before. He saw that somehow it had accumulated dirt, inside and on the rim.

"We can use this for cooking," he said. "I'll wash it out."

As they came out of the mangroves, they found Captain Edwards waiting, and Barbara explained, "We thought maybe Carl might have wandered off somewhere and hurt himself."

"You won't see him again, miss," Edwards said. "I know."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he lit out."

Scott met the captain's eyes. Edwards showed an abashed grin and said, "I guess I better tell you the truth. The night Mr. Leroy was killed I seen Mr. Norwood on the afterdeck, and he had something shiny in his hand. It was maybe five minutes before I heard that splash, and he had a knife in his hand."

"Oh, no!" Barbara said in a shocked voice.

"Why didn't you mention this before?" Scott demanded.

"I guess I ought to have, Mr. Chapman, but he offered me dough to forget it. Twenty-five grand, he said he'd pay me."

"Well, that settles it," Scott said. "He knew I suspected him and he panicked."

Barbara sank to her knees, her head bent. Scott let the tin can fall from his hand and watched it roll away, then he breathed a deep, full sigh. He was sorry, for Barbara's sake, that it was Carl, but he felt a great relief; this meant that Carl would make no report to the authorities; Carl was on the run too.

The mangroves shut them in, teeming with their life of bird and insect, a sunny roost for those far-reaching fishermen, the pelicans. These tangled mangroves all looked alike. They grouped together and sent down their entwining jungle of aerial roots, and one mangrove island was the twin of the next. Mangroves all looked the same, with their dark green foliage and tiny yellow blooms—in Caesar Creek, where they had passed the first night of this cruise, in Angelfish Creek, where the channel led through to the sea, where at this moment a small redheaded boy in deep green isolation was pressing a button on the control panel of the *Cormorant* that sent a startled snakebird up in flight as the air horns blasted.

"When day comes, you'll see boats go by," Bahama had said the night before, with his big hand on Pip's shoulder. "All you got to do is holler and lean on them horns. Somebody will come see what's the matter."

Bahama had brought the boat into Angelfish Creek in the dusk, nosing through an opening in the mangroves into a tributary channel that curved away until the main channel was hidden from sight. There he had shut off the motors and dropped anchor and said to Pip, "I'm gonna leave you here, boy. I'm going ashore on Key Largo and get on my way. Nobody knows where I go. You won't see old Bahama again."

He had rowed away in the dinghy, lifting one hand in farewell just before the dinghy turned a bend in the creek, and calling, "So long, shipmate." There was one last grin of the tomato-red lips, then the mangroves had hidden Bahama Gibson from sight.

It had been a long and lonesome night in Angelfish Creek. Pip had slept huddled in his bunk, and when day came, he had sat on the bridge deck waiting for a boat to come. But the *Cormorant* had been anchored so deep in the mangroves that the only way he could spot a boat was by its spars. Perhaps some boats had passed by; he had been unable to tell, and occasionally he had sounded the horns just in case, but the sound had echoed back desolately from the thick green foliage. But now, late in the morning, he had seen the whips of outriggers and had pressed the button, held it down as the outriggers came to a stop out in the channel.

The boat came nosing into the creek, and Pip saw a man in a swordfisherman's cap on the foredeck of a sports fisherman, a lean, bronzed man who called out, "What's the trouble?"

"I'm all alone," Pip shouted. "Please, will you take me with you. I got to have help."

There was another man on the boat, at the wheel, and he helped the first man launch a dinghy. Pip was waiting to pour out his story, but even to him it sounded like the wildest fantasy. The man pushed up the long visor of his cap and scratched his temple and said, "Well, kid, I don't know. Suppose we take you to Key Largo and kind of check up. O.K.? We can make a telephone call from there."

He made the painter of the dinghy fast to a cleat at the stern and got the *Cormorant* under way, following the other boat out through Angelfish Creek to open water. He took the route that Pip remembered—south to a buoy, then along a dredged channel to the harbor and the galleried hotel, where there was a telephone.

Neither man knew quite what to make of Pip. They had found the boy alone on a fifty-foot yacht deep in the mangroves, and he had told them a story that had the proportions of mythomania. But they put through a call, and the dockmaster at the marina on Vaca Key said that he knew the *Cormorant* and he remembered a little redheaded boy named Pip and where the hell was that boy, anyhow; his uncle wanted to know.

The receiver was thrust into Pip's hand, and a kindly voice said, "It seems your uncle is standing by, kid. Want to talk to him?"

Pip gave way for the first time to tears as he babbled out in a choked voice all that had happened. Of course, Uncle Mike believed him. Uncle Mike did not ask doubting questions, but said firmly, "I just landed here a few minutes ago, Pipper, and as soon as I gas up, I'll be on my way. You wait for me at that airstrip, and I'll see you in half an hour. Let me talk to that guy again."

The two men could not do enough for Pip after that. They took him aboard their boat and brought him a glass of milk, a sandwich, a candy bar. Pip sat in the cockpit under the hot noon sun and he felt proud and happy. Everything was all right now. It was only a matter of time.

Under the noon sun they had hot food at last on the island. The wood had dried

... ...

Cottontail in the Garden

By Ethel Jacobson

This young cottontail
  Almost purrs,
Asleep in the sun,
  Wrapped in his furs—
Ears buttoned down,
  Nose on his paws,
One slim green leaf
  Still between his jaws,
Safe from the owl
  And safe from the fox,
Where he breakfasted on
  My four-o'clocks.

... ...

enough to burn, and Scott had used dead leaves for kindling; and as they ate the hot stew on their shell plates, they all felt better. Barbara was still a little depressed about Carl Norwood and talked little, and Scott was silent. A frown tugged at his eyebrows. Sam Edwards was a competent man, he thought. He knew these waters and he knew the techniques of survival. Why, then, had he thrown that can off into the mangroves? A can could be a very useful thing—a cooking pot, a container for water or bait. A man marooned on a desert island, he thought solemnly, should never throw a can away, and then he met Barbara's eyes and grinned at his own thoughts. Small things became unduly important in a situation like this.

After they had eaten, Edwards stretched out in a shady spot with the duffel bag as a pillow, and Scott and Barbara moved away. He took her hand and led the way across the open area to the place where he had left the can, and he picked it up.

"I'm curious about this," he said. "I can't quit wondering about it. This can had been filled with dirt, for some reason, then it was thrown off there in the mangroves. I'd say somebody had been digging with it."

"Digging?" Her eyes searched his. "But why?"

"Let's have a look around," he said.

They walked slowly, close to the mangroves, until Scott held up one hand. There at his feet he saw scrapings of fresh dirt over which dead leaves had been scattered. He dropped to his knees. This soil had been recently disturbed; the digging was easy. He scooped dirt with the can and saw color. He dug faster, uncovered orange fabric. It was the life belt. He saw a corner of it, scraped more dirt away.

Barbara murmured, "For heaven's sake!"

He looked up at her as he pulled the life belt free.

"But why didn't Carl take it?" Barbara asked in a hushed voice. "Scott, what does this mean?"

Scott was examining the life belt, and some instinct of caution made him stoop and shield it with his body. One of the compartments was too soft to contain the usual buoyant material, and he saw a loose thread where stitches had been ripped out—longish, irregular hand stitches of brown thread. He pushed his forefinger in through the opened seam and, by crooking it, he hooked something and drew it out. He stared at it with a sort of horror. It was a one-hundred-peso note. He asked over his shoulder, "Can you see Edwards?"

"Yes, he's napping, I think."

He said quietly, "Stroll down to the beach. Be as casual as you can. I'll follow you there."

He dropped the life belt back in the hole and quickly covered it with dirt and leaves, then he walked down to the beach, carrying the can in his left hand, concealed by his body. Barbara whispered, "Scott, I'm terrified. What is it?"

"Carl never tried to make it to shore," Scott said. "I feel like hell about Carl. I was awfully hard on the guy, and he was innocent."

"But, darling, where is he?"

"There's fifty thousand pesos in that life belt," Scott said. "I don't understand how Edwards got it, but there it is. Come on." He led her into the water, along beside the mangrove roots in water three feet deep, soaking her dress to the knees. When they were out of sight of Sam Edwards, he faced her and said, "All I know is that the money is in that life belt, sewn into it with brown thread. There was a loose thread hanging, and I think Carl must have discovered it somehow, either last night or this morning in the dawn. He didn't try to make it to shore, obviously, not without the life belt. Honey, it was Edwards who killed Bart."

"And Carl?" she whispered.

"And Carl," he said.

"While we were just there on the beach?" She pressed close against him. "Oh, no. How horrible!"

"It had to be quick and sure," Scott said. "There was no outcry, no noise at all. He has a knife, you see."

"Oh, and I gave it to him," she cried.

"His pants are wet," Scott said. "He must have carried Carl into the water—or it happened here in the water. I saw no sign of a struggle—no blood."

"Darling, maybe you're wrong about it," she said. "Please say you're wrong."

He shook his head. "We've got to face it, honey. Edwards did it. I don't understand about Bahama, but Edwards had the money all along. When he came aboard the *Cormorant* the night Bart was killed, he said, '*I* threw a life belt in.' Those were his words. But he didn't throw it in. I think Bart had found where the money was hidden and had that life belt in his hand when he was stabbed, and carried it overside when he fell. That's why heroic Captain Edwards jumped in after him. After he talked to that detective, Bart was checking up and he found those hand stitches on the life belt. Edwards must have surprised him and killed him and later he took that knife from the galley of the *Cormorant* and planted it. He hadn't planned to murder, probably. It was forced on him by circumstances, and

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after it was done, he looked for a way out. He attempted to incriminate Jack or me."

She said in a low, frightened voice, "Scott, we're marooned here with a murderer!"

"Don't panic," he said. "We'll be all right."

"But what can we do?"

"He doesn't know we found that life belt," Scott said. "He plans to leave it buried here and come back for it when the heat is off. So we just sit tight and play it nonchalant. But we've got to be prepared. I'm looking for something solid—a rock."

"I see a big shell in there. See—in among the roots."

It was a conch shell cast up among the mangroves, odorous and covered with a dead grassy growth. As Scott reached for it, Barbara said moaningly, "Oh, why did I give him that knife?"

"I'm going to make me a knife of my own," Scott said.

He waded on, found a hard outcrop among the roots and put the can down. He pounded with the shell, flattening the rim to a jagged fan shape, hammering the body of the can into the rough shape of a handle. He wrapped his handkerchief around it, saying, "This will have to do. It's no good for offense, but it will keep a man off."

It was a crude weapon, but the jagged edge of tin was menacing; it was a weapon to lay open a man's throat with one vicious swipe.

"Scott, I'm scared," Barbara whispered. "He's worse than two Bahamas. And he's reckless. Remember how he charged Bahama?"

"And now we know why," Scott said. "He was afraid that life belt was headed for Cuba and he'd never see his fifty thousand pesos again." He tucked the weapon inside the front of his shirt, with the wrapped handle snug against his skin. "All right, we're going back there," he said. "Stick with me, but not too close, and act as normally as you can. You're taking this conch as a souvenir. Grab it there by the end and you have a wicked weapon. If we have to tangle, you get behind him. I'll keep him busy, and you threaten to clobber him with that conch, enough to divert his attention, and let me move in."

"Darling, I'm so scared," she said.

"Of course you are. So am I. But you've got the courage. I know you can do it."

"Couldn't we escape—over to that other key?"

"If we did, he'd be sure we knew and he'd follow," Scott said. "He'd have to. As it is, our best hope is that he doesn't find out we know, so let's face it. Ready? Let's go."

"Please kiss me first."

He took her in his arms and held her tightly for a moment, then stepped away and nodded grimly. They waded back to the beach, and as soon as they started up from the water, Scott felt a prickling of alarm. Edwards was coming from the area where the life belt was buried; and the way he walked, with a slow, stiff-jointed stride, the way he held his arms rigid at his sides, showed that he knew. He was smiling, but his smile did not disguise the watchful aggression of his eyes. His voice when he spoke made his casual words sound harsh. "What you got there, Miss Hopkins?"

"A souvenir," Barbara said and added innocently. "It's a conch, isn't it?"

"That's what it is," Edwards said and looked at Scott. "I see somebody done a little digging over yonder."

"I noticed that," Scott said.

"I'm real sorry you done it, Mr. Chapman."

"I'm curious about Bahama," Scott said. "Since you have the money, what did he have?"

"Fat boy had a big surprise," Edwards said. "He had a bagful of queer. I got to that bag before fat boy did."

"What have you done with Carl Norwood?" Scott asked, his voice steady, his eyes watching Edwards's hands.

"He went and sneaked that life belt for a pillow last night," Edwards said. "I seen him in the dawn picking at them stitches, so him and me went oystering."

"You killed him," Scott said flatly, and his eyes signaled Barbara. She drifted away from him, six feet away.

"He didn't know I knew he'd caught on," Edwards said. "So I told him how about we surprise you folks with some nice fresh oysters."

Suddenly the knife was in his hand. Scott took a quick step backward and pulled the tin weapon from his shirt, his hand tight around the crude handle. Edwards blinked, looked surprised. There was no sound, and the sun beat down on this primitive arena among the mangroves. Scott said warningly, "Stay well back, honey—out of his reach."

"I'm taking you first, mister," Edwards said.

He was a big man, twenty pounds heavier than Scott, with powerful shoulders and huge hands, and the knife was a far better weapon—he could stab and slash, and Scott could only rake with the jagged edge of tin. And Edwards had already killed two men; he had nothing to lose. He must dispose of Scott and Barbara, too, and later testify that they had tried to swim ashore with Carl. Sharks left no evidence.

> There's nothing like a supermarket to keep a woman in line.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

The lunge was sudden, but Scott was watching Edwards's eyes and jumped clear, at the same time slashing at the powerful wrist. Both men stood stooped, with their weapons poised. Out of the corners of his eyes Scott saw Barbara drifting back behind Edwards. The captain was aware of it too. He glanced quickly behind him, then jumped as Scott feinted an attack.

"Careful, Barb," Scott said. "Stay out of his reach."

Edwards rushed him. It was what Scott had been afraid of; in a bull-like rush his crude weapon was almost useless. He jumped aside; and as the knife slashed past, he grabbed Edwards's wrist and felt the slick, sweaty skin slide out of his fingers. He jumped clear and saw with horror that Barbara was running in, swinging the conch shell. He dived at Edwards; there was no other course, Barbara was hopelessly vulnerable as she swung the conch shell with both hands above her head.

It was a miracle of timing, an accident of fortune. They were both upon Edwards at once; and instead of meeting Scott's rush with his knife, he tried to duck away. The arc of jagged tin slashed across his wrist, and at the same instant there was a solid thump as the conch landed crushingly between shoulder and head. Edwards dropped like a stone, and Scott was immediately upon him, kicking the knife out of his hand. He jumped to pick it up, a weapon in each hand.

But he did not need them. The captain lay still, and the cut that Bahama had made on his scalp had reopened; his hair was matted with oozing blood.

"Honey, you were wonderful," Scott said. "You were a terror."

But Barbara had slumped to her knees, limp and pale. He grinned at her as he slipped out of his shirt, tore strips from it and tied the captain's hands strongly behind his back. Now that it was over, he was trembling, his hands were shaking, and he held them up for Barbara to see. But she was huddled on the ground, sobbing. He knelt beside her, lifted her up in his arms and held her tightly. In the mangroves a bird made a squawking noise, and the pelicans looked down as they dried their plumage in the sun. It was all over, this incident of life and death on a barren coral islet, and a man became aware that life was a primitive and precarious thing—on the level of the pelicans sunning in the mangroves and the barracuda lurking in the cloudy water. They had fought and won, and Scott knew that he would never know complacency again.

Later Sam Edwards talked. He sat with his legs stretched out and his head bent, and all the fire had gone out of him as he said, "I heard Mr. Leroy cooking up the deal to send that fifty thousand pesos to Cuba and I happened to know a character in Havana who had escaped to Miami after the revolution with a bale of queer. I gave him a couple of grand for the pesos, and it was easy to make the switch. I had a skeleton key for all doors—a safety precaution aboard—and I just walked into Mr. Leroy's stateroom and switched the dough. I didn't have no chance to get ashore to a safe-deposit box, since we was shoving off for Vaca Key next morning, so I sewed that money into my life belt and stowed it under my bunk. Then I called that Cuban agent. I knew if Pérez got caught and they claimed in Havana that he had been carrying queer, nobody would believe it. They're always making wild charges over there."

"So when Jack brought that satchel aboard the *Cormorant*, it was full of counterfeit," Scott said. "And when Bahama switched satchels, he was left holding a bag of queer."

Edwards grinned. "I'd like to of seen that fat Conch's face when he found that out. For that matter, I had a big jolt myself when Mr. Leroy told me they found that satchel empty when they got Pérez in Cuba. I didn't know anybody else was after that dough."

"After Mr. Leroy met that detective on the dock last night, he started checking up," Scott said. "I know he questioned Bahama, but how did he figure it was you?"

"He went up to have a look in my cabin. I would have got away with the queer, but when that satchel turned up empty, he knew somebody had helped himself to the dough and he started sniffing around. He knew my record, knew I'd been washed out of the Coast Guard, knew I used to run rum and had been in a little trouble in my time. When he first took me on, he said he liked to have a hard-case character around. So first off he thought of me, and I happened to go topside and found him with my clasp knife in his hand, working on them stitches. I made a grab and got hold of the knife, and we fought it out up there on the boat deck; and when we went overside together, I finished him off in the water."

"And the first thing you did, after we brought his body aboard the *Cormorant*, was to fish that life belt out of the water," Scott said. "Then you slipped into the galley and pocketed a knife."

"I had to do that, Mr. Chapman. What the hell, I was in a spot and I was afraid that since Bart Leroy had caught on, Mr. Norwood might catch on too. I knew Mr. Adams and Mrs. Leroy were pretty lovey-dovey, and I figured that was my best out. It looked for a while like it was going to work out but, brother, I was in a sweat. You people shoved off in the night with that life belt aboard, and I was afraid somebody might go looking it over and find them stitches Mr. Leroy cut. Then when I went aboard to get it yesterday and found it safe in the lazaret, there was that Conch with a gun. It was the first I knew it was Bahama who switched the bags, and I thought he'd maybe saved my hide. Everything looked rosy again until this morning when I seen Mr. Norwood poking around in that life belt."

Barbara said urgently, "Listen."

Scott cocked his ear and heard a droning sound, growing louder. Barbara cried, "A plane," and ran down to the beach.

It came in low from the south, shining silver in the sun—a twin-motored plane that turned in a sweeping circle over the island.

"No, it couldn't be," Barbara said. "But it is. I'm sure of it. Scott, that's Bart's plane."

"It must be Mike then," Scott said.

A hand waved from the window of the cabin, and Scott thought he saw a small patch of red. It seemed miraculous to him, but it was Pip; he was sure now.

The boy waved frantically. He had found the right key at last and he was very excited. The sheriff had been alerted, and a Coast Guard helicopter was standing by, but first it had been up to Pip to locate the right key out of all these hundreds of keys, all so much alike and knowing only that it was north of one of the cuts. Mike had followed his directions, and they had circled over several other keys, using the waterway markers as points of departure, and at last they had come to this one, and Pip had seen the figures below, had seen his father waving, and Barbara. Mike dipped the wings and gained altitude.

"They look O.K., Pip," he said. "I guess it was a regular picnic—just an overnight campout down there." He grinned at the boy. "I'll get busy on the radio, and that helicopter will pick them up in no time. So you can relax now. You've done a great job, Pipper."

Pip felt very proud and excited, and he thought as Mike reported their position to the Coast Guard that he was certainly going to have a story to tell the kids back at the Knight Day School. He knew they wouldn't believe a word of it at first, but he had proof. He could hardly believe himself that so much had happened to him in the first five days of his spring vacation. And he still had nine days to go!

"Do you suppose Mr. Bahama got away all right?" he asked.

"I expect they'll catch him," Mike said. "Never fear."

Pip thought a moment. "And then what?"

"Why, I expect they'll hang the old sinner," Mike said.

"But he didn't hurt anybody," Pip said. "He said it was somebody else."

"Do you believe that, Pip?"

"Yes, I do. He'll be all right."

"Maybe this time," Mike said. "But they'll hang him yet."

Pip shook his head. "I don't think so. They'll never hang Mr. Bahama."

He looked down at his feet and grinned again. Between his legs was the alligator-skin satchel, now wiped clean of mud, and inside it was the fifty thousand pesos Bahama had given him. True, it was only phony money, no more valuable than the play money you got with a kid's game, but it was pirate treasure just the same, and men had died because of it. No small boy had ever felt as rich as he did, Pip was sure.

THE END

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The Big Wheel (Continued from Page 24)

said. "Do you know how many Diana IV M's there are in the world, Mr. Carmody?"

"I thought you'd recognize me," said Mr. Carmody.

"I suppose you're used to it," Mr. Deels said.

"Everybody goes to the movies," said Mr. Carmody.

"Movies?" Mr. Deels said. "Oh, yes. But I believe I asked you a question."

"All right," Mr. Carmody said impatiently, "if it makes you happy, I suppose there are fifty Diana IV M's in the world."

Mr. Deels smiled and wiped his hands, surprisingly small, clean and uncalloused for the owner of a garage on Mechanic Street, on a piece of cheesecloth and dropped it in a trash basket. "Well, Mr. Carmody," he said, "there are less than half as many Diana IV M's in the world today as there are Jupiter Custom 12's. What's the matter? Didn't you know that?"

"Why, no," Mr. Carmody said.

"I'm surprised at you," Mr. Deels said. "I'm shocked."

"What?" Mr. Carmody said.

"Yes," Mr. Deels said, "I'm shocked that a man who drives a Jupiter Custom 12 doesn't know how many Diana IV M's there are in the world."

"Well ——" said Mr. Carmody.

"Why do you want the Diana, Mr. Carmody?"

"Why?" Mr. Carmody said. "Because it's a great car and I've got the money to own it, that's why. Look, you ask a lot of questions."

"I'm interested in people who go to so much trouble just to buy an automobile, coming down here and all," Mr. Deels said. "It's a little game with me. I like to find out what their motives are."

"Motives?" Mr. Carmody said, and the famous features began to flush and the nostrils quivered and grew taut. "What are you, some kind of a nut? I mean, where the devil do you get off, acting the way you do in a crazy little dump like this? I mean, this is no way to treat a customer who's willing to give you your price. I mean, you don't get customers like me every day, do you? I mean ——"

"No offense," Mr. Deels said. "Really, no offense. Let's take a look at your car."

Mr. Carmody laughed. "My car?" he said. "What are you going to do, offer me a trade-in? Don't you know who you're talking to?"

"You want a Diana IV M, don't you?" Mr. Deels said. "Then let's take a look at your car. This way."

He led the way through the garage, through and between and over and past incredible piles of leaf springs and mufflers and tires and carburetors and engine blocks, and desiccated corpses of terrible old cars and trucks, to the back wall where the Jupiter Custom 12 was. Off to one side some mechanics were working on a Torquemada, apparently reconditioning it.

"Oh, I get it!" Mr. Carmody said suddenly. "Of course! Say, Mr. Deels, I'm awfully sorry. I should have realized."

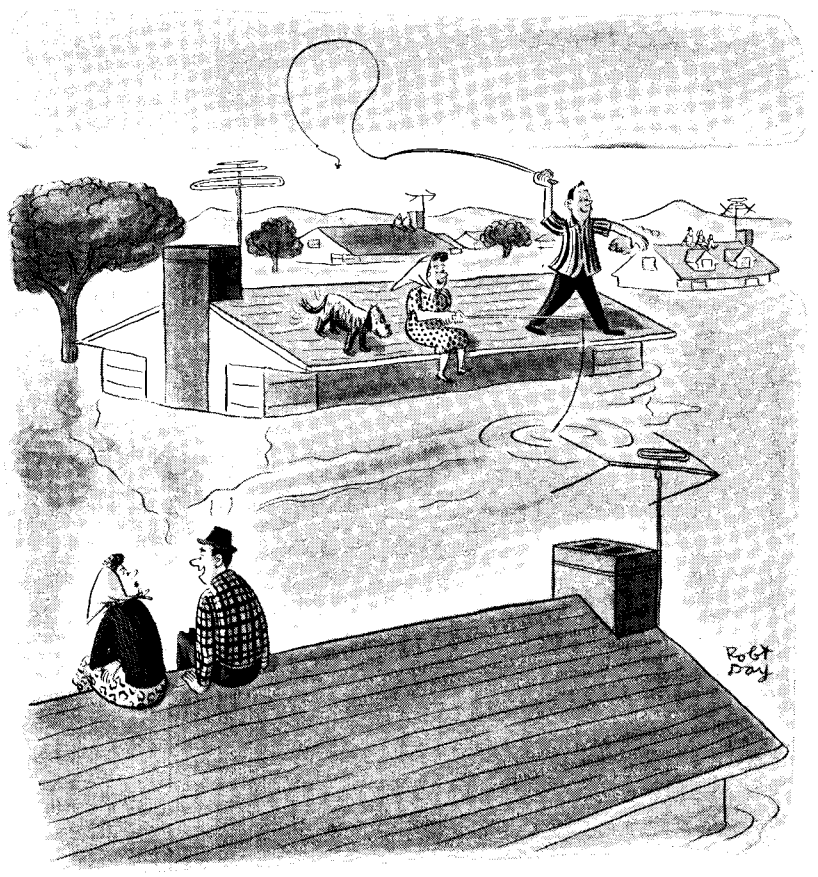
"You should have realized what, Mr. Carmody?" Mr. Deels said, his eyes traveling over the Jupiter.

"Well," Mr. Carmody said, "maybe my car isn't as rare as a Diana, but it's pretty close, and you probably want it as a piece of merchandise."

"A piece of what?" Mr. Deels said, walking around the Jupiter, his hands gliding over the paint and chrome, feeling the nicks and dents.

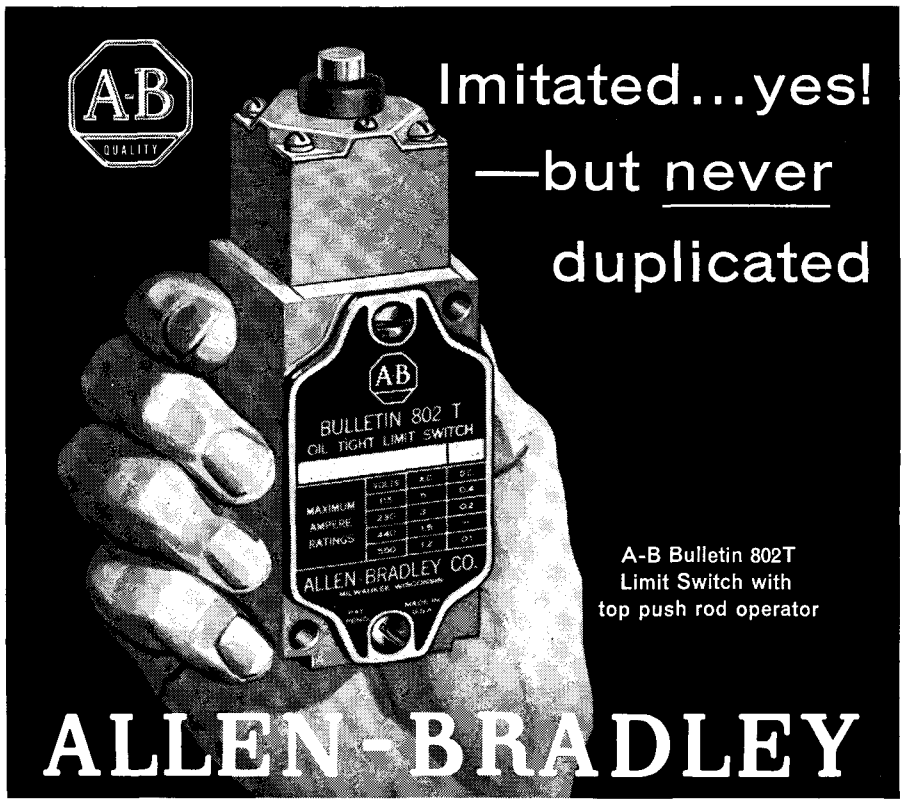
"Merchandise," Mr. Carmody said. "You know, goods, buy and sell!"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Deels said. "Merchandise." He leaned over into the cockpit and tried an inside door handle, and it jiggled loosely, and his hand drew back as if he had touched a snake. He stepped back and looked along the right side of the car, tracing the long scar of a sideswipe or a drunken attempt to back up in a tight space.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I admire the Bertilsons. They have learned to take their fun where they find it."



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"Get in and start the motor, will you, Mr. Carmody," Mr. Deels said, folding his arms.

Mr. Carmody jumped in and slammed the door and yanked the choke out all the way and stamped on the self-starter. The car urr-urr-urred, but would not start. "Don't worry about that, Mr. Deels," Mr. Carmody said. "She's just a little sluggish waking up, like all old girls her age." He assaulted the starter again, but the engine would not kick over. "Come on, you! Come on, damn you!" Urr-urr-urr-urr-urr. Urr-urr-urr-urr-urr. Zzzzzzzzzz. "Oh, hell!" Mr. Carmody kicked at the fire wall and pounded the wheel with his fist, nostrils flaring.

"Please," Mr. Deels said. "Permit me." Mr. Carmody shrugged and got out, and Mr. Deels slid behind the wheel. He moved his hands and feet about the controls like an organist, and the Jupiter cleared her congested throat and spat and went into a rhythmic purr. Mr. Deels touched the accelerator gently, watching the tachometer and wincing as he listened to the palpitations and pings of metal fatigue and owner neglect in the engine's heartbeat. He shut off the ignition.

"I understand that you own several horses, Mr. Carmody," Mr. Deels said.

"I've got a few nags on the coast, I guess," Mr. Carmody said.

"What are their names, Mr. Carmody?"

"Their names? What's that got to do with anything?"

"And how many times have you been married, Mr. Carmody?"

"Six, though I don't see what my horses or my marriages—I mean, I don't see how it's any of your business."

Mr. Deels smiled. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Carmody," he said.

"Some of the nuts you got to put up with in this world," Mr. Carmody said. "Reading poems in a lousy little body-and-fender shop! Say, since we're getting personal, and I'm in one of the arts, you might say, and I might know something about poetry, maybe you wouldn't mind telling me what kind of poems a kooky grease monkey reads? Who wrote it? Anybody I know?"

"Not very well," Mr. Deels said.

"Well, who?"

"I did," Mr. Deels said.

"You did? I'll be damned. What's it about, the romance of grinding valves or getting crankcase oil squirted in your face or something like that?"

"Some of it," Mr. Deels said. "And about speed and touch and movement and texture. But we were getting down to business."

"It's about time."

"Let me show you the Diana," Mr. Deels said. "It's over there, through that door."

"Wait a minute," Mr. Carmody said. "What about my car?"

"What about it?" Mr. Deels said.

"Well, don't you want to drive it? Don't you want to look it over a little more? Don't you want to know what it's like, what you're getting?"

"I know what it's like," Mr. Deels said. "I know exactly what it's like. The Diana. This way."

"Some businessman," Mr. Carmody said, following the silent Mr. Deels. "Boy, you found a home on Mechanic Street!"

Mr. Deels led Mr. Carmody into a little, one-car garage as like the main garage as a hospital operating room is like a slaughterhouse. The floor was holystone clean, the walls a subdued shade of green, indirectly lighted; along one wall hung racks of tools and spare parts that glistened like silver. In the center, her nose pointing at the street door, the Diana IV M, long, sleek, poised, waiting, alive, tensed, all of her lovely, all of her thrilling to Mr. Carmody's eyes and to his heart, her chrome seeming to blend into the ultimate midnight black of her body paint without definition as if she were, like an animal, all of a piece rather than the creation of so many components of metal, rubber and glass.

Mr. Carmody tried to say something, but he was a dreamer who tries to scream and finds his throat full of cotton. He swallowed hard and found his voice. "She's like a woman," Mr. Carmody said.

"The huntress of the night," Mr. Deels said. "The moon herself."

"My Lord," Mr. Carmody said. "Where'd *you* get her? What's she doing here? Who owned her? Have you got records on her? Papers?"

"Papers?" Mr. Deels said. "This isn't a horse or a dog, Mr. Carmody, this is a Diana IV M. This isn't something that has to be proved. She speaks for herself."

"Well, how will I know who owned the car?"

"Why should you want to know?"

"Well, I want to be able to tell people, sure, this is a Diana IV M, there's less than fifty cars like it in the whole world, a maharaja owned her, handful of diamonds, weight in gold, you know."

"That's the most important thing, isn't it, Mr. Carmody?" Mr. Deels said. "You want to *own* her. Like you own the Jupiter."

"She's a Diana," Mr. Carmody said. "Now, look, Mr. Deels. Let's knock off all this frick-frack, frick-frack. I want the car, I've got the money, I'll pay whatever you ask and you don't have to bargain with me. Now who owned her?"

"There's only been one owner," Mr. Deels said, his hand caressing the Diana's fender as if it were the flank of a sleek black animal. "An impatient, unkind sort of man with no real appreciation or understanding of cars like this. A man who would pay thousands of dollars for a blooded horse and then shoot her if he could not break her spirit the first time he rode her."

"Why'd he get rid of the car?"

"There was an accident," Mr. Deels said. "Oh, don't worry, we repaired what damage there was. Yes, there was an accident, and her owner had no further use for her after that. He just couldn't handle a Diana. Tell me something, Mr. Carmody: How did you know about the Diana?"

"Why, I was—I mean, I heard about—wait a minute," Mr. Carmody said, and frowned. "Funny. I can't for the life of me tell you just who told me about the car—or even how to get here! Now, what do you think of that? But somehow I knew where to go, and I knew it'd be here."

Mr. Deels nodded slowly. "You've come to the right place," he said.

"How could I forget something like that?" Mr. Carmody said. "Well, never mind. I've got a checkbook here, Mr. Deels. You name the figure."

"Nothing."

"I didn't get that."

"I said the figure is nothing. Let's say it will be a simple trade. Your car for mine."

"Brother," Mr. Carmody said, "you've got yourself a deal! Except I'm not half as much of a nut as you are."

"I don't understand."

"I mean I don't buy cars just by listening to the motor. For all I know, you've got a busted-down old Model-T motor under that hood, and I'm going to see this car move before I sign anything. Now let's get in and take a little ride around the block, shall we?"

"Certainly," Mr. Deels said. He fished a set of keys out of his pocket. "Would you like to drive?"

"Later," Mr. Carmody said. "You know the neighborhood."

"You do *know* how to drive a Diana, don't you?" Mr. Deels said.

"Listen, buster," Mr. Carmody said, "I've smashed up more boats like this than you ever laid a monkey wrench to."

"I'm sure you have," Mr. Deels said. "Get in."

"I'll open the garage door for you," Mr. Carmody said.

"That won't be necessary. Get in."

"Oh, I get it. Electric eye. Pretty fancy for Mechanic Street," Mr. Carmody said. He climbed in beside Mr. Deels, and the seat seemed to come in and grip him fast, as if it had been made for his hips alone.

Mr. Carmody had never heard an engine start as the Diana's did. There was really nothing like sound, like ignition kicking off. Like an animal arising from sleep, the Diana suddenly started to vibrate, to stretch and to come to life. Mr. Deels touched the accelerator and they seemed to evaporate through the garage door into Mechanic Street.

Night had fallen and there was no traffic. The buildings were unfamiliar blurs of black, like the Diana herself. Mr. Deels wound the Diana around curves and corners of strange streets without touching the brake or gearing down, so it seemed, and she did not turn like a car but like a snake, and she kept going faster.

They turned onto a highway Mr. Carmody had never seen before, beyond whose lanes there was only limitless dark, a highway traveled by Diana IV M's and Jupiter Custom 12's and Zenobias and Arcturuses, all hurtling along without sound, their headlights fierce as feral eyes, and never bumping or passing one another.

The speed became so great that Mr. Carmody could not speak, and he fought to breathe as his back was pushed farther and farther into the clasp of the Diana's seat, and he seized Mr. Deels's arm and tried to communicate that he had had enough. "She's all yours now, Mr. Carmody," said Mr. Deels, his voice as clear as it had been in the garage, and he opened the driver's door. "Take the wheel. Try her," he said, and stepped into the moving dark.

Mr. Carmody managed to get behind the wheel. He tried to control the hurtling fury around and under him, but it seemed to enrage the Diana. There was a new burst of speed, and the curve which her headlights suddenly picked up, and over which she shot into a well of hopeless, bottomless black, was the last sight the mortal eyes of Mr. Carmody would ever see or need to see.

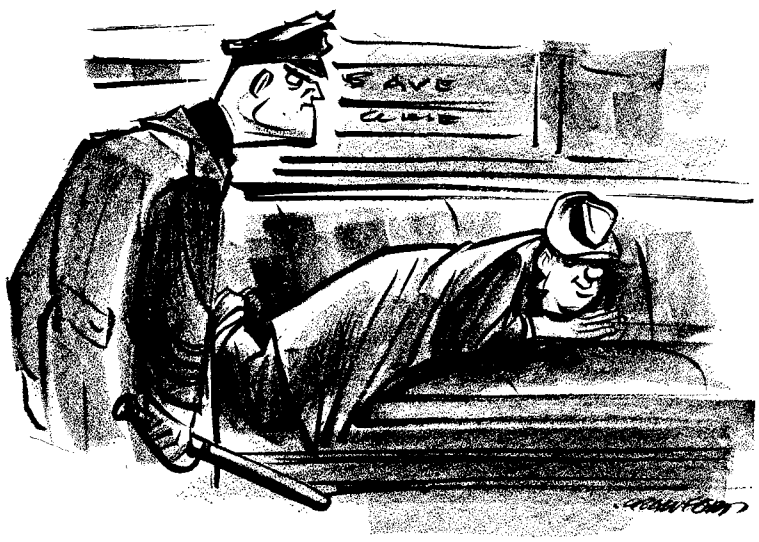
Mr. Deels did not look up from his book when the sound of the engine came through the window. "Sammy," Mr. Deels said, "go out and tell the man in the Arcturus to come in here." Mr. Deels went on reading until the stranger stood before him.

"Welcome," Mr. Deels said. "My name is Mr. Deels. Hell on wheels with Mr. Deels."

"Hello yourself," the stranger said. "I heard you had a Jupiter Custom 12 around here, and I'd like to take a look at it."

"That's a beautiful car you've got there," Mr. Deels said.

"Yes, I know," the man said. "About the Jupiter Custom 12. . . ." THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

After a day of visiting and sight-seeing in the big city, Smalltown Ernie stretched out on a subway seat and took a nap. The rap of a policeman's nightstick on his feet awakened him. He was charged with disorderly conduct.

"Anyone who hogs a five-passenger seat to take a snooze is obviously a disorderly character," the prosecutor argued.

"Far from being disorderly, sleep is the most orderly and quiet thing on earth short of death," Ernie replied with dignity.

If you were the judge, would you hold Ernie guilty?

• •

Not guilty. The court said: "It is most salutary that our subways be kept free of drunks, vagrants and loafers. But merely sleeping on a subway train does not, in and of itself, constitute disorderly conduct. Otherwise, many law-abiding citizens would be violating the law."

Based upon a 1959 New York decision.

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Love Comes to Miss Lucas

(Continued from Page 28)

The first thing I ever won was a Trampoline. It arrived one morning just as I was leaving for the office, and I was so excited I just had to tell someone, so I told Lillian, who is the other secretary in the pool at the office. Well, she was excited, too, and she came home with me that night, and we unpacked the Trampoline, and I don't know if you realize how big a Trampoline is, but in a small apartment it is big. It was meant to be outside and it filled my whole living room.

Well, Lillian is my best friend outside of my family, but our friendship was certainly strained that night. She began to laugh. And she continued to laugh for an hour. But, you see, what I realized was that she wasn't really laughing at the Trampoline; she was jealous. Some kind of compensation, they call it.

That taught me to keep quiet about what I won, ever after that. It also taught me not to go into any more contests where they give away Trampolines.

Of course, I always told my sister, or nearly always. When I won a set of dishes for twenty-four, I gave her half of them, also a five-year supply of hair nets. The tape recorder naturally she knew about, but when I won the two-week, all-expense tour to Rome for two, I didn't tell her the whole truth. I didn't tell her what I did with the second ticket.

Anyway, it wasn't anyone else's business. It was all perfectly innocent, absolutely completely perfectly innocent, but if these things get talked about by people who don't know all the circumstances, they may not sound so perfectly innocent.

Besides the senior executives in the office, who have their own secretaries, there are seven junior executives, and Lillian and I work for them. One of the junior executives is Mr. Hal Phillips, and he is what all this secrecy is about.

He has been in the office a little over a year, he is young—if you call twenty-seven young—and he is much better-looking than any of the others, at least I think so, with very short hair and a wide smile and well-made clothes that fit him. And he is a contest player too, a regular, a pro, like me.

He had been in the office maybe three months when I discovered it. He asked me to mail some letters for him, and I just happened to glance at the one on top, which was addressed to a contest in which a complete kitchen was the first prize; without reflecting on what I was saying, I blurted out, "Oh, you'll never win that. Not with me against you." Well, Mr. Phillips looked very startled for a moment, but then I went on and apologized and explained that I was a veteran contest enterer and that his secret was perfectly safe with me. That made him relax a little, and when I told him some of the things I had won, he became positively enthusiastic.

Maybe it will be a little hard for an outsider to understand this, but our mutual interest created quite a bond between us. I learned a good deal about Mr. Hal Phillips. He had been in contests much longer than I had—after all, he was four years older—and his list of wins was impressive. His top win, I guess, was a one-and-a-half-ton truck which, since he worked in an office and had no use for a one-and-a-half-ton truck, he sold. But, oh, that was just one of many—really impressive.

Neither of us won the complete kitchen, but we both won one of fifteen third prizes, which was a portable dishwasher. Mr. Phillips had no space for a dishwasher and neither had I, so he very kindly sold mine when he was selling his. He did many things like that; likewise he gave me many valuable tips and once he did a very sweet thing—when he won a complete dinner with cocktails for two at a large night club, he took me. He said he thought it was only fair. Of course, we didn't say anything at the office about this.

Now, I don't want to imply that there was any interest between us other than professional. I liked Mr. Phillips very well and I think he liked me. We were workers in the same field and we respected and admired each other. That was all.

And maybe that, better than anything else, will explain about the ticket. When I won my first prize, I was naturally very very excited. And naturally Mr. Phillips was the first person I told. When I told him, he got up from behind his desk and came and took both my hands in his and said, "Miss Lucas, this is the best news I've heard since I won my one-and-a-half-ton truck." What could have been sweeter?

It was especially sweet since only the month before he had won a huge refrigerator which sold for the retail price of eight hundred and seventy-nine dollars. We had thought that would be tops for either of us for the year.

Of course, the first person I thought of to take was my sister, but she has a four-month-old baby besides the two other children and her husband, and as she said, it was impossible. For one moment I thought of Lillian, but her vacation comes in September and mine is the last two weeks of June, so it wouldn't have worked out. I could have tried to sell the other half, but the prize included not only the airplane tickets but hotel accommodations, all meals, many bus tours to all the old ruins, and personally escorted tours to night clubs and the catacombs, and it seemed to me that such a close association with a total and complete stranger might be too much. You could never tell what she might be like.

And then one day Mr. Phillips said, "Miss Lucas, have you decided whom you are going to take with you?" And I sat down and explained my quandary. Then he said, "Yesterday I was lucky enough to get rid of my refrigerator for four hundred and sixty-five dollars. I want to use the money for my vacation. Now, I realize it's a very small amount to offer for half of your wonderful prize, but it's all I can afford. If you're really in a quandary, maybe you'd like to consider it."

I said, "Why, Mr. Phillips!"

And he said, "I think you know me well enough to know that I wouldn't intrude on your privacy too much, but it might be good to see a familiar face once in a while."

And that's how it happened. Of course, I told him I could not take any money from another contest professional, but he insisted. So what was finally decided was that he would give me a hundred dollars for the half ticket just to make things legal, and with the remaining three hundred and sixty-five dollars he would take care of the necessary extras. No matter how all-inclusive an all-expense tour is, there are always extras. You know.

The next night when I got home, there was waiting for me a matched set of pale blue airplane luggage with my full initials on it—my first extra. It was a lucky choice because I really had no luggage to speak of and would have had to borrow some.

So on Friday, June seventeenth, we said good-by to everyone at the office; I said I was going out to Michigan to visit my family, and Mr. Phillips said he was going to Maine to get in some fishing with his brother, and at eight-thirty we met at Idlewild Airport and an hour later were zooming out over the Atlantic. It was as simple as that.

(TAPE No. 2. Rome, the Eternal City, and suburbs. Property of Miss Myrna Lucas. Not to be opened.)

Well, of course, something had to go wrong. When we landed in Rome, we went to the Excelsior Hotel, where the contest people had made the reservation, and I explained to the concierge that instead of the double room the order called for we wanted two single ones. Well, you would have thought we had asked for the moon.

Impossible. Did we not realize this was the year of the Olympics? That every room of the Excelsior had been reserved months ago? One double room was mine for two weeks, and that was that.

So Hal said—we had decided on the plane to call each other Hal and Myrna—Hal said, "Listen, I'll go to a Y. We can still have all our meals together here. The room doesn't matter. I won't be in it much."

"But I feel terrible," I said.

Hal waved away my objection and said to the concierge, "Where's the nearest Y?"

The concierge looked blank.

"The Y.M.C.A.," Hal said. "The Young Men's Christian Association."

"The Young Men's Christian Association?" the concierge said. "What is this?"

Hal said, "You know. It's a kind of a club."

The concierge shook his head. "Here we have no clubs for Christians. In Italy all men are Christians."

Well, after a while we got things straightened out, and Hal went to a pension which was only two blocks away and got a room which he said was very nice. I never saw it, and Hal never saw my room—which was lovely—because there is a new law in Italy which says you cannot invite anyone, not anyone, up to your hotel room. Even for a minute. As Hal said, probably after seeing how things went for a couple of thousand years, they decided it was necessary. Isn't that terrible?

But aside from that one mixup, everything about Rome was just perfect. The contest people delivered all the features that they had promised and they were really very generous. For instance, on a typical morning we saw the Church of St. John Lateran, Scala Santa, Via Appia, Circus Maximus, the Colosseum, the Forum, the Campidoglio and the Piazza di Venezia. And we were given little booklets about every place so we could remember where we had been.

And, oh, was I glad Hal was along! I said to him a hundred times, "Thank heavens you decided to come," because Rome is no place you would want to see with a complete and absolute stranger, for afterward you would not have anyone to talk to about it.

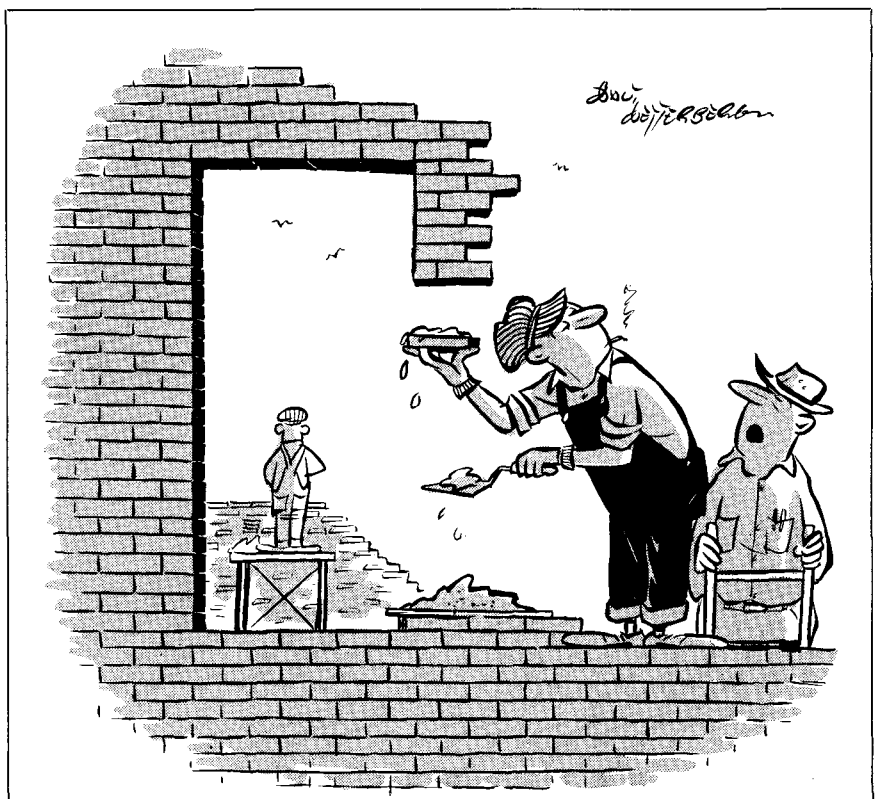
It's such a pretty place—although it is not what we would call a city exactly; it has no high buildings; still you get to like that. There are a lot of hills in Rome—seven, I think—and if you go up on one of them, you can see the whole place below you, unobstructed. And the light there is very different. It is kind of golden.

Another reason I was so glad Hal was along was that we wandered around so much to places I would not have dared go alone—little streets and hidden fountains and a beautiful park called the Borghese. And the tables on the Via Veneto—I would never have sat at one alone.

The Via Veneto is a very wide street with very wide sidewalks which are covered with little tables where you can sit and have coffee and a drink. And everyone in Rome walks up and down all day long, so you see everyone.

Hal and I sat at one of the tables very often—it was so pleasant—and it was very convenient because the Excelsior Hotel, where we ate all our meals, was right there. In fact, every evening we sat for hours and watched the parade.

And that brings me to the strange thing that began to happen—and really the main reason for the secrecy of these



"May I see your union card?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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tapes—namely the change in Hal's attitude with me. I never expected anything like it.

I guess it is a well-known fact that Roman men are very handsome. And they have this peculiar habit of staring at girls. I don't mean just looking, the way American boys do; I mean really staring. And because they are so very handsome, a girl just can't help noticing. I mean, I couldn't.

Hal didn't like it, not one bit. Every time a Roman man came anywhere near me, Hal frowned. "They're a bunch of lechers," he would say.

Well, I don't think that is true. I just think they have this tradition of making a woman seem desirable, like kissing your hand, which doesn't mean anything but makes you feel very good.

Of course, I didn't say this to Hal. I would just drop my eyes, because let me tell you it was very flattering to have a junior executive, who up to that point had never been anything but polite and considerate, suddenly become vitally concerned in my welfare.

At times it was almost breath-taking. For instance, I am thinking of one rainy night. (Incidentally, that is something which never occurs to you about Europe—that it is going to rain. You never see a postal card of the Colosseum or Venice or the Bay of Naples in the rain, so you naturally get the idea it never does. But let me tell you it rains there as much as it does anywhere else.)

So Hal bought me an umbrella—another extra. And this night we had gone out to a restaurant for dinner—we thought that we ought to get away from the hotel to eat once. Well, after dinner, it was raining, so we had to get a taxi. In Rome the taxis don't cruise around the way they do in New York—gas is seventy-five cents a gallon, imagine—you have to go to a square where there is a taxi stand. We were near the Piazza di Spagna, so we walked over to it, but no taxis; they were all taken on account of the rain. So we stood waiting beside a flower stall; I was feeling very happy and excited standing there in the rain with Hal, under my new umbrella—and Hal bought me a big bunch of roses for five-hundred lire, that's eighty cents—when suddenly a man stopped right in front of me.

"Are you a model?" he said in English.

"Why, no," I said.

He was a very good-looking Italian and he spoke English English which he must have learned in England.

"I'm a photographer," he said, "and I have some fashion shots that I must do. And I need a new girl." He looked at me very carefully.

Hal said, "She just told you she wasn't a model."

"That doesn't really matter," the man said. "Would you like to take a try at it? You have just the right face."

"Well, I don't really know," I said.

"She's not a model," Hal said very loud.

The man reached in his pocket and took out a card. "Here's my card," he said. "You ring me in the morning if you're interested."

He held out the card, but Hal took it. The man smiled and said to Hal, "It's all quite legitimate. You can come along if you like."

"I certainly will," Hal said.

The man turned away then, and after a moment Hal said, "Let's walk," and we started back toward the hotel.

Hal said, "That's the worst yet. Trying to pick you up with me standing right there."

"But maybe he was a photographer," I said.

Hal laughed a hollow laugh. "Don't be so innocent," he said. And then he took the card that was still in his hand and tore it into a thousand pieces and threw them into the gutter. He shook his head. "That's the worst."

I didn't know what to think. The man had seemed so nice. But then Hal began to tell me about a case he had heard of in New York about a girl who was a chorus girl who had met in all innocence a photographer and—well, the things that had happened to her I wouldn't want to repeat even to a tape recorder. Some of them I didn't even understand because, to tell the honest truth, I wasn't listening too carefully.

I was in a kind of turmoil internally. Oh, don't think I wasn't thrilled to have a wonderful man like Hal take such good care of me; I had never experienced anything like it. But in a few days we would be going back to New York, and he would be a junior executive, I would be a secretary, and maybe I had missed my big chance. Maybe my whole life would have changed if I had gone to see that photographer. I might have become a famous fashion model, and Hal was crazy, of course—there are plenty of models who are perfectly respectable girls. I just didn't know what to think. We walked the whole way back to the hotel, and he held my arm hooked tight in his. Of course maybe nothing would have happened.

(TAPE NO. 3. The Catastrophe. Property of Myrna Lucas. Not to be opened.)

Well, that wasn't the worst, as Hal said. The worst was yet to come. I can hardly bring myself to tell about it out loud, but it is part of what happened in Rome, so I must.

The third day before we were to leave we went for a walk after lunch. We had no specific activities on our schedule, so we could just do what we wanted. We loafed along, looking in the shop windows, taking pictures of each other at various fountains and just generally enjoying ourselves. I had on my best little black dress and a hat that is really nothing but a fold of black satin. It is important to describe what I was wearing on account of later.

Well, about four o'clock we happened to pass the airline ticket office, and Hal said, "I'm going in and confirm our reservations," so we went in; and after he had spoken to the man at the counter, he told me, "This is going to be a little while."

So I said, "All right. I think I'll take a turn around the square and meet you back here in fifteen or twenty minutes. It's such a lovely day."

So I did. The square, which was only about a block away, was the famous Piazza del Popolo. I had been there twice before and I loved to look at it with all its churches and steps and the gardens above it. Well, when I was halfway around, I noticed that something seemed to be going on at one of the churches—one that I had never been into. I love to go into Roman churches; they are so beautiful and sometimes, you never can tell, you run into a statue by Michelangelo.

So I walked up the steps, pulled open the great leather door, and my adventure began.

There *was* something going on. Music was playing softly, and many people were seated in rows of chairs. And as I stood for a moment, accustoming my eyes to the dim light, a very tall young man, dressed to the teeth in an army uniform, gave me a startled look and then came over to me and presented his arm.

My heart sank. *What now?* I thought, but there was really nothing for me to do but take his arm, because people were beginning to turn around and stare. He walked me up the aisle, more than halfway, until we came to a row of chairs that were completely empty—the only row like that. He bowed me in, and I sat on the fourth chair, I remember.

In about ten seconds I really panicked, for I realized some terrible mistake had been made. I was in the middle of a funeral service.

And I realized that in some peculiar way I was the focus of too much attention. Every direction I turned my head I noticed people were looking at me—not just men but women, too, the men with interest, the women with cold, hard, disapproving faces. I wanted to run, of course, but I couldn't; I just couldn't.

So I just sat there trembling. I tried to quiet my nerves by counting the burning candles. I got to over two thousand and I knew that there were more. What was the trouble? What was going on? I tried to imagine a thousand things, but none of them made sense.

My terror kept growing, but I kept telling myself, *It has to end, it has to end*, and, of course, finally it did. There at last was the tall young army officer again, and I took his arm again, and we walked down the aisle to the concentrated stares of everyone in the church.

And he took me out of the church and was walking me toward a big black limousine with a chauffeur standing by the open door, when I finally came to my senses.

Into that car I would not get. I jerked my hand away and began to run. He called to me and began to follow me, but then he stopped. I guess it would not look right for an army officer to be chasing a girl across the Piazza del Popolo away from a funeral. Anyway, he stopped.

But I ran. I dodged cars, I dodged people; I ran. I had seen a taxi standing halfway across the square and I made it in nothing flat. I jumped into it and said, "The Hotel Excelsior. Hotel Excelsior." And then I shut my eyes.

But that wasn't the half of it. When I got back to the hotel, I had the concierge call Hal at the airline ticket office, and he came over immediately, and we sat right down in the lobby, and I told him everything, and he was just as mystified as I was. He tried to cheer me up—when I told him about the candles, he said, "Two thousand candles! What a way to go!"—but it didn't help; I couldn't get over my strange uneasiness. I was sincerely puzzled and frightened.

Anyway, we had dinner at the hotel, and afterward, about half past nine, we walked up the Veneto to our favorite café and sat at a sidewalk table and ordered coffee. Well, the waiter had barely brought our cups when I looked up, and there not ten feet away was the tall young man from the afternoon—only he wasn't wearing his uniform. He was in civilian clothes.

He looked at me and came right over. I just had time to explain to Hal who he was. "Miss," he said, "what was the trouble? What happened?"

Hal got up. "That's what we'd like to know," he said. "What happened?"

The young man lifted his shoulders. "But you know the General della Rosa?"

"Who?" I said.

"The General della Rosa."

"I never heard of him," I said.

"But we were all so sure you were the girl."

"What girl?"

The young man spread his hands. "It is well known in Rome that the general had a beautiful American girl who was his—" he hesitated "—his friend."

I shut my eyes. I know I blushed beet red. Hal had heard it. I had heard it. The young man had said it. "Friend"—that was the word he used, but what he meant was a good deal more than "friend." I knew I was going to cry. Oh, that Hal should hear this—I, who had never been mistaken for anything but what I was, a perfectly respectable girl.

"And naturally when you appeared, we all thought ——" the young man explained.

I said, "I have been in Rome for exactly eleven days. I have never met any general in my whole life." And then I did cry. Oh, I cried.

The young man looked stunned, but Hal just waved him away; and as suddenly as he had appeared, the young man melted back into the crowd.

Hal sat down and reached across the table and took my hand. "That's enough," he said.

"This is the most awful thing that has ever happened," I said.

"No, it's not," Hal said. "I don't blame that young fellow. You are a beautiful American girl. In fact, you're too beautiful to be let around loose—and with your permission, I'm going to put an end to it."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to marry you."

"Hal," I said, "you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do," Hal said. "Now stop crying."

I stopped.

And that, dear descendants—dear children, dear grandchildren, dear great-grandchildren—was how your ancestor proposed to your ancestress. On the most beautiful June night, on the most glamorous street, in the lovely city of Rome.

That's all you really need to know.

THE END

YOUR PRIVATE GATEWAY TO WHEREVER

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These are some of the things we think about at The Saturday Evening Post in opening to you each week a random tour for the rovin' mind.

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How to Read a Painting (Continued from Page 21)

reality: How should each individual form be read? How are the shapes related to each other? Where is the key to the code?

For first you paint an object,
And then you chop it small:
Then mix the bits, and sort them out
Just as they chance to fall:
The order of the aspects makes
No difference at all.

This strange and fascinating way of jumbling the elements of representation is perhaps a novel kind of verse that makes us aware of the existence of prose. For how are the elements ordered in naturalistic pictures, that we should find it so easy, by contrast, to read into them images of tangible things? The formulation may cause some shaking of heads. Surely we do not read the shape of a jug and a glass *into* the Dutch still life; we simply recognize it. Of course we do, but where exactly is the borderline here between reading into and reading? We are all familiar with the clouds, rocks or ink blots into which the fanciful can read pictures of monsters or masks. Some vague similarity to a face or body engages our attention, and we proceed to project the remainder into the welter of forms searching for features that fit in with the first idea.

Psychologists and psychiatrists have become interested in this game of the imagination, and ink-blot-reading tests, such as the Rorschach, are supposed to tell them much of the working of a person's mind. They are interested, in other words, in the different interpretations that are given of the same blot. It is these differences we have in mind when we speak of "reading in." Where all normal people see the same image, we call it reading. We all read the jug correctly because it looks like a jug. But this simple formulation begs a good many questions which hide the mystery of reading from us.

We come a little closer to its core with some of the trick pictures in which surrealist artists conjured up the ambiguities of dreams. Tchelitchew, for instance, turns a tree into the image of a hand growing out of a foot (Fig. 3). He guides our projection by assimilating the shape

Fig. 3. *Tree Into Hand and Foot.* Pavel Tchelitchew, 1939.

of the tree to other recognizable forms. But such visual punning is still comparatively simple. For here (not in his other pictures) the artist has taken care that we should know where to look for the meaning. We cannot always take this for granted. Indeed, our tendency to jump to conclusions here has been used by the devisers of puzzle pictures and even by

Fig. 4. Royalist print from the French Revolution, *circa* 1793.

propagandists to catch us off our guard. Figure 4 looks for all the world like the representation of a classic urn set amidst willows. It was circulated during the French Revolution as a clandestine tribute to the royal family. For if we don't focus on the urn, but on the background, we discover the profiles, facing each other, of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and, guided by these cues, two further heads, presumably of the Dauphin and some other victim, made by the outline of branches and twigs.

The principle here exploited by a humble draftsman has played a great role in the discussions of twentieth-century psychologists—it is the relation between "figure" and "ground." As long as we regard the urn as the figure we are not aware of the shape of the ground. Here, therefore, is the simplest case of all where our reading depends on our initial interpretation. We tend to regard the enclosed and articulated shape as the figure and to ignore the background against which it stands. But this interpretation itself is based on an assumption which the artist may choose to knock away. It is then that we discover that there really is a phase prior to the identification of the jug or the urn—the decision on our part which to regard as figure and which as ground.

This is the moment to introduce a contemporary artist whose prints are meditations on image reading. His name is M. C. Escher, and he lives in his native Holland, keeping more contact with mathematicians than with artists and critics. It is indeed doubtful how much the critics would approve of his ingenious exercises in applied geometry and psychology. But to the explorer of the prose of representation, his nightmarish conundrums are invaluable. His double image of *Day and Night* (Fig. 5) demands an imperceptible switch from figure to ground: The white birds flying across the dark toward the black river come from another side of the world where there is still daylight and where black birds go the other way. And as we search for the dividing line between the two halves, we notice that there is none. It is the interstices between the white birds—the ground—that gradually assume the shape of the black birds, and these checkered patterns merge downward into the fields of the countryside. Easy as it is to discover this transformation, it is impossible to keep both readings stable in one's mind.

The day reading drives out the night from the middle of the sheet, the night reading turns the black birds of the same area into neutral ground. Which forms we isolate for identification depends on where we arrive from. Reading becomes alternative "reading into"; representation merges with guided projection.

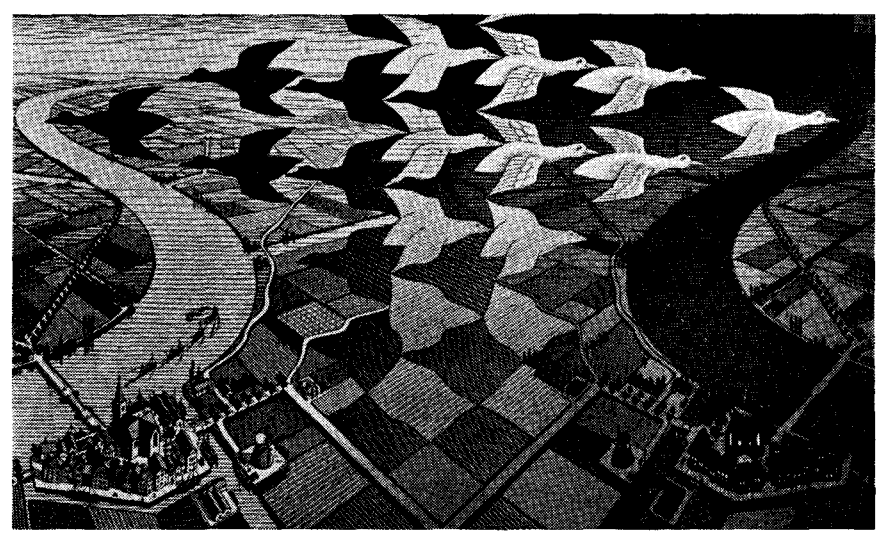

Fig. 5. *Day and Night.* Woodcut. M. C. Escher, 1938.

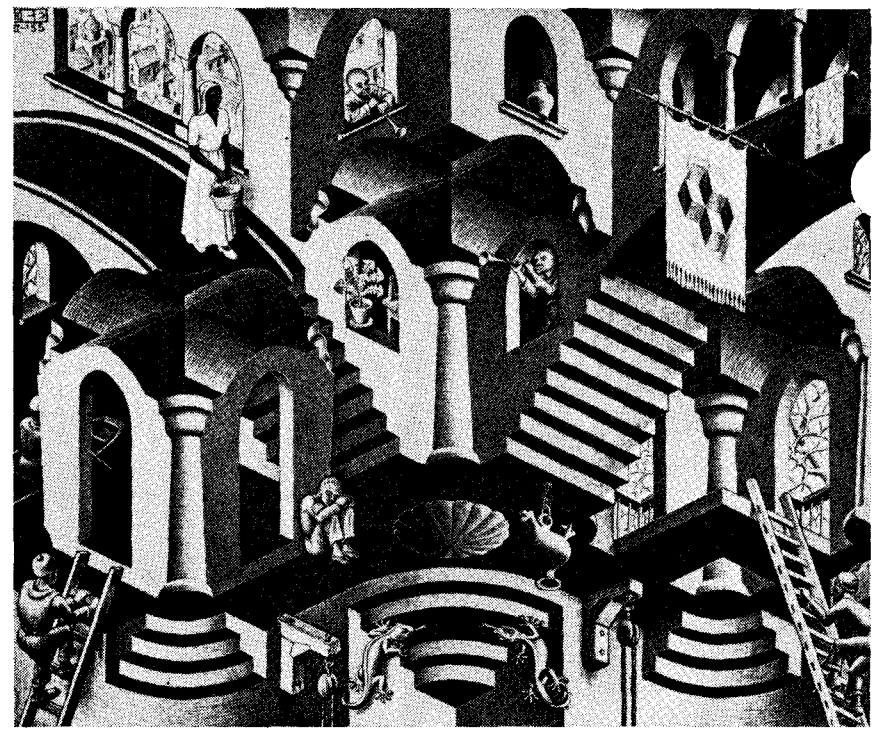

Fig. 6. *Solid and Hollow.* Lithograph. M. C. Escher, 1955.

But Escher has more tricks in his bag to undermine our confidence in the simplicity of representation. His print *Solid and Hollow* (Fig. 6) makes use of other forms of ambiguity which had been known to artists and psychologists for a long time, but had never been explored and exploited with such single-mindedness.

Here it is not the relationship between figure and ground that is reversed on the other side, but the very shape and direction of any part of the architecture. Start on the left with the black woman walking over a curved bridge toward some stairs. As long as you stay on her side of the picture you are presented with a weird but plausible view of an old town. Start with the man climbing a ladder on the opposite side and you will read the shapes as equally coherent forms representing an unfinished courtyard with a bridge vaulting over it. But once again either reading is contradicted when you read on toward the central axis. For what looks like a pavilion seen from the outside, if you approach it from the side of the black woman on the bridge, is switched into a vaulted corner when seen from the other side. The switch is all the more puzzling as the identical shape nearby must surely be read as a solid pavilion. But soon we discover the same punning with inside and outside all over the print. The floor on which a boy has fallen asleep is a ceiling nearby from which a lamp dangles. Everywhere corresponding shapes must be read as hollow in one context and solid in another and, every time, the meeting of both readings creates a stalemate. The assumption with which we have started breaks down, and we have to begin all over again, only t discover that here too we are led in perplexity.

But even this probing of the mechanisms of image reading is not the most disconcerting of Escher's exercises. The *Belvedere* (Fig. 7), completed in 1958, may not be very pleasing as a print, but as a demonstration piece it trumps the others. For what looks at first like a rather crude historical illustration is, in fact, a brain teaser of no mean ingenuity. It would make an excellent test of the powers of observation to time the moment when it dawns on the beholder that he is confronted with a self-contradictory structure. Look at the ladder and try to locate it in space. You will find that it leads from a first-floor terrace to a second at right angles to it. The man with the plumed hat on the lower terrace looks out into the landscape behind, the woman under the corresponding arch of the floor above looks sideways. Small wonder, for the arcades of the lower terrace are not composed of columns carrying the vault above them; they are interlaced, as i were, shifting from back to front as we trace their course.

Who can blame the poor imprisoned man in the cellar who looks with amazement at the designer on the bench, for the object he holds in his hands is as unrealizable as the building itself: a cube with interweaving sides.

Whatever we may think of Escher's artistic taste, his prints are worth a whole course in the psychology of perception and its relation to art. Their complexity is far from whimsical. It reveals the hidden complexity of all picture reading.

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When we look at a normal representation, there is nothing to prevent us from forming a hypothesis about the figure-ground relationship or about the way the shapes add up to pictures of objects. We therefore believe that we take in the picture more or less at one glance and recognize the motif. Our experience with Escher's contradictions shows that this view is mistaken. We do read a picture, as we read a printed line, by picking up letters or cues and fitting them together till we feel that we look across the signs on the page at the meaning behind them. And just as in reading the eye does not travel along at an even pace gathering up the meaning letter by letter and word by word, so our glance sweeps across a picture scanning it for information.

Critics like to tell us how the artist "leads the eye" along the main lines of his composition. But our roving eyes will not be thus led. The critic's phrase should have become obsolete when eye movements could be filmed and fixation points

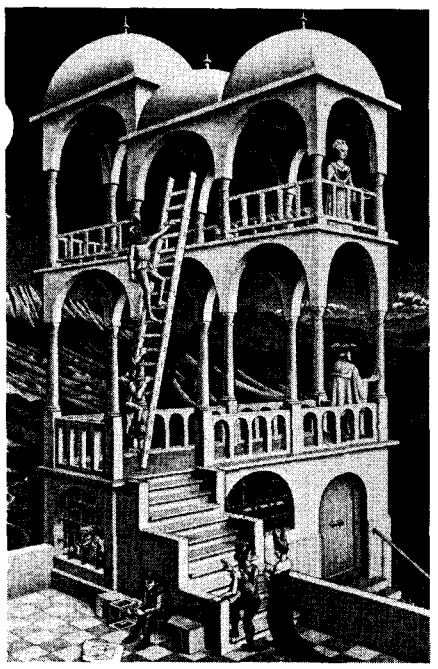


Fig. 7. *Belevedere.*
Lithograph. M. C. Escher, 1958.

plotted on pictures. These records confirm what Escher made us suspect: Reading a picture is a piecemeal affair that starts with random shots and gradually adjusts to the coherence of the work.

The first truth, which Escher's visual paradoxes illuminate is this piecemeal character of picture reading. There is a clear limit to the visual information we can process through any given glance. This fits in well with the results of scientists who have studied this limit in the severely practical context of how many pointers a pilot can read at a glance on an instrument panel. His capacity will, of course, vary according to training and experience, but the basic fact remains that the eye can take in much less at one glance than the layman imagines. But what about the musician who can read an orchestral score with surprising ease and at amazing speed? Does he not have to take in information at an uncanny rate? Certainly the feat is admirable, but it is only possible because the notes of the score, unlike the pointer readings, are not random signs. Music is an art that follows certain laws or rules and enables the musician to scan the score with certain expectations. Though he cannot know what to expect in the next bar, he knows at least that many possibilities are ruled out. Indeed, if any of those occurred he would probably disregard them as a misprint.

In reading a familiar language, of course, we proceed in a similar way, looking ahead for cues to confirm our expectations and filling in the remainder more or less from experience. The reading of pictures must follow a similar pattern. But once we set ourselves to read the "score," the need to revise our expectations makes us aware of the part which assumptions play in the reading of images.

What, more precisely, are these assumptions? Take any isolated part of Escher's print, the outside terrace, for instance, with its checkerboard floor and the low walls surrounding it. This is quite a normal realistic representation of an architectural feature and does not differ much from a photograph or picture post card of such a motif. How is it that we take in such a situation with such speed and ease? Surely because we are in no doubt on how to supplement the information with which the picture supplies us. We assume that a pavement will most probably be level and a wall upright, that the slabs of the floor will be square and the seat of the bench rectangular. If the shapes representing these objects are tapering and unequal in size, this will obviously be due to foreshortening and perspective.

Assumptions of this kind are so ingrained in us that it needs quite a jolt to prevent our interpretation from running along these convenient grooves. Yet, after all, there could be such things as sloping floors with irregularly sized slabs, tapering walls or rhomboid benches. Such odd shapes might serve a very good purpose in the theater, near the back of an illusionist stage to give the impression of greater depth. Once we admit this possibility, our assurance in reading the image collapses. We discover the hidden ambiguity in all representations of solid objects in the flat. If the reader enjoys a whirling head he can now return to a fresh scrutiny of all the three Escher prints (Figs. 5–7) to discover that these teasing images are "ambiguous" only on the assumption that floors or ceilings are horizontal, columns upright or the water of rivers reasonably level so that the bridge across it cannot lead uphill. Drop this hypothesis of simplicity, and the neat ambiguity of a mere double meaning sinks into chaos.

We return from this giddy switchback ride with one tormenting question in mind. If the prose of ordinary representations hides such unsuspected ambiguities, what about the reliability of our eyes to tell us about the real world? We need not worry too much, for here the answer is more reassuring. To put the matter briefly, pictures are infinitely ambiguous because they present a flat two-dimensional geometrical projection of a three-dimensional reality. To say of such a projection that it "looks like reality" begs the question. It may, but it also looks like an infinite number of unreal configurations. But this type of ambiguity will rarely trouble us in real life. After all, we experience the real world by moving about it, and our eyes are eminently suited to guide us.

The eyes alone can quickly resolve the question of the real shape of a terrace, for we have a built-in predictor that tells us how any given shape will change when seen from different angles. If one moves straight toward a door, its shape will remain constant, but its size will increase at a predictable rate. The object near the fringe of our vision, on the other hand, will be transformed in shape in a regular and predictable sequence that we can study if we move a film camera in the same direction. It is this melody of transformation that would be entirely different if we moved toward a flat or shallow perspective stage.

The decisive part that movement must play in our visual orientation has only recently been fully brought out by psychologists, notably by James J. Gibson. Here, too, a fresh alternative shocked us into awareness of an old truth we had lazily taken for granted. The problems of vision in rapid flight or even in motoring rendered the old idea of static vision obsolete. Moreover, our engineers had meanwhile learned to simulate the function of sense organs with the uncanny gadgets of homing devices, used in the deadly game of missile development. Cybernetics has taught us to look even at the senses not as passive registration devices but rather as receptors geared to the receipt of a flow of information, which the nervous system is somehow programed to compare with expectations. Some psychologists think that the simplicity hypothesis, the idea that the floor is "probably" level, may be built into our receptor organ. But whether they are inborn or acquired, it is now clear that every message sets up a set of expectations with which the incoming flow can be matched to confirm correct assessments or to modify and knock out false guesses.

In looking at a picture we are deprived of this dynamic aid for the weeding out of false interpretations. All we have is a consistency test that compares the messages from various parts of the picture for compatibility. Having done so, our mind makes ready for further tests through movement, but here it is frustrated. This frustration has a curious side effect that can paradoxically increase the illusion and will never cease to tease our reason. It is the illusion that objects pointing toward us from paintings will follow us as we shift our position.

The most bored and footsore tourist will spring to attention when the guide demonstrates the ancestral portrait that follows him with its eyes or the pointed gun that always aims at him wherever he stands in the hall. It is easy to dismiss this surprise as naïve, but less easy to exhaust the implications of this little mystery. One thing is sure: The mystery does not rest in any particular skill on the part of the painter. The effect is quite frequent and indeed inevitable. The only reason why we need the guide's patter to enlist our attention is that we are but rarely interested in what happens to the appearance of a painting while we shift our position in this way. If we were, we would see that the principal condition for the effect is a sense of depth combined with an unforeshortened portion of an object that appears to lie quite close to the frontal plane.

The woodcut by the German Renaissance artist Hans Baldung Grien (Fig. 8), for instance, fulfills these conditions admirably. It is known under the title "The Bewitched Stableboy" and it shows the victim of some evil spell lying on his back, the soles of his feet turned toward us. Critics have wondered what the picture signifies, but surely it is meant to tease us with this magic trick. When we have it in front of us, it works like any ordinary perspective. The strong foreshortening is "read" as depth, and we feel the three-dimensional character of the representation as a compelling illusion. It is consistent with this reading that we should look straight at the soles of the man's shoes and that they should hide from us his feet and ankles which we imagine to be there. But the more firmly we project the image of the whole figure into these marks on the paper, the more will we instinctively expect it to respond to our usual reality tests. A real figure would present different aspects to us if we moved sideways. But since what we have in front of us is not a three-dimensional figure but only a flat piece of paper, the expected melody of transformation fails to materialize.

What makes this experience remarkable in our context is the confirmation it provides for our argument that the picture becomes a picture only if the marks on the paper are sorted out by the mind into a consistent and coherent message. Once this consistency is perceived and an interpretation emerges, it takes a great effort to dislodge it. Easy though it is to know intellectually that our poor stableboy's head lies objectively in the same plane as do his feet, we still do not quite see it that way.

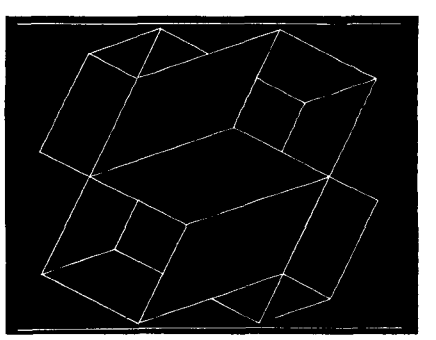
It is here, at last, that these investigations of the prose of representation lead back to the problems of artistic poetry. For it is the strength of the forces of illusion that alone accounts for the violent reactions against these forces in twentieth-century art. At all times, of course, the aesthetics of picturemaking had more to do with composition than with illusion. Artists have always been poets, striving to achieve a fine balance of shapes and colors and to devise a beautiful pattern to fill the painting surface in a pleasing way. But these efforts could easily be destroyed by the reading mind that rearranged these shapes in an imaginary depth.

Fig. 8. *The Bewitched Stableboy.*
Woodcut. Hans Baldung Grien, 1544.

Critics wrote and still write as if we could see both the surface and the representation, but artists knew better. Their rebellion against illusion came into the open more than fifty years ago in those conundrums of cubism which lead our eye a frustrating chase after guitars and bottles, teasing us with false clues only to entrap us in contradictions. It was by exploring these paradoxes that artists wanted to discover new modes of organization.

It is not only Escher who shows us their success. Even abstract art owes some of its most interesting possibilities to the fascination of unresolved ambiguities (Fig. 9). By presenting us with these scrambled codes the artist shocks us into realizing how much more there is in pictures than meets the eye. THE END

Fig. 9. Drawing. Josef Albers, 1958.



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Dr. Blanke's First Command

(Continued from Page 17)

regulation Navy cap. Blanke did not find much reassurance in the reflection that stared back at him out of the mirror. The United States Navy cap of 1942 did not sit well over a long, intellectual face; the coat was startlingly new and did not fit him very well. A more objective eye than Blanke's or his mother's would have thought he looked less like a Naval officer than like a scarecrow that had oddly acquired a new Naval uniform.

To be out in the street was a little disturbing; it seemed as if every eye were on him, even though he assured himself that by now Naval officers were common enough to attract no notice. After he dismounted from the bus in the vicinity of the Naval District Headquarters, he realized that uniformed men were saluting him as they passed. As he entered the doors, he wondered if he should take off his cap. He knew that the Navy had odd customs to which he would have to conform, so he drew himself up to the full height of his gangling six feet three and spoke stiffly down to a seaman's stocky five feet four in what he decided was a peculiarly inefficient way of asking where he could find the transportation officer.

He said, "Thank you"—surely Naval discipline did not ban that minor politeness—and turned away to follow the instructions given him. And then he entered into an encounter which was, in time to come, to save his life and the lives of fifty other men. A burly figure in khaki had intercepted him.

"Excuse me, sir."

"Yes?" asked Blanke.

"Could you spare me a minute before you go to the transportation desk, sir?"

"Yes, I suppose so." Blanke remembered to look at the shoulder boards; these were decorated each with a thin band of alternate blue and gold, and Blanke had no idea what rank this indicated, but he was reassured by the fact that he was being addressed as "sir," even though the man who spoke to him had snow-white hair. This individual looked around as if considering what action to take.

"This way, sir," he said, making up his mind. He led Blanke to a small office at the side of the entrance hall, and at a jerk of his thumb the three seamen sitting there at desks got up and left. When the door closed behind them, Blanke found himself being looked at with a sort of kindly forbearance that puzzled him.

"You've just joined, sir?"

"Yes."

"You haven't been to indoctrination school yet?"

"No," replied Blanke, who had never even heard of indoctrination school.

"Are you on your way there, sir?"

"No. I'm going to join my ship."

"Your ship, sir!" The astonishment was profound. "Well, you must excuse me, sir, but you can't go there like that."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Everything, sir, if you'll excuse me. Those shoulder boards. You're wearing 'em the wrong way round, sir. You should have the points inward so the stripes aren't up under your neck. Here, let me do it for you, sir. . . . That's better. And these buttons—you keep them done up, all the time. And the pocket flaps should be out, not in."

By the time everything had been twitched into position, even Blanke was aware of the improvement.

"Thank you," he said with genuine gratitude. He knew he had much to learn, and this would be as good a time to start as any. "Who is it I'm thanking? What do those stripes mean?"

"Warrant bo'sun, sir. Warrant Bosun Dean. Thirty-seven years' service, but they won't let me go to sea now. You don't mind me speaking to you like this, sir?"

"Mind? I'm grateful to you, of course. I have to learn sometime."

"It's too bad they're sending you to sea without any indoctrination at all. But I know they're short of doctors. What ship, sir?"

Blanke had to stop and think, for one name meant no more to him than another. "The *Boon*."

"*Boon?* DD."

"DD?"

"Destroyer, sir."

Dean tried to conceal the pity he felt for a man who did not know what a "DD" meant and yet was going to be pitchforked into one.

"That's one of the smaller ships, I take it," said Blanke.

"You're darn right, sir," agreed Dean. "Let me show you the way to the transportation desk."

Blanke was learning fast; when he arrived at the desk he was much relieved that the glance the transportation officer gave him was very different from the glances he had received so far. He was looked at as if he were just one more raw lieutenant in the medical corps, and that was an immense step upward.

"Priority Four," said the transportation officer, examining Blanke's orders. "You could be here for weeks if we try to fly you out. But you've got to go. They want doctors."

He opened first one file and then another and ran through them without result. Then another idea struck him, and he reached for a third file.

"That's it," he said. "We can kill two birds with one stone. You're ready to go on board, I suppose?"

"Well, yes," said Blanke.

"Tonight?"

"Of course, if it's necessary."

"It's necessary, all right. *Wilhelmina*—Dutch registry, chartered transport, Dutch officers, Javanese crew. She's taking an antiaircraft-artillery outfit out to Nouméa. They haven't an Army doctor with them, and we can fit you in all right. I'll get your orders endorsed. Come back in ten minutes."

Blanke walked away a little dazed, but trying to appear as if he were perfectly accustomed to being ordered to sail at a moment's notice with a Javanese crew to a place he had never heard of. He was grateful when bosun Dean appeared.

"Did they give you any orders, sir?" he asked, and Blanke told him. "*Wilhelmina.* She's a fast transport—one of the ships that got away when the Japs overran the Dutch East Indies. Look here, sir, would you care to come and wait in my office while they type out your orders?"

Blanke was glad to accept, was gla to take the proffered chair and the proffered cigarette. The transition was continuing. The eagle powers of observation that for four years had expended themselves down the tube of a microscope were beginning to devote themselves now to the human beings and the material things that constituted his new world. He was aware of the concern, almost paternal, with which Dean was regarding him.

"It's only now that they've decided to put doctors into every destroyer, sir," explained Dean. "Only one in four in peacetime. But now the DD's have twice as many men on board. And those ships fight—more likely to fight than the battle wagons are."

"I see," said Blanke.

He would have to study the technique of naval warfare—and make plans how best to give rapid care to a crowd of wounded men in a shell-torn steel hull. Dean was shaking his head with something of sorrow—no, sympathy—in hi expression.

"You don't know *anything*, do you, sir?" he said.

"I'm afraid I don't. I'll have to do some reading."

"I wish we was going to be in the same ship, sir," said Dean. "I could teach you a lot, quick."

"I wish we were," said Blanke with sincerity.

Dean's eyes strayed to something on the desk before him. Then he took the plunge.

"Look, Doc," he said. "I won't have the chance to make a Navy man out of you, but here's a book. Take it and learn something about the Navy." It was a largish, bluebound book that he offered.

"That's very kind of you," said Blanke, taking it; he did not know yet that his life depended on his taking it. It was the *Bluejacket's Manual*, and as he ran through the pages, all sorts of headings met his eye—"Uniform Regulations," "Types of Navy Ships," "Routines Aboard Ship" and more advanced subjects, like "Communications and Signaling" and "Boat Seamanship."

"Thank you again," said Blanke. "This must be just what I need."

"You're very welcome," said Dean. "I hope you find it useful. You'll have plenty of time for reading in the *Wilhelmina*—and your orders'll be ready by now, I expect, sir."

Those orders took Blanke on board the *Wilhelmina* that night. He walked down the gangway onto the first deck—except for ferryboats—that he had ever trodden in his life. There were soldiers and packing cases everywhere. Someone with dark skin—Javanese, Blanke guessed—passed him on to a harassed individual who said, 'Dis vay, pliss' and led him to a cabin where a fat Dutchman in shirt sleeves sat at a desk and read Blanke's orders and groaned.

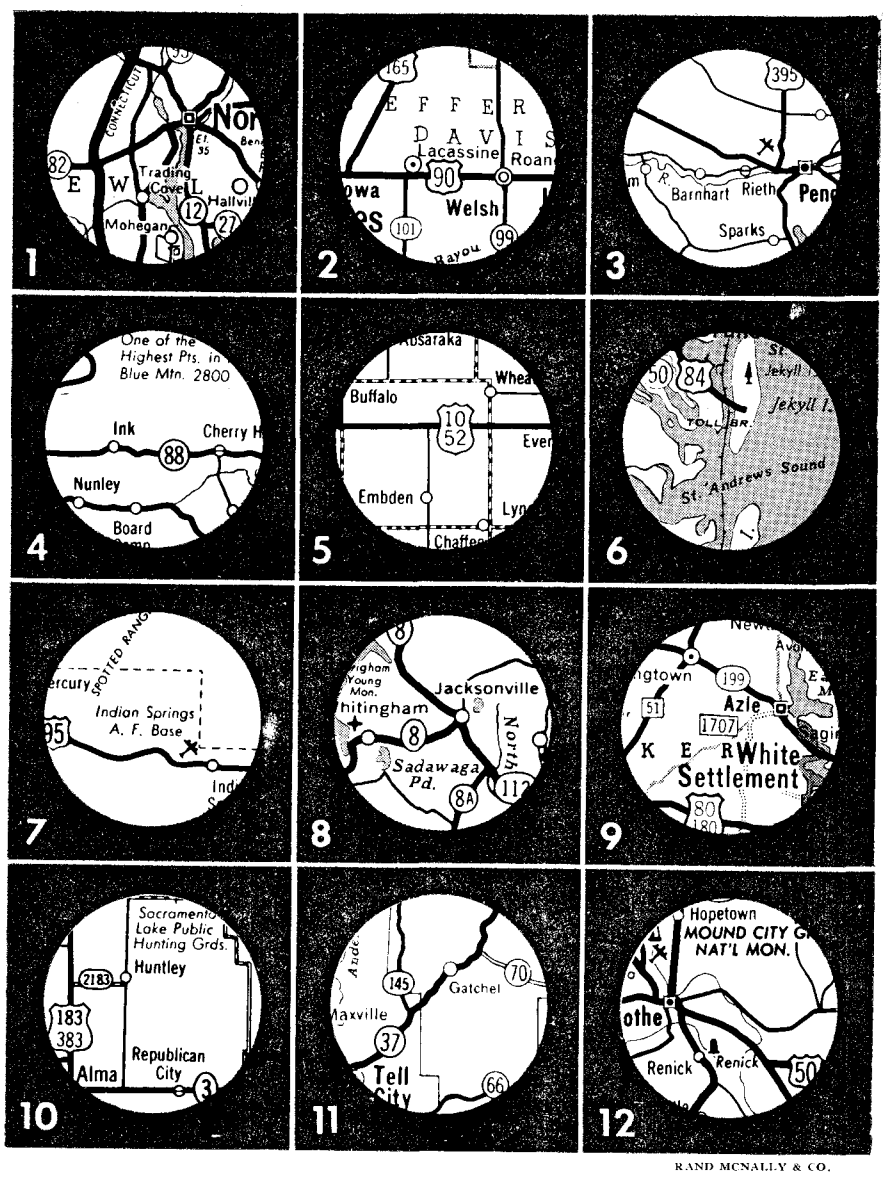
"O.K.," he said at length. "You slip here."

"Here?"

The little cabin seemed to be completely full, with a desk and a bed and miscellaneous packages, but a wave of the fat Dutchman's arm indicated that there was an upper bed against the wall.

"I'm de purser," said the fat man. "I slip here." He indicated the lower bed, then said, "I am busy."

Blanke went quietly, nor was he averse to seeing something more of this first ship of his. As he entered a corridor, a door



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 69*)

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opened, revealing an Army officer who noticed his uniform and politely stood by the door for him to enter. It was a small room full of tobacco smoke and crowded with men who made him welcome and introduced themselves, the officers of the antiaircraft unit whose enlisted men thronged the deck.

"Glad to find we have a doctor with us after all," said one of the captains, and Blanke forbore to comment on the remark.

He was content to sit silent, for the officers, he was glad to observe, were as excited as he was and soon left him out of the conversation when he offered no contribution to it. After a time one of the lieutenants, at a nod from one of the captains, left for the purpose, as he said, of "seeing the boys into bed." Blanke saw his opportunity to say good night, made his way back by a miracle to the purser's cabin and entered it to find the purser stretched out on the lower bed, still checking through papers and not in the least inclined to conversation.

Blanke discovered how to lower his bed, just as he would have found out the principle of some novel piece of laboratory apparatus, and he climbed up and in. He glanced at the three books he had taken to bed with him, put down the *Bluejacket's Manual*, picked up and discarded *Wounds and Burns*, did the same with *Preventive Medicine in Tropical Climates*, and went back to the *Bluejacket's Manual* again. He was tired enough to go to sleep quite shortly, with the light on and the *Bluejacket's Manual* on his chest.

So it was in this way that Malcolm Blanke went to sea for the first time, a queer introduction to Naval life, and yet one that early enough made plain to him the salient characteristics of life at sea in wartime—monotony, overcrowding, lack of privacy. In the *Wilhelmina* the United States officers shared the quarters of the Dutch officers, which meant that three men lived where one lived before; the sergeants shared with the ship's bosun and the stewards, about four men to one prewar berth, while the soldiers, 200 of them, could spread themselves where twelve passengers had once lived in comfort. And through all this the Javanese crew flitted like ghosts, going about the ship's business as if all these others did not exist.

There was little to do; there was very little that could be done in those cramped conditions. Twice a day there was boat drill and abandon-ship drill; there was physical drill; there were classes in the theory of antiaircraft gunnery, and not even the blue Pacific sky could brighten those. For twenty-four hours the prospect of arriving at the romantic Hawaiian Islands lifted the pall of boredom, but the pall closed down all the thicker when the *Wilhelmina* steamed out again into the endless Pacific after only eighteen hours' stay, during which not a soldier set foot on shore.

The one man in the ship who was free of boredom was, naturally, Blanke. He was a true scholar, and here he was congenially employed in study; and the tasks he set himself had the unusual quality of being planned for practical ends. He had to make himself ready for a new life; there would be fantastic demands made upon him, and he had to prepare himself to meet them. With the intense concentration of a scholar, he read the books he had with him; to achieve that concentration he spent most of his time stretched out in the upper berth of the purser's cabin, for the purser was a man of few words who left him alone and allowed him a privacy impossible to find in the crowded wardroom or on the noisy deck. He read his professional books with care, calling up memories of his life as a hospital intern to fill in the gaps. He would lay his book down, gaze up at the deck beams overhead and take himself, step by step, through an emergency appendectomy, for instance. That was easier then trying to picture himself handling casualties in a destroyer under fire, but he rigorously made himself visualize those possible situations as well.

Naturally he was methodical about all this; no one without method could have devised the scheme of research which had resulted in his Ph.D. thesis. He spent his mornings in study of his professional books, with a break for sick call, which he attended at the request of the officer commanding the troops, but at which nothing ever showed up which could not have been safely left to the medical corporal. Two hours in the afternoon he devoted to acquiring a tan, with nicely judged proportions of shade and sunshine, because he knew he would be much exposed to tropical suns in the future. And the rest of his time he read the *Bluejacket's Manual*, and this was the hardest work of his day. It called for an effort of will to concentrate on the thousands of new facts presented in those 800 crowded pages. But he made himself learn them, conscientiously setting himself to answer the quizzes at the ends of the chapters to test his knowledge.

Some of the knowledge was obviously advantageous; he learned about specialty marks and insignia, and in the few moments when he could be alone, he taught himself to salute in the prescribed method. He read about Personal Hygiene and First Aid to inform himself about what the Navy thought officially about these things; that was easier than the Manual of Arms and Close Order Drill, but he worked through those before applying himself to the more interesting chapters on Types of Navy Ships and Shipboard Routine. It was hard to study the technique of Cleaning and Painting, but the General Safety Precautions, of course, had a direct bearing on his future duties. He read everything and he conscientiously stored everything away in his remarkable memory. When he reached the glossary at the end, and admitted to himself that he knew the meaning of every term in it, from "abaft" to "yoke," he felt an actual sense of loss in that he had no further difficult work to occupy his mind—and the *Wilhelmina* was still not due to arrive at Nouméa for another four days.

That was when tragedy struck; that was when Blanke learned that those long periods of tedium that characterize Naval life in wartime can be terminated in a single second.

Blanke was in his bunk dozing, his open book on his chest, when the torpedo exploded. He woke, only conscious that something violent had happened. The thundering noise he heard next second he could not explain to himself; it was the sound of the water, flung hundreds of feet into the air, bursting over the upper works of the *Wilhelmina*. Then there was a momentary silence, a dead, dead silence, in the midst of which the *Wilhelmina* lay suddenly over toward one side, rolling him against the bulkhead. He found the light switch and pressed it, and there was no result; he clicked it twice more before he realized that the electric power was off. Down below him the purser was talking volubly yet quietly in Dutch, and then Blanke heard a whistle blowing outside, its staccato notes bearing a message of great urgency.

He knew now that the *Wilhelmina* had been torpedoed, that she was lying helpless, without power, without even steam for the siren, and that she was heeling over in her death agony. He hauled himself up against the list out of bed. Those urgent whistle notes outside conveyed something of panic, and for two or three seconds that panic infected him; he was blundering frantically in the darkness of the cabin before he pulled himself together. He had learned by painful experience in the laboratory and operating theater that haste and carelessness brought disaster—that reaction came fast, and pride came only second. He was the only Naval officer in the ship and he was not going to show fear. He forced his mind into its usual orderly way of thought, only incidentally observing—like a footnote to a thesis—the physiological symptoms of tension manifesting themselves as he found his shoes and his life jacket. Then he made his way up the sloping deck to the door on the heels of the purser, and out into the windy darkness toward his station for "abandon ship."

For many years after the torpedoing of the *Wilhelmina* he was able to recall clear-cut details of the abandoning of the ship; his mind, trained to observation, noted these details of a strange and new experience and stored them away. He learned about discipline. There were voices in the darkness; there was the tone of bravado in which unseen soldiers cracked jokes about their desperate situation, and there was the note of hysteria in other voices, and the stillness that ensued when the voice of one of the artillery lieutenants—

When you wish upon a star, be sure it isn't just another satellite.

DENNIS MAYES

---

cracking a little with strain and yet under control—ordered silence.

"Don't act like kids," added the lieutenant. "You're men." Blanke at thirty-one felt, even at that moment, an odd twinge at hearing someone of twenty-four speaking like that to soldiers of twenty.

The voice of the Dutch third mate, stumbling over his English, could now be heard.

"All right, thank you," said the lieutenant, and then to the soldiers, "Get into the boat."

Several flashlights made a pool of light in the darkness, and out of the pool the men climbed in, hastily but with hardly a sign of panic, although another rasping order from the lieutenant was necessary to impose silence again as the crowding began. Blanke stood waiting his turn beside the Army officers. He felt someone plucking at his sleeve. Someone—the second mate, he thought, but he could not be sure in the darkness—thrust a piece of paper into his hand.

"Position and course," said the man and then hastened off again toward the next boat before Blanke could reply. He put the paper into his pocket, ready to hand it over to whoever would be in command of the boat, and then there was a ridiculous moment of politeness as to whether he should climb in before or after the lieutenant. Then they sprang in together, pushing in among the soldiers, and after them came two of the Javanese deck hands, silent as always and insinuating themselves between the close-packed bodies on the thwarts.

There were Dutch orders shouted from the deck, and a clanking of machinery. The boat lurched and swung hideously in the darkness, crashed against the ship's side, swung and hit the invisible water with a splash amid yells from the soldiers, and then came soaring up on a black invisible wave and rolled horribly, as if she were going to turn over, righted herself at what seemed the last possible second, and then sank down again more unpleasantly than any elevator Blanke had ever experienced. Not until much later did he come to realize how fortunate they were to have reached the water at all without capsizing; the Javanese deck hands had done a neat piece of work at bow and stern.

It was the blackest overcast night anyone could imagine; the *Wilhelmina* was already out of sight, the more so as the soldiers who had flashlights in the boat were using them freely—one shone straight into Blanke's face and left him quite blinded.

"What do we do next, sir?" asked the artillery lieutenant beside him.

"I can't see a thing," was all Blanke could say at the moment.

The lieutenant lifted his voice in a bellow as he ordered the flashlights extinguished. "Save 'em until you need 'em," he said.

The boat lurched and rolled again, soaring up and then dropping down, the abrupt descent marked by wails from the soldiers. The Pacific swell which the *Wilhelmina* hardly noticed had free play on the small boat; moreover, the brisk trade wind was turning her round slowly in a series of circles, so that each successive swell met her at a different angle, and her rolling and lurching were unpredictable in the darkness.

"Parm me," said the lieutenant, with a blurry attempt at politeness, and then he was horribly seasick—so, judging from the sounds, were most of the soldiers. So was Blanke, after struggling with his symptoms for several minutes. He had never known such misery as overcame him then. The world was utterly pitiless, and he was hopeless and useless, and death would be welcome when it came, especially when the boat rolled wildly again, from far over to one side to far over to the other; a good deal of water slapped in, calling forth startled cries from the men it wetted.

Luckily for everyone concerned, that scientific mind of Blanke continued to function. It could not help analyzing the reasons for that uncontrolled and unpredictable motion of the boat. It was unpredictable simply because it was uncontrolled. The boat was spinning, slowly but helplessly, under the influence of the wind and should be brought under control so as to meet the rollers end on. Blanke's mind went back into the high-school physics and mechanics he had studied fourteen years before, picked out the relevant facts and proceeded to build up suggestions upon them. If something could be put up to catch the wind at the tail end—at the stern—the boat would turn like a weathercock and point into the wind and, presumably, into the waves. That would be a good idea, but he did not see how it could be done in the dark. Similarly, if something could drag in the sea at the other end—at the bow—the boat would trail back from it, with bows to wind and sea. That might work very well if it could be done, but Blanke was not too sure how to set about it; it was the crowding and the darkness, in other words, which prevented Blanke from reinventing the sea anchor that night.

The rudder, of course, would only function if the boat had some motion of its own through the water. Of course! The boat had an engine. If that were set running, someone could hold the rudder and steer her so as to meet the waves properly. He remembered that while he was waiting his turn to get into the boat, he had heard one of the other boats, with an engine running, leaving the ship.

"Hadn't we better get the engine started?" he said to the artillery lieutenant and realized as he said it that the

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lieutenant was too far gone with seasickness to be rational.

Blanke would have to deal with it himself. With the need for instant action, he put aside the temptation to follow up a new line of thought regarding the effect of military discipline on the young men crowded into the boat; they were used to receiving orders and drilled into obeying them. No time for such thoughts now. Blanke got cautiously off his thwart and began to push his way in the direction in which one of the Javanese deck hands had disappeared when they got in the boat. He had to climb over shoulders; he trod on bodies lying in the bottom, bodies that hardly resented the pressure of his foot.

"Where's that sailor?" he demanded. "Where's that Javanese?"

"Here, sir—back here," croaked a voice.

Blanke shook the Javanese's shoulder. "Motor. Engine," he said.

The Javanese said something in reply. Blanke felt his wrist held and his hand guided; that was the tiller—he knew the word from the glossary in the *Bluejacket's Manual*—a short piece of iron or wood used to turn the rudder. It swung unresisting in his hand; of course, that would be the case if the boat had no motion through the water. The Javanese had left his side; Blanke had the impression that the seaman was climbing forward by the route he himself had followed, over the heads and shoulders of the crowded soldiers. He waited tensely; he heard the Javanese call out something to his compatriot, who answered. He heard noises and expostulations which indicated that soldiers were being heaved out of the way; he heard a clatter and clanking of metal—during this time the boat had pitched and rolled excruciatingly a dozen times, and three times water had slopped in over the sides.

There came a sudden roar of the engines, and Blanke felt the rudder come to life under his hand. The roar ceased; the rudder died, but then the engine roared again, confidently, with every promise of permanence, and the water over the stern boiled, and the rudder bit. They were frightening, those first few seconds; it took Blanke that long to grasp the technique of turning the tiller the opposite way—during those seconds the boat slithered precariously along a crest and came nearer to capsizing than ever before, amid cries of dismay from the passengers. But by the time the boat had completed the circle, Blanke had matters almost under control. He met the next wave bows on; there was infinite satisfaction at first in doing so, in feeling the boat climbing the slope, but when they reached the crest and put their bows down and their stern up, and shot down the farther side, it was not so comfortable—in fact, it felt hideously dangerous.

He wanted to saw at the rudder, but restrained himself with the thought that that would be more dangerous still, but then his doubts were resolved by a sudden drop in the pitch of the engine's roar. He could feel the speed moderate, and the boat breasted the next slope more satisfactorily still and pitched over the crest in a manner quite restrained, so that some sort of small cheer came from the passengers capable of any sensation at all. Blanke guessed that the Javanese at the engine had throttled down, and he was grateful, even though he had little attention to spare for them; he had to concentrate on the feel of the wind on his face, on the lurch of the boat and on reminding himself to pull the tiller to the left—to port—when he wanted to head to the right—to starboard.

In a few minutes it was becoming second nature to him. Seasickness was forgotten; there was actually something exhilarating in handling the boat like this as she chugged valiantly forward in the dark. Where he was going he did not know, but he reconciled himself to that by telling himself that until daylight should come and new arrangements could be made, he was doing the only safe thing. Thinking along that line, he realized why there was no ship's officer in the boat—this was the chief engineer's boat, and he could guess what had happened to the chief engineer. The instant helplessness of the *Wilhelmina* after the torpedo struck told of a hit in the engine room; the chief engineer had died for his country.

That gloomy train of thought was interrupted by his overhearing a fragment of conversation among the soldiers just in front of him.

"There's lockers under these seats. Let's have your flash a minute, Joe."

"Leave those lockers alone," snapped Blanke; strain and excitement put an edge on his voice.

In four years of research he had had painful experience with overenthusiastic, or stupid, or inquisitive laboratory assistants, and he could guess at what disasters might ensue if prying fingers got to work on those lockers. But he was astonished at the intensity of his speech—he would never have snapped at technical assistants in that way, but then his life was not in danger.

The fact was that the steadying of the boat's motion and the comforting thought circulating among the soldiers that the Navy was now in charge, were encouraging the more active of the young soldiers to indulge their innate restlessness.

"Move over, can't you?" said a voice.

"Get off my feet, you big slob," said another.

"Wish I had a drink," said a third.

It seemed as if in no time at all the unseen passengers were beginning to surge about in the boat; Blanke, keyed up to the highest pitch, was acutely conscious of variation in the trim, even if he did not use that word to himself. He only knew that it felt dangerous when the boat went down on one side and that it was likely to interfere with his steering. He opened his mouth to expostulate—and then shut it again while he rehearsed what he was going to say. He had to give an order; he had to shout into the wind, so that he would have to use all his lung power. He took a deep breath, told himself that he must display no agitation and then let himself go.

"Sit still, all of you!" he yelled.

It was gratifying that he made so much noise, and the result was gratifying, too, in that there was quiet in the boat and that someone, presumably the lieutenant, endorsed his order.

"Sergeant, see that the men keep still over there."

"Yes, sir."

There was much to be said for discipline when it produced such results. But, on the other hand, the cessation of the bustling in the boat and his growing familiarity with the handling of the tiller gave Blanke an opportunity to think again. He began to wonder what would happen next, and what he ought to do—if anything. He was the biggest fraud who had ever held a tiller. When daylight came, decisions would have to be reached. They would have to set that course which was written on the paper in his pocket. "They"—whom did he mean by "they"? The Javanese? The artillery lieutenant? He had an uneasy feeling that by "they" he really meant himself.

There must be a compass in the boat—otherwise there was no reason for the paper with the course written on it. He presumed he could set a course. He had no idea where he was—the word had gone round the ship that they were four days from Nouméa, and four days would mean what? A thousand miles, fifteen hundred miles? There certainly would not be gasoline to last all that time. They would have to use the sails—he had seen masts in the boat and presumed that there were sails. He found himself hoping devoutly that the Javanese deck hands knew something about sailing a boat. There was a chance that daylight would reveal one or more of the other boats near them, but Blanke could guess how small a chance that was; he could work out in his mind how limited was the horizon from a small boat and how widely dispersed the boats could become during several hours with a brisk wind blowing.

As he reached that conclusion it became borne in upon him that he could now see something of the boat and its crowded passengers; he could see the heads and shoulders in front of him as dark masses in a lighter medium. Daylight was actually coming, and he stirred in his seat to discover he was horribly stiff, and his hand ached from its viselike grip on the tiller, and he was shivering with cold.

"Well, there it is, boys," said a voice in the boat, and everyone started chattering at once—at least, everyone who was not too cold or seasick to chatter. The light increased rapidly, and he could see the unshaven cheeks and the drawn features of the packed crowd. He could see the two Javanese crouching by the engine and the young lieutenant perched on a thwart near them. The lieutenant rose with infinite stiffness and pushed his way to the stern of the boat and into a minute space beside Blanke.

"What do we do now, sir?" he asked, speaking in a muffled tone in an effort not to be overheard by the soldiers crowded all round.

The question, and the manner of asking it, confirmed Blanke in his certainty that the artillery lieutenant, although perfectly qualified to command an antiaircraft platoon, had not the least idea what to do when adrift in the Pacific with fifty castaways.

"Let's look round," said Blanke, temporizing.

The lieutenant agreed without making any move to follow up the suggestion, and Blanke knew he had to act. He caught the eye of one of the Javanese by the engine and beckoned to him. Then he handed over the tiller and prepared to stand up. It was not going to be easy.

"Prop me up," he said, coming erect on his aching legs and preparing to mount on the thwart. Half a dozen hands were raised to hold him as he stood, wobbling dangerously in the heaving boat. There was nothing to see; he shifted his feet precariously as he turned to sweep the horizon. There was only the sea, only the long rollers marching toward them. The motion of the boat became more pronounced, and Blanke saw that half, or more than half, of the soldiers, carried away by his example, were scrambling to their feet to look around too; he ought to have expected that. He nearly missed his footing and exclaimed loudly, and the lieutenant had the sense to appreciate the danger.

"Sit down, you men. Sit down, all of you!"

He was obeyed, and Blanke stepped down and reseated himself.

"Nothing in sight," he said, and now he had to think quickly—rather, he did not have to think, but had to implement the decisions which the meditations of the night had forced upon him. He took the scrap of paper from his pocket and studied what was written on it: "Course 222° True. Var 11°E." He could interpret that, all right, thanks to the *Bluejacket's Manual.*

"I have the course here," he said. "I think we'll have to get under sail."

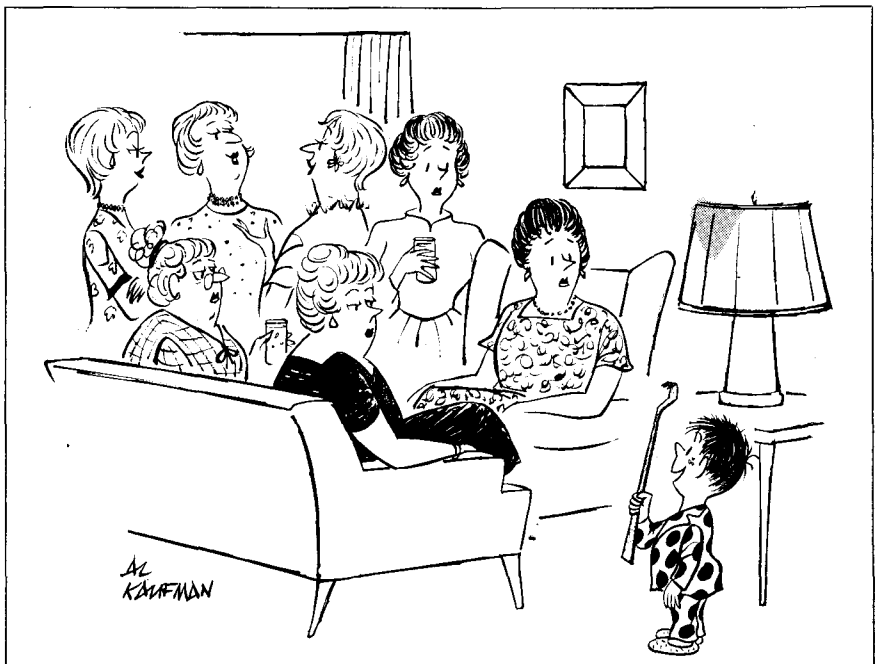
He was painfully conscious that fifty pairs of eyes had him under their scrutiny and that fifty lives might depend on his decisions. The Javanese beside him had caught the last word he said.

"Sail," said the Javanese and then pointed toward the engine. "Motor—stop."

The Javanese backed up his words with an eloquent gesture; he was clearly implying what Blanke had already thought of—that gas was likely to run short any moment.

"You see we'll have to ——" said Blanke to the lieutenant; he was having to struggle against a curious constriction of the throat as he spoke. Then to the Javanese, "All right. Sail."

The Javanese nodded—he even smiled. He returned the tiller to Blanke, stood up and shouted in his own language to his fellow seaman. The two of them became immediately active, and Blanke was relieved to see that their movements were entirely purposeful and that they did not have to refer to him. They scrambled up and down the length of the boat, pushing the soldiers out of their way when necessary; the soldiers watched their actions



"Anybody need her back scratched?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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with dull interest. There was a good deal of upheaval while the Javanese moved the soldiers off the lockers along the sides of the boat and dragged out grimy rolls of canvas and then busied themselves with the lines that came with them. There were two masts laid lengthways in the boat, and the Javanese raised first one and then the other—Blanke noted that they lay in opposite directions, sensibly, so as to call for the least movement to set them up. Each mast in turn had its base passed down through holes in the thwarts, and was settled down with comforting solidity into what Blanke knew—thanks to his scholar's memory—were called the "steps" below. The wire ropes attached to the tops of the masts were led out to the sides of the boat and hooked onto these; Blanke dived into his memory again to come up with the word "stays." Things were really moving too fast for his mental comfort. Already the Javanese were looking to him for orders, ready to set the sails. There must be a compass somewhere in the boat, otherwise he would not have been given that scrap of paper. Then before him he saw a small varnished trap door, which he raised in desperation, and underneath it was a compass. There were the words U. S. NAVY. BUSHIPS. NO. 1 COMPASS, engraved on the ring—these lifeboats, of course had been supplied by the Navy when the *Wilhelmina* had been chartered.

"I was wondering about a compass," said the artillery lieutenant, and Blanke forbore to say, "Not as much as I was." Instead he devoted himself, gratefully, to the deviation card inside the lid.

He plunged down into his memory again and, like the diver in the old ballad, came to the surface again with a pearl. "Can Dead Men Vote Twice?": Compass, Deviation, Magnetic, Variation, True—that was what the initial letters of those words stood for; the *Bluejacket's Manual* had told him so. He could perhaps have worked out the compass course from first principles, but the mnemonic saved time and trouble, besides reminding him forcibly of the need for correction. A few seconds' study of the deviation card revealed the huge importance of it, for it was a cumulative and not a self-canceling correction. He had to subtract no less than 27 from 222.

With the pencil he had taken from his pocket he wrote down the resultant figure 195, on his scrap of paper, and then checked through his working again, swallowing hard with excitement as he did so. An uncorrected error of twenty-seven degrees in the course could mean a difference of dozens of miles in their destination, the difference perhaps between life and a lingering death out in the wastes of the Pacific. It was almost inconceivable that a man should be facing that grim possibility when less than three weeks earlier his chief doubt had been whether he would be awarded a Ph.D.

Now everybody was waiting for him again. Now he had to reach fresh decisions. He pinned his faith on the Javanese and beckoned to one of them and then gestured toward the tiller; to his relief he received a nod in return. They switched off the engine, and the man he had beckoned to came scrambling aft, where they made room for him at the tiller. Blanke showed his written 195 and pointed to the compass, and was reassured again by a nod. The Javanese understood and shouted in his own language to his compatriot and was answered in a rapid-fire conversation.

It was a moment of tense excitement—now that the engine had ceased running, the boat was beginning to wallow aimlessly again over the rollers. The other Javanese was pushing his way through the crowd and putting ropes in the men's hands; and then with gestures he called on them to pull.

"Heave ho!" shouted someone, apparently thinking that was amusing.

With a creaking and groaning the sails began to rise up the masts. There was a moment of chaos, a moment when Blanke felt consuming doubt which later he realized was fear. The sails flapped with a thunderous din, and the boat lurched and pitched horribly. The Javanese at the sails was leaping about the boat, over heads and shoulders, attending to this and that. The boat lay over momentarily worse than ever, and then the Javanese at the tiller pulled it far over and she steadied herself. The sea bubbled round the rudder, and inconceivably, order emerged from the chaos. The Javanese at the sails was still leaping about, pulling at ropes, but obviously he was only making minor adjustments.

Blanke looked at the compass, and there was the lubber's line swinging close about 195 degrees. He looked up at the sails, and they were bellying out, but under restraint, and the Javanese attending to them was hauling them in to a slightly closer angle, with the help of soldiers, into whose hands he was putting the ropes. He was pushing and gesticulating at some of the men to induce them to move across the boat and sit on the other side—that made an appreciable difference to the feeling of stability. For the boat was lying over, with the wind coming sideways at them; Blanke's mind promptly grappled with the deduction that on a course of 222 degrees True, in an area where the southeast trades prevailed, the wind would naturally come in over the side; he looked up at the sails again and down at the boat and thought about the triangle of forces at work which would drive the boat in a direction different from that of the wind.

And it was surprising, too, to see how differently the boat was behaving. Even though she was not heading directly into the waves, she was not lurching so wildly nor so menacingly as she did when not under control. Her behavior was actually purposeful; under the steadying influence of the sails, she was yielding to the rollers in a measured fashion, with a rise and a roll and a pitch that actually had some aesthetic quality about it. The water—the "wake," that was the word—bubbled behind him; a few fragments of spray were flying from the bows. Blanke was astonished at the discovery that this might almost be thought of as pleasant; and when, some moments later, the clouds parted sufficiently to allow the rising sun to shine on his back, he contrasted his previous feeling of despairing misery with what might almost be described now as well-being. He caught the eye of the Javanese at the tiller; busy though this man might be, darting vigilant glances up at the sails and down at the compass and over the side at the rollers, he yet could find a moment to grin at him in a sort of conspiratorial confidence.

There was a perceptible change in the soldiers too. Except for two unfortunates who were still far gone in seasickness, they were all talking at once. Cigarettes were being smoked in such numbers that the wind was carrying off a small trail of smoke—to "leeward," that was the word. And already there were cries of despair as cigarettes were counted up; there were men with none and men with a few and none with many. Every soldier in the boat was cursing the suddenness of the alarm which had set them adrift without a chance of gathering up precious possessions. Then, almost immediately, there were remarks made loudly by one and another, and questions asked of the sergeants, obviously intended to reach the lieutenant's ears. The soldiers were hungry and thirsty and they wanted to eat and drink.

The lieutenant turned to Blanke. "Any orders, sir?"

Blanke could not answer immediately. The difference in the size of his collar insignia—smaller than that of the Army—marked him as the only Navy officer in the boat. But that no more qualified him for the command than did his greater age. If by chance there had been present the lowliest, most newly joined seaman second class, that seaman would legally be in command. The oak leaf and acorn on Blanke's collar specifically disqualified him: the *Bluejacket's Manual* was quite definite about that. Yet, despite all this, Blanke could not close his mental eyes to the obvious fact that the course of previous events had conferred the command on him. And reluctantly he faced the next fact, which was that if he were to disclaim all responsibility and throw in his hand, the result might easily be disastrous for all on board. There were many long difficult days ahead, and the occupants of the boat had come to look on him as possessed of all the technical knowledge necessary. That confidence, baseless though it might be, was an asset of supreme importance. He could not evade the trust reposed in him; yet he still longed to temporize.

The boat corkscrewed over a roller, and the water that had entered the boat surged over the bottom boards and slapped against his ankles—it had done that a hundred times already and had ceased to attract his notice until now, when he was looking for an excuse to evade decision. He seized on the chance; and that brought to his notice what the bottom of the boat was like, after that horrible night.

"Don't you think the first thing to do," he said mildly, "is to clean up? Look at all this."

The lieutenant might be a man who feared responsibility, but he was open to suggestion. "Quite right, sir," he said and then he lifted up his voice. "At ease!"

It was interesting how the commotion died away—interesting to notice the easy manner of the lieutenant, accustomed to command and expecting to be obeyed.

"We're going to get the boat cleaned up," the lieutenant went on. "Sergeant Schwartz, I want everyone at work."

Discipline, not too deeply rooted among those young soldiers, had a hard struggle against the complete novelty of the situation. The buzz of talk reasserted itself, but the lieutenant was ready for that.

"No breakfast until the boat's policed," he said. "Sergeant Schwartz, you heard my order."

So now, while the soldiers were at work bailing out and clearing up, the lieutenant turned to Blanke to discuss the next problem, which he had already raised by his last speech.

"What do we do about that, sir?" he asked. "What about food and water?"

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 66

1. Conn.	2. La.	3. Oreg.
4. Ark.	5. N.Dak.	6. Ga.
7. Nev.	8. Vt.	9. Tex.
10. Nebr.	11. Ind.	12. Ohio

Blanke was already turning over in his mind what the *Bluejacket's Manual* had to say about Survival Afloat and he supplemented that with what he had learned during his medical training. He opened the locker beside him and saw with relief that it was filled with small cans—he really had not doubted that it would be, but he was relieved, all the same.

"How long before we're rescued, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

Blanke felt acute irritation. He wanted to turn upon the lieutenant and point out that he did not know where he was, had only a vague idea of where he was going and could form no estimate of the speed between these points. The violence of his feelings surprised him; it was really shocking to find that there was something alluring about the prospect of losing his temper and flaring out, uncontrolled, in a wild outburst to compensate himself for the things life was doing to him and for the responsibilities piling on him.

The realization steadied him; it was the more easy to maintain his self-control because he was interested in the discovery that he was liable to such fits of rage even though he could not remember ever having had one before. Lastly, he remembered the *Bluejacket's Manual* again. There were a few lines there about the initial feeling of "relief and elation" when finding oneself in a lifecraft away from the sinking wreck, followed by a warning that these attitudes might "worsen into irritability and preoccupation." That book was certainly accurate. He almost smiled at the thought and, in consequence, could make himself talk with studied calm. He posed as if he had been accustomed all his life to dealing with problems of death and survival.

"We'll have to go carefully right from the start," he said heavily and unemotionally.

"Of course, sir."

"Each of these cans is a day's ration for one man. We'll have to halve that. Two meals a day—one can between four men at each meal."

"Yes, sir."

Blanke looked round again; his mind recovered another word from the glossary—those small barrels were called "breakers," but whatever their name, there were not too many of them.

"Of course, water's more important still," he said, in the same emotionless voice. "One pint a day—a quarter of a pint four times a day."

"Yes, sir. We'll start as we mean to go on," said the lieutenant helpfully.

That was indeed how they went on. By the second meal all novelty had worn off, and the healthy twenty-year-old appetites of the soldiers were insulted at the attempt to satisfy them with four sugar tablets and two malt tablets and one stick of chewing gum. A quarter of a pint of water went in two gulps, almost unnoticed. There were signs of that depression and reaction which the *Manual* warned against. The sun, which had so gratefully warmed them at dawn, turned into an enemy, fierce and unrelenting.

It was lucky for everyone in the boat that Blanke's orderly and active mind—the mind of a trained observer, seeking always a vent for its activity—was in charge. He noted at once that it would be impossible for the two Javanese to attend all the time to the tiller and the sails; moreover—grim thought—one of them might die. It was necessary to train replacements, so every half hour a fresh man came back to the tiller and studied how, under the grinning tuition of the Javanese (those Javanese stayed miraculously cheerful and were always ready with a polite grin as a substitute for words) to keep the boat steady on her course and to stand by what Blanke

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doubtfully called the "sheets"—he could not be quite sure of his memory regarding that word.

There was the horrible cramped discomfort of sitting up in the boat. Blanke realized that it was hardly necessary for the life jackets still to be worn. Removing them added considerably to the available room, and, as well, the life jackets could be used as a mattress in the one available space in the middle of the boat, whereon nine men at a time—nine out of fifty-four—could indulge themselves in the unspeakable luxury of stretching out straight and going to sleep.

Three hours of sleeping stretched out was very comforting and refreshing. Blanke chose that interval because then the cycle shifted through the day and gave everyone an equal chance of sleeping in the dark or in the daylight.

Naturally it was not very long before the survivors wanted to know how long the voyage would last, and Blanke, warned by his experience with the lieutenant, managed to decide upon an answer.

"Let's say a thousand miles," he said. "It may be more, but let's say that to start with."

At once everyone wanted to know at what speed they were traveling. No one could be sure, and even in the steady trade winds their speed was obviously variable. It took Blanke half a day to come up with the solution. Probably it was not an original reinvention of the old-fashioned ship's log; more likely some scrap of schoolboy reading had survived in Blanke's memory. At any rate, he took one of the long lines in the boat, knotted it at six-foot lengths (Sergeant Schwartz was just six-feet tall, he said), attached a couple of empty ration cans to the end and let it run out astern while timing it against the second hand of his watch.

So that was another item in the routine, one in which everyone was interested. Every half hour the log was cast, and the calculation made while everyone waited breathlessly. There were groans of despair when the speed was announced as being only 2.1 miles an hour; there was elation when it was 3.9—and another figure added to the column Blanke kept on the back of the deviation card, mounting up toward the arbitrary thousand that Blanke had selected, and only Blanke gave a thought to the fact that each result might easily be 50 per cent in error.

There were other breaks in the day. Early in the very first afternoon one of the Javanese rose hastily from where he was sitting, like a statue, in the middle of the boat, and called the attention of his colleague to something on the horizon. At the sight of what they saw, one of them came hastily back to the tiller while the other went to tend the sails. Blanke saw the squall approaching; he had seen similar ones from the deck of the *Wilhelmina* and had observed them with interest; but if it had not been for the Javanese, he would not have attached the importance to it demanded by an overcrowded small boat.

They dropped the big sail in the middle, which surely must be the mainsail, and they reduced the little triangular sail in front, leaving undisturbed the little rectangular sail on the mast in the stern. By that time, the squall was close upon them. When the boat rose on a wave, Blanke could see a gray line on the surface of the water, straight as if drawn with a ruler, advancing close upon them. Even before it reached them, preliminary gusts of wind roared at them, laying the boat over amid cries of alarm from the soldiers until the Javanese pulled the tiller over, turning the boat into the wind, and then she rode more steadily, while the wind howled about them, and the spray flew in sheets, and finally the rain came deluging down. The sail at the stern produced the weathercock effect that Blanke had already thought of. He ran through the glossary in his mind; what they had done was to "heave to"—an expression with an odd old-time flavor. Yet, with that wind howling and the sea screaming around them, to heave to meant to live; not to do so meant to die. He noted the rigidity with which he was sitting, the intensity with which he felt the greater gusts, his quickened heartbeat and the dryness of his mouth. This was fear again, intense physical fear.

There was a man over there—there was another—as frightened as he was, or even more. Fear could grip sturdy boys who had not completed high school just as much as it could Ph.D.'s. One of them was looking at him with staring eyes as if appealing to him, looking to him for safety or reassurance. Blanke made a huge effort. He told his muscles to relax, he forced his limbs into an easier attitude, he made himself turn toward the Javanese at the tiller with a nod and a smile which he hoped did not appear like the death's head grin he felt it to be. Then he glanced back at the scared soldier with every appearance of casual confidence he could manage. It seemed to help, even though at that moment the squall burst into its final paroxysm, changing direction several times, slightly but sufficiently to lay the boat over, horrifyingly, before she swung to it. Then a final roaring Niagara of rain, and the squall was over. On the far side of it the sun shone, and the sea was blue again, with the great rollers marching mechanically and predictably toward them.

"Say, cap'n," said a voice. "Cap'n."

Blanke realized with an effort that it was he who was being addressed by this title. "Yes?"

"That rain's salt. I've been trying to drink it."

Blanke tried to explain that with the spray flying, any rain would be tainted with sea water. He devoted thought to the question of devising a means to collect pure rain water during a squall, but in all that voyage he never succeeded. It never rained, as it happened, without wind and spray.

But the squall called more forcibly to his attention the problem of "leeway"—so he called it, self-consciously, to himself. The boat would move sideways to some extent with the wind over the side, and when they were hove to, she would drift considerably stern first before the wind. Allowance must be made for that. Blanke drew mental pictures of the triangle of forces at work on the boat, and arbitrarily selected ten degrees as a suitable correction. His announcement of the revised course was received without comment. The new course brought them closer to the wind, and that accentuated the odd aesthetic pleasure of thrashing along with the spray flying from the "weather bow." It was stimulating even to the most fainthearted and depressed of the passengers.

So depression and despair were combated during that voyage. There was the half-hourly relieving of the tiller and sheets, and the half-hourly heaving of the log, the three-hourly change-over on the life-jacket mattress and the occasional hasty heaving to when squalls approached. They had to heave to each evening as soon as it was too dark to have adequate warning of squalls. Sergeant Schwartz came up surprisingly with a remarkable plan during the dark evenings, for he started a spelling bee. Only a few men agreed to play, but the competition soon grew keen, and the onlookers were interested in spite of themselves. It was inevitable and highly significant that Blanke should be called upon as arbitrator over disputed points of spelling. There were language classes—in other words, attempts to teach English to the two Javanese, while the soldiers listened with amused interest to the polite efforts of the Javanese to explain to them the intricacies of their own language and of Dutch.

Any distraction was better than crouching idle in the boat, waiting for the moment when two sips of water per man was to be rationed out, waiting for four sugar tablets and two malted-milk tablets. Anything was better than to sit in black despair, in melancholy moodiness that might change at any moment into a flare-up of murderous rage. The pettiest, most trivial, most infantile distractions were of help.

Blanke came to learn quickly enough that the fifty young soldiers in the boat were fifty individuals, and not an undifferentiated mass of bristly faces. He came to know all of them, and in the long dark nights he came to know all the hoarse croaking voices, too, one distinct from another. Within a short time he knew the cheerful and the helpful, and the surly and the depressed.

Besides hunger and thirst, there was hideous physical discomfort, sitting eternally—with one blessed interval of stretching out on the mattress every eighteen hours—on unyielding seats. Damp salt on the skin and in the clothes as the spray dried made a man feel as if he would willingly tear off his skin. By the fourth day boils began to appear; nearly every man on board suffered from them. The sixth evening was marked by the presence of enough moon to make it possible to keep sail set for an hour and more after sunset and add a few more daily miles toward that absurd goal of a thousand miles which Blanke had set, and each successive night the period lengthened.

On the thirteenth day at noon they were still heading on their course. The sun was almost exactly overhead, blazing down upon them, the boat was maintaining its monotonous rise and fall, heel and pitch, with all the crowded heads and bodies swaying in unison as it did so. Then Private First Class Sanderson in the bow raised his head.

"Listen, you guys!"

They listened.

"What d'you think you can hear—harps?" croaked a voice.

"Listen!" repeated Sanderson.

Then another man heard it, and another.

"That's a plane!"

Everyone began to scramble to his feet, even the men on the mattress.

"Sit down! Sit down!" shrieked Blanke, his dry throat seeming to split with the effort.

It was one of the most dangerous moments of the voyage; it called for the united influence of the more levelheaded to restrain the excitement and to make the men sit down, fifty heads turning, fifty pairs of eyes searching the sky.

"There it is!"

The little speck was visible to them all.

"Maybe it's a Jap," said Marx the pessimist, but that suggestion could not prevail long with an antiaircraft unit trained in plane identification.

"It's a Kingfisher!"

"Is he going to see us?"

They watched with terrible intensity, some men were uttering prayers, and others blasphemy.

At 2000 feet the plane was heading a little away from them. Then the plane altered course.

"He's seen us!"

They tried to cheer; they started to stand up again.

"Sit down!" shrieked Blanke again—he had a memory of one piece of research wasted and ruined and necessitating restarting, all because of excited haste in the final technique. But if the boat overturned, there would be no restarting.

Straight for them came the plane. It dived and skimmed close above them, then wagged its wings and circled and made it obvious that they had been seen; it was also obvious that the plane would be unable to land on the rough water. Then it turned and headed back the way it had come; the prayers that followed it were prayers of thankfulness now, and the blasphemies were expressions of joy. Then every eye turned upon Blanke, the man who knew everything, to learn how soon they would be rescued.

"Not until tomorrow," said Blanke, doing hasty mental calculations based on the most fragile of data. "Not until tomorrow evening at the very earliest. But we can all have an extra ration of water this minute."

Seeing how utterly ignorant he was regarding the radius of action of a Kingfisher, and what shipping there might be at whatever base the plane had flown from, if it had flown from a land base, the guess was reasonably accurate—it was exactly twenty-four hours before the mine sweeper showed up on the horizon, and twenty-five hours before they were being helped up onto her deck, nearly twenty-six hours before Blanke was cautiously sipping at the cup of coffee which had haunted his unspoken thoughts for fourteen days.

"*Boon?*" said the mine sweeper's captain when Blanke gave the name of his ship in answer to the captain's question. "She's in at Tongatabu this minute—came in as escort to a torpedoed cruiser. You'll be able to join her at once."

Blanke was still too utterly weary to mention the fact that he had believed all this time that he was steering for Nouméa and had never heard of Tongatabu in his life until now. But he had sailed the lifeboat 400 miles straight toward Tongatabu all the same, 400 miles that made the difference between life and death.

So it was at Tongatabu that Blanke first set foot on the deck of a destroyer. It was there that he reported to the officer of the deck in the words he had rehearsed repeatedly after the mine sweeper's captain had taught them to him.

"Lieutenant Malcolm Blanke reporting aboard for duty, sir. I regret to report I have lost my orders while en route, sir."

The officer of the deck smiled politely and—to his credit—not the least broadly.

"We've been expecting you, doctor. But not in this condition. No baggage, I take it? Then I'll take you to the skipper right away."

The Kingfisher had spread the news of the sighted lifeboat the day before, and Commander Angell, captain of the *Boon*, did not need explanations of Blanke's presence. He made Blanke cordially welcome. Then he went on to say, "I'm certainly glad you've arrived, doctor. We've a plague of cockroaches on board, and I expect you to turn to right away to get rid of them."

THE END

Old-timer: A man who can remember when charity was a virtue and not an industry.

DAN BENNETT

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I Say Re-Examine All Auto Drivers

(Continued from Page 13)

miles an hour. He had been in the habit for much of his life of driving with one foot on the steering wheel and the other on the accelerator. His excuse was poignantly valid—he had no arms!

In Philadelphia a mental patient ignored traffic lights. He didn't have to worry about them as he led police on an eight-mile chase. He was driving on the sidewalks part of the time!

A Pittsburgh gasoline tank-truck driver was severely injured when his rig ran over an embankment in West Virginia. Found in the wrecked cab were two bottles of drugs used to control epilepsy. This was his ninth accident, all at the wheel of his king-size, mobile Molotov cocktail. A review of the accident reports disclosed he had blacked out each time. Over the vehement protests of his wife and his attorney, we suspended his driver's license. I've yet to figure out why his wife wanted to be a widow. By taking his license, we probably saved his life, and, perhaps, many more.

Long before Pennsylvania's program of periodic physical re-examination went into effect, we had been suspending the licenses of certain persons who were suspected of incompetency. During a three-year period ending with 1960 the Bureau of Traffic Safety grounded 6567 drivers who did not meet minimum requirements.

How did we find these people? Many were involved in accidents, others in violations of the law and some were reported by relatives, police, doctors and other citizens who feared for the lives of the unfit drivers. Good citizenship, alert law enforcement and interest in traffic safety found these drivers.

What did the 6567 rejections show? You should be shocked! Out of every twenty persons examined: five were mentally ill; four were subject to convulsive seizures; one was a chronic alcoholic; two were drug addicts; seven failed to pass or declined an offer of re-examination, automatically forfeiting their driving privilege; and one voluntarily surrendered his license for no given reason.

Prior to the inauguration of Governor Lawrence's plan for periodic physical re-examination, we were employing a technique which was at best merely scratching the surface. The new program gave us the weapon we've needed for years in Pennsylvania for an all-out campaign against highway carnage.

The first phase of our physical examination program began on June 1, 1960, and affected only applicants for learners' permits. The second phase was initiated last November when approximately 196,000 licensed drivers were directed to undergo examination as a prerequisite to obtaining license renewal for 1961–62.

During the first eleven months of the program nearly 200,000 persons applied for learners' permits. Of the total, one tenth of 1 per cent were denied permits upon failing to measure up to the minimum visual, mental and physical standards. While the percentage of rejections may appear small, it must be borne in mind that 60 per cent of these applicants ranged from sixteen to twenty years in age. In addition, it is known that many persons who would have sought permits in previous years did not do so because they felt they could not meet the minimum physical requirements. Our experience during the early months of the program indicates that in this decade more than 2000 persons will be denied learners' permits because they are not visually, mentally or physically competent to handle a motor vehicle properly in traffic.

The results of examinations ordered for 196,000 veteran drivers are more significant, since drivers of all ages were involved. Our records reveal that 168,522 persons underwent examination. Of this total, 369 were rejected following their physical examination and were not permitted to renew their licenses. An additional 8000 took the vision tests, but did not submit to the medical checkup. These, too, were denied licenses.

Approximately 10 per cent of those directed to participate did not respond in any manner. I realized immediately that in this group was hidden statistical information vital to the proper evaluation of our pioneering effort, and I initiated a research project to determine why these drivers failed to comply, thus forfeiting their operating privileges. A large number of them have now been visited personally by representatives of the Bureau of Traffic Safety. We have established from those interviewed that about 14 per cent did not go through the examination procedure because they recognized their own visual or physical disabilities.

On the basis of statistical data produced thus far, I estimate that in the next ten years more than 100,000 unfit drivers will be denied drivers' licenses in Pennsylvania. Even though this statement is based on preliminary results, I am of the opinion that this figure is extremely conservative.

Let's take Pennsylvania's averages and apply them to the nation's 84,000,000 drivers. The result would be denial of licenses to 155,000 unfit drivers, and 1,160,000 would not submit to a physical examination due to disabilities they recognize as disqualifying. In other words, 1.6 per cent of the nation's licensed drivers are not capable of driving competently, according to common-sense physical standards, but still continue to operate daily on our crowded streets and highways. Again, I would stress that I consider this to be an extremely conservative figure.

The next time you get behind the wheel of your automobile and enter the traffic pattern, you will almost certainly be exposed to drivers who (a) have poor vision (b) are mentally ill (c) suffer from conditions such as epilepsy that can cause loss of consciousness (d) are chronic alcoholics or drug addicts, or (f) have one or more other disabilities that makes it extremely dangerous for them to drive. It is a modern type of Russian roulette.

Periodic physical re-examination—while I don't hold it to be the complete panacea for our traffic problem—will greatly improve our chances for survival. Universal application of the program would save countless thousands of lives.

Pennsylvania's program entails very little time or expense to the driver. The first step in the procedure is a vision test. Visual testing is conducted by the state police, without charge, using special equipment designed for this purpose. In addition to visual acuity, troopers test for color blindness and depth perception. The medical examination is done by a physician of the driver's choice, usually the family doctor, and the fee is generally that of an ordinary office call. We intend to examine approximately 750,000 drivers annually until all have been checked. Thereafter, testing will be required once every ten years to age sixty, and every five years after that age.

The physical and psychological standards were established after exhaustive studies by subcommittees of the Pennsylvania Medical Society. The physicians arrived at ten specific reasons for which we should refuse or suspend a license. It was largely for these reasons that a combined total of 573 drivers and learners'-permit applicants were denied licenses from June, 1960, through April, 1961.

The disqualifying disorders—and several persons had more than one—as determined by the Pennsylvania Medical Society and the number of cases found in each category were:

(1) Loss of both hands, three; (2) Vision below a suggested minimum (20/70 in one eye with corrective lenses), sixty; (3) Severe cardiac or circulatory disorders (including hypertension), ninety-four; (4) Neurological disorders severe enough to prevent reasonable control of a vehicle, sixty-one; (5) Neuropsychiatric disorders severe enough to interfere with safe driving, thirty-eight; (6) Conditions causing repeated lapses of consciousness (for example, epilepsy, narcolepsy, hysteria), seventy; (7) Uncontrolled epilepsy, fifteen; (8) Uncontrolled (or brittle) diabetes, twenty-three; (9) Chronic alcoholism, twenty-nine; and (10) Narcotics addiction, three.

"The *oeufs à la gelée* do not excite you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In addition, eight persons were denied licenses because of lack of intellectual maturity consistent with their age, forty-seven were disqualified on the basis of physicians' statements that they were unfit to operate a motor vehicle, and 133 voluntarily gave up their driving privileges when directed to undergo physical examination.

It is hard to believe that people with such infirmities are being licensed across the United States—and will continue to be licensed until other states follow Pennsylvania's lead. There is hope, however, inasmuch as many states are studying the results of our actions and are being sent, at their request, all data on the program as it progresses.

Although physical disabilities can cause suspension of operating privileges, a license is returned as quickly as it is taken away upon medical certification that the disabling condition has either been cured or properly controlled. Physicians are dedicated to the preservation of life, and it is they who help determine the "when" of suspension and the "when" of restoration of license. The final decision in borderline cases rests with a board of review in Harrisburg, consisting of three doctors and three laymen.

Our first refusal under the new program graphically demonstrates the physician's important role in this fight to save lives. A sixteen-year-old girl applied for a learner's permit. Before it could be issued she had to be physically qualified by her doctor. I received a letter from this girl's personal physician who wrote that he would not recommend her for licensing on neuropsychiatric grounds. He submitted evidence that she was emotionally unbalanced and subject to hysterical outbursts and aggressive, antisocial behavior. She had made three attempts at suicide. The physician stated that he refused to be answerable if these tendencies were transmitted through the steering mechanism of a motor vehicle. (We have records of suicide on Pennsylvania highways, involving the sick mind bent on self-destruction by deliberately colliding with other vehicles. In one such case a woman, unnerved by marital troubles, attempted twice to steer her car in front of a tractor-trailer truck on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, but the driver avoided her. On her third attempt she succeeded!)

The enthusiastic co-operation we have received from the medical profession has been gratifying. Their interest in the success of our program is apparent from some of the written comments made on or attached to completed examination forms.

A physician examining a patient suffering from a birth injury wrote that the patient was substandard mentally and added, "I wouldn't ride in the car that he was driving."

While examining an applicant eighty years old, a doctor was informed by relatives that the applicant was inattentive while driving and frequently endangered himself and others. The physician recommended that his license not be renewed.

Also, public reaction to our program has been overwhelmingly favorable after initial doubts. Ample evidence of this is contained in letters received by the Bureau of Traffic Safety from elderly persons who voluntarily turn in their licenses when confronted with the new physical-fitness requirements. The program apparently caused them to review their own deficiencies behind the wheel.

A sixty-eight-year-old operator stated, "I do hope everyone feels the same way I do about my physical condition. I know I am not able to drive like I used to and should not venture out on the highways any more because I might be the cause of an accident. The method of physical

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examination is a wonderful thing, as I see so many people in our community who should never drive again due to their age and physical defects."

A man, sixty-seven, wrote, "For my health and perhaps someone else's, this is the best thing you've ever done for safety on the highways."

Traffic-safety experts, law-enforcement officers and medical authorities have determined that the "human factor" is the predominating cause of accidents, far more so than the "mechanical" factor. Pennsylvania long ago pioneered in the field of compulsory automobile inspection—twice a year—and eighteen states have followed that example. The most mystifying paradox of the automotive age is the failure of any other political body, up to this time, to mandate the physical inspection of the human being. The person with faulty vision can cause an accident as quickly as a car with faulty brakes. I believe that the needless slaughter on our highways—which is greater than this nation's losses in all its wars—can be effectively reduced by periodical physical examinations. Only a physically fit, mentally alert person can hold the fistful of reins required to drive the 350 horses encased in the steel of some modern automobiles.

It has been said that you drive a car at speeds up to sixty miles per hour; at speeds in excess of sixty you don't drive it, you aim it. There is ample evidence, written in blood on our highways, that a driver's aim must be perfect. Yet, we, in Pennsylvania, have been taken to court for denying a man with no hands a driver's license.

The most far-reaching aspect of Pennsylvania's driver-improvement program is that it has opened a side door for a serious, firsthand study of the problem driver in general—what makes him tick; what can be done about him.

Dr. C. L. Wilbar Jr., Pennsylvania's Secretary of Health, in a recent discussion of the problem driver, said, "The attitude and action of human beings constitutes the most important factor involved in either the prevention or cause of traffic accidents. The human aspects of traffic-accident causation have not been given the attention and study they deserve, compared to other aspects, such as vehicle design, road construction and highway signs. Much work remains to be done to determine just what kind of individual tends to have accidents and is definitely a dangerous driver. We must ascertain what can be done to reduce the accident proneness of such individuals, and at what point they should no longer be allowed to drive."

Before Governor Lawrence announced his traffic-safety program, the State Health Department had created a Traffic Epidemiology Section. Epidemiology? What better word to describe the slaughter on our highways—it is an epidemic of staggering proportions! It is, in fact, a national disaster. Like any epidemic, it is a public-health problem, and preventive measures must be taken against it. Such action came out of a meeting which took place in Washington in 1958. For the first time a group of motor-vehicle administrators and public-health officials got together for a "workshop." Their objective was to explore in what respects state health departments might co-operate with motor-vehicle people in reducing the carnage on the nation's highways.

Among those attending was Pennsylvania's Doctor Wilbar. He returned to Harrisburg and established the laboratory for the study of the problem driver—the Traffic Epidemiology Section. Such a study is a challenge to all state public-health officials. What blind spots, anti-social complexes, subconscious suicidal or homicidal impulses or other derangements prompt otherwise intelligent persons to pass blindly on a curve or at the crest of a hill, to drive too fast for weather conditions, to pull out into a middle lane of a three-lane highway with no thought that another driver approaching from the opposite direction may have the same idea at the same moment?

Dr. Frederick C. Kelly, a retired Air Force flight surgeon, is chief of the Traffic Epidemiology Section. He says, "We already know that the driver who is well adjusted, emotionally undisturbed, not resentful of authority or society, and is courteous and considerate of other people, is relatively accident-free. By comprehensive research and study, we hope to be able to determine the characteristics which make some individuals accident-susceptible. When we do, it is possible that many needless deaths and injuries may be prevented."

Governor Lawrence announced his determination to act early last year with a thirteen-point traffic-safety program which meant business. While physical re-examination of the man behind the wheel was its mainspring, other major points included a revised system of suspension of licenses for traffic-law violators, establishment of traffic-court schools, an annual Governor's Traffic Safety Conference and uniform traffic-arrest reports.

This program has been strengthened by the 1961 session of the legislature, which legalized the use of radar for enforcement of speed laws. Proposals for legalizing chemical tests for intoxication, creating a junior operator's license, setting minimum standards for brake lining and other traffic safety measures were placed before the legislature this year.

Included in the thirteen-phase traffic-safety blueprint was establishment of a state-wide network of safe-driver clinics, such as operated by the state police in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. These driver clinics have a dynamic potential in the Lawrence program. It is a direct approach to so-called problem drivers who usually get little attention unless involved in a dramatic incident, such as the case of Margaret Mitchell, author of *Gone With the Wind*. Twelve years ago Miss Mitchell was fatally injured in Atlanta, Georgia, by Hugh D. Gravitt, an off-duty taxicab driver. Gravitt was arrested and charged with drunken driving, speeding and violation of the Georgia Motor Vehicle Law. He was later charged with murder, tried, convicted of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced to one year to eighteen months in prison. An investigation by the authorities revealed Gravitt had a record of twenty-two previous traffic violations—a problem driver!

The driver clinics will afford us an opportunity to get at a cross section of these problem drivers who are actually repeat violators—to examine them in person, to dig into their individual backgrounds and, to some degree, to study their psychology.

A problem driver will be cited to attend one of these clinics. He will undergo certain reaction and complex vigilance tests, and will be taken out on the road for a comprehensive driving test in traffic in an effort to iron out his particular difficulties. Borrowing a page from modern penology, we are aiming less at punishment and more at rehabilitation.

These are the major points of the program. It is a lifesaving program, but many Pennsylvania politicians, Republican and Democratic alike, feel that it could be Dave Lawrence's political swan song. They point out that it is unlike Lawrence, one of the nation's top political pros, to throw caution to the winds and advocate such an unpolitical program.

Veteran Capitol Hill newsmen, at one of Lawrence's weekly press conferences, brought up the subject of votes to the old pro.

The governor was firm: "Personally I don't get the attitude of these people who apparently are opposed to saving lives. That's all we are trying to do. There is nothing else involved except the question of saving lives. They look at it as some kind of a political matter, that they can do something to make the Administration unpopular. If that's the price I pay, I'm happy to pay it. If I can save lives, that's all I'm concerned about. I don't care if it loses votes. . . ."

Why this "to hell with votes" attitude by one of the master politicians of our time?

Perhaps the reason for Pennsylvania's pioneering assault on the traffic problem stems from an evening in 1942. Mr. and Mrs. David L. Lawrence of Pittsburgh were entertaining a few guests at a card party in their home. The telephone interrupted the play. An impersonal voice on the phone reported that their two teen-age sons had been in an automobile accident. Lawrence and his wife had supposed the boys were in their rooms. He glanced out the window and saw that the family car was gone.

He then began an anxious telephone canvass of Pittsburgh hospitals. Finally, locating the right hospital, Lawrence was informed that the toll of the accident was two dead, and five injured. "Will you tell me the names of the survivors?" he asked.

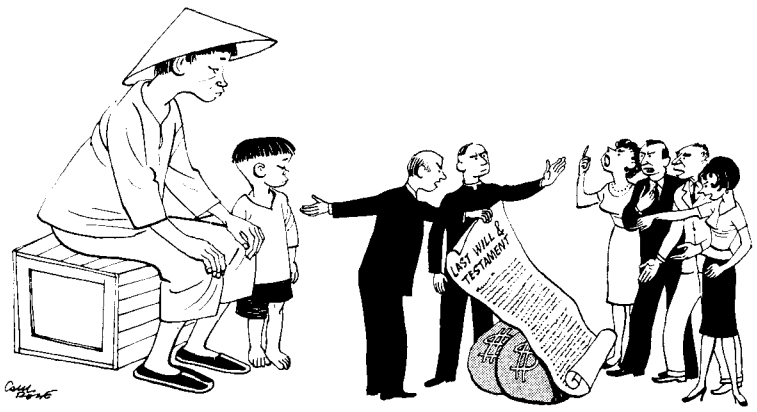
He cradled the phone, turned an ashen face to his wife. "Alice," he said brokenly, "our boys are gone."

Governor Lawrence has never indicated directly that this great personal tragedy made him a crusader for safety on the highways, and it is a subject he never discusses. Prominent on his desk are pictures of the two handsome teen-agers, victims of a traffic accident. To this day Mrs. Lawrence makes a practice of writing consoling letters to strangers who have lost loved ones in automobile accidents.

Lawrence later became a four-term mayor of Pittsburgh. One of his achievements, traffic safety in Pittsburgh, resulted in cutting down fatalities by 60 per cent. His objective now is to win the battle against death and carnage in Pennsylvania. He's playing for the highest stakes in the world—lives. And he intends to put every possible resource at his command to use.

"Sixteen hundred deaths on our highways are sixteen hundred deaths too many," said Governor Lawrence in a recent speech. "One life lost in an accident is one death too many."

Pennsylvania's driver-improvement program is not designed to take away licenses; it is designed to save lives. It is a traffic-safety program. As Traffic Safety Commissioner, I'm not interested in wholesale arrests or license suspensions. My job, mandated by a governor who knows the heartache of losing loved ones on the highway, is to arrest bloodshed on our roads. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Papa in his will left money for missionaries in China to feed needy people there. By the time he died, however, the missionaries had been forced to leave China. So his heirs sued to get the money for themselves.

"Those missionaries are now in Hong Kong and Formosa," counsel for the heirs pointed out, "and papa's will specifically said the money should go to them to help hungry people in China. As that is now impossible, the money goes to the next in line—namely, the lawful heirs."

"Officially Formosa is the only 'China' recognized by the United States Government, and Hong Kong, although actually British, is historically regarded as a part of China," the attorney for the missionaries replied. "Certainly the hungry mouths to be fed in those places are Chinese."

If you were the judge, would you award the money to the heirs?

. . . . . .

The heirs lost. The missionaries received the money because papa obviously desired to help the needy Chinese people even though they were not on the Chinese mainland. *Based upon a 1959 Texas decision.*

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The Harmless American (Continued from Page 25)

Some become jealous, remembering that much of our wealth is by no means due wholly to American genius but to the happenstance that we possess oil, minerals, water power and an incredible amount of fertile, arable land. But there is something deeper than plain jealousy. In the rest of the world, particularly in Europe and the ancient civilizations of Asia, there has always been a relation between wealth and culture. It can be called the aristocratic principle. The money was seldom earned, usually inherited. The owners of it were expected by their own class and by their inferiors to use the leisure their riches gave them to create or patronize art, to *become* superior, to set the standards of a higher life which others could aspire to or at least share by watching. It is not long since a British cabinet, all aristocrats, could hold its discussions in French or Latin—or rhymed Greek hexameters—as efficiently as in English. Country houses were full of magnificent art collected all over the world; violinists and prima donnas gave private recitals in town mansions; and the head of a great banking firm would be much prouder of his monograph on Chinese porcelain of the Sung dynasty than of his achievements in business.

To peoples with this idea of the rich firmly in their minds—even though their own wealthy men of the present day do not live up to it—John Doe lacks any obvious cultural superiority. Many foreigners feel in their heart of hearts that it is somehow wrong to be rich without being superior—it is pleasure without responsibility. What, they ask themselves, has John Doe been doing with his money and the leisure it must have given him? They seldom understand how little leisure of that kind our way of life gives us, nor the strong pressures on John Doe, Richard Roe and even on Joe the trash man, to stay the same good simple guys they were before they made their pile, with the same hobbies and the same horizons and the same friends. Not many Americans want to become eggheads, still fewer to be accused of snobbery.

Our travelers abroad are further handicapped by the American school system, which has for many years emphasized group adjustment, social conscience, the child's psychic well-being and the like, at the cost of sheer learning. In the subjects which cannot be fudged—mathematics, geography, chemistry, physics—our pupils too often are two to five years behind the Europeans. (I might mention that I was started on trigonometry at the age of eleven, in England; I was not exceptional.) We are too often just plain ill-informed about the country we are visiting, and this always gives offense.

This matter of ignorance hits us hard all down the line. An American shoe company has just come under fire in Burma for an ad which showed a woman's foot and shoe and, in the background, a statuette of Buddha. The advertiser merely wished to give his product local color. The Burmese felt insulted—because one never approaches a statue of the Buddha except barefoot. An American in India can give a gift and remove the value of it in the same instant—by giving it from his left hand, which among the more old-fashioned Indians is unclean (it is used for personal toilet). Yet the wretched American only wanted his right hand free to shake hands with.

The point is that in most of the rest of the world it is form, the manner of doing, that matters. Here in the United States only the intention and the accomplishment matter, so long as nothing illegal or immoral is done. Life outside this republic is usually not a competition with prizes to the winners, but an exhibition; and the prizes go to those who play their allotted parts the best. Nothing shows this better than the bullfight. Spaniards quite understand an American who is sickened by the cruelty—many of them are themselves. But what many disgusted Americans say is, "I'd like to see the bull win for a change." To the Spaniard this is as idiotic as wishing that Hamlet might kill his enemies, win Ophelia and live happily ever after, for a change.

Now we have seen how the mirror can distort good democratic friendliness into boorishness, sympathy for the underdog into stupidity. Let us continue.

There is no argument about American generosity. The argument begins when it comes to the sources of our wealth and to discussion of the gap between our philanthropic principles and our actual deeds. The charges made against us here are bitter and serious. They amount to accusations of selfishness and double dealing. Consider, for example, Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal in 1956. When the British, French and Israelis tried to take it back by force, we restrained them. I don't suppose there are a dozen men in England, France and Israel put together who believe that we would have restrained ourselves if it had been the Panama Canal or our base in Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, that was seized. Our tariff escape clauses are mentioned as examples of hypocrisy, because they always make the headlines and they usually have a serious effect on the economy of the nations against whom they are invoked.

When our President says he intends to do something, the rest of the world assumes that it is as good as done. Has he not just been elected on that very platform; is he not the chief executive? Then, too often, the thing is not done—the tariffs are not lowered, the treaty is not ratified, the loan is not granted, or new strings are attached to it. The great example is our failure to join the League of Nations after Wilson had committed us to it. All this is due to ignorance of our constitutional system; but that is an abstruse matter which seldom makes the headlines abroad.

The hidden hand, in this part of the picture, is "big business," or Wall Street. A dozen giant American firms are known everywhere—Esso, Ford, General Motors, Alcoa, United Fruit, General Electric, Coca-Cola, and so on. The signs, the particular shape of the lettering, hit the foreigner in the eye all over his own country and in any others he visits. Their wealth and strength is inescapable. Then, whom does the foreigner see in our Cabinet and in other high positions in Government? Why, the heads of these very same firms. This confirms the belief of the outside world that big business controls the United States.

An Administration equally heavily weighted with, say, Harvard professors does not arouse the same alarm at all. They may be just as dangerous, from the foreigner's point of view, but their product is not splashed all over the billboards of his country, nor is it in competition with his own. In brief, the foreigner does not so much mind being at our beck and call politically, for he is a realist and knows that we must be the leader. He does mind when he thinks he is being used as a pawn for the benefit of United States big business, and this impression is fatally easy to give. In 1959 the United States lobbied through the International Civil Aviation Organization a decision which committed the world's airlines to an American-made direction-finding system, against strong protests that a British-made system might be superior on merit. The tragedy is that whether the British system is actually superior or not, our use of our power to obtain the decision in our favor—not without threats and cajolements—automatically caused the rest of the world to assume that it is; that their safety has been sacrificed for the sake of our dividends.

So there we are, say the foreigners—powerful, ruthless and also nervous, almost neurotic, in small matters as well as big. A friend of mine did once hear an American Air Force captain ask his waiter in the Savoy Hotel, London, an extremely chic and expensive caravansary, whether the water was potable. Americans frequently inquire whether it's safe to drink the local milk and almost always exclaim in horror at the meat and fish displayed on open counters in the street, flies hovering about them. The expressions of tourists confronted with a savory plate of tripe, or squid cooked in its own ink, or some Oriental dish featuring what look like sheeps' eyeballs, are too well known to need documenting. It is true that the English are just as bad, but we are not discussing the world image of England. What matters is that these, and a hundred other minor reflexes arising from the sanitized and isolated nature of our civilization, cause many of us to give the impression abroad that we consider our physical bodies different from theirs—that what is good enough for them is by no means good enough for us.

The impression of fear allied to a superiority complex is strengthened by our immigration and visa requirements. The only other country that treats would-be visitors like criminals is Soviet Russia. The reason behind our fingerprinting and cross-examining and photographing is seen as fear—fear that we may admit a woman who once attended a Communist discussion group, a man whose moral turpitude is such that twenty years ago he visited a Naples bawdyhouse. It is concluded that we are afraid of these people's ideas, of contamination. What sort of faith do we have in our own ideas, then, it is asked.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

You can always identify a prize cow. It's one that's been hit by an automobile.

One mistake parents make in reasoning with children is reasoning with children.

If crime doesn't pay, there must be something quite similar to it that does.

Well-adjusted people these days are those who are somewhat less neurotic than the majority.

The husband who never takes a vacation probably thinks he has worries enough.

Our political history shows that the only way we get rid of a temporary tax is by making it permanent.

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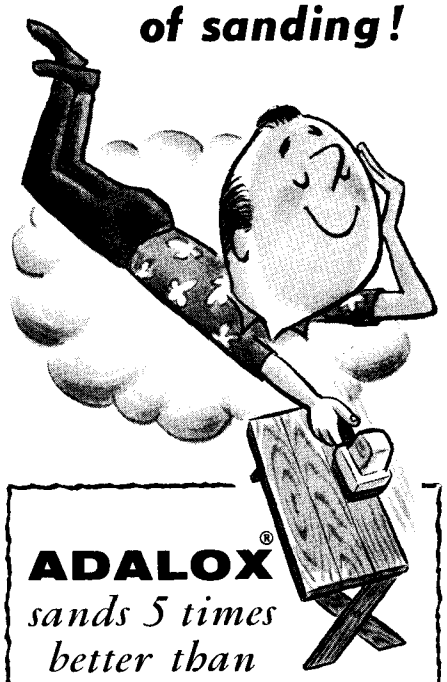

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In many countries outside Europe, particularly in Asia and South America, our image is based on two most unhappy and very real facts. First, we are far too often the allies of a corrupt, undemocratic government of rich men and vested interests. In the eyes of the starved and helpless people we become defiled by their pitch. Our problem is easy to state: We need friends and allies; these governments are anti-Communist and agree to support us. What, then, are we to do? Foment revolutions? The answer is probably yes. As long as we support the governments, their oppressed peoples have only one friend to whom they can turn—Soviet Russia.

An Indian diplomat expressed it neatly when an American said to him, about this problem, "But you forget that we are a revolutionary country ourselves." The Indian replied, "We don't forget. But we think that in your prosperity *you* have."

The outstanding recent example here is Cuba. Our "economic imperialism" in Cuba was by no means so bad as Castro has since painted it, and American capital was giving Cuba definite material advancement in return for the dividends and profits it took out of the country. It was not for the sake of these profits, but in the name of non-intervention, that we stood aside while a series of dictators, invariably corrupt and usually ruthless, fastened themselves on the Cuban people. The result was the same: The dictators suppressed and murdered those whom we should have used our enormous influence to protect and strengthen—the liberal democrats. The standard of revolt—the cause of the people—was left by default to the fanatic extremists of Communism, who were and are supported from Moscow and Peking. The fiasco of the April invasion highlighted our ineptness in handling a frightening situation on our doorstep and further distorted our national image abroad.

The other unhappy fact is that in some cases it is extremely hard to persuade Congress to vote money to help a country until economic collapse and Communist subversion have made the situation desperate. Then the only help needed is military; but at this point affairs are usually beyond military means to correct. The lack of our aid at the right time in stabilizing and expanding the economy—and in forcing the rulers of the country in question to spread the benefits to all its people—has convinced those people Communism is their only hope.

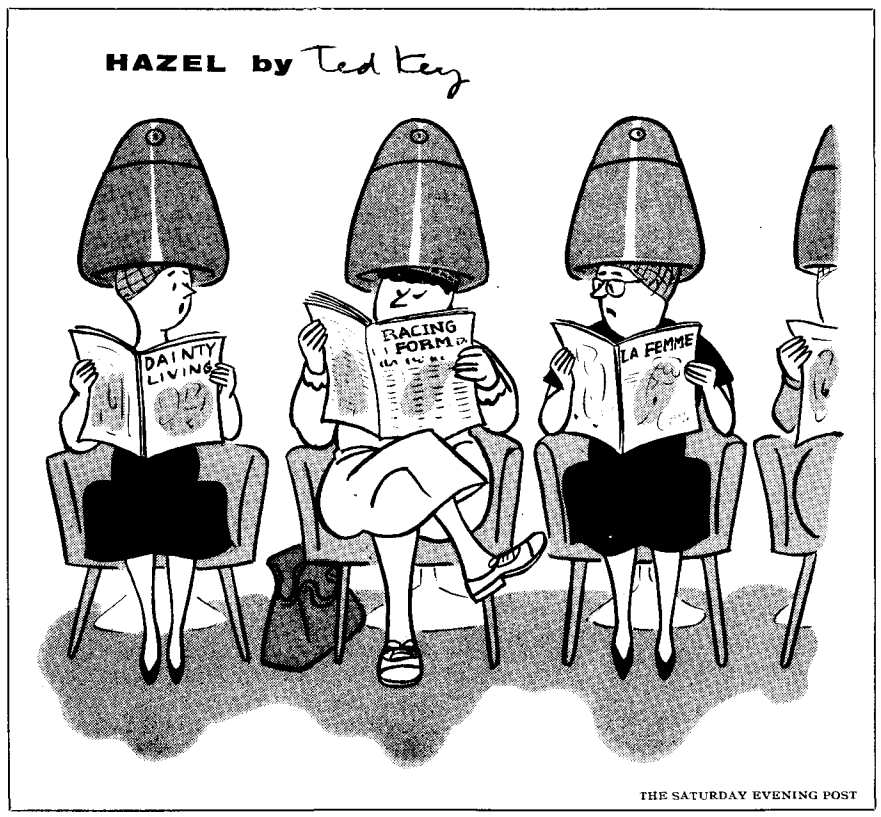
We come now to the foreigners' picture of the country which sends out these tourists and soldiers, of the homeland which supplies and motivates them. Poor old Hollywood has had plenty of kicks in the teeth recently, but I fear I will have to give it one more. The image of our nation and our way of life presented by Hollywood over the past forty years is the clearest and biggest the outside world has—and it is false. I won't belabor the point. We have all gaped at those palatial mansions in which the young married couple struggles for existence. We have all noticed the *soignée* hairdo with which the heroine emerges from near-drowning in the Gowanus Canal (it is in her contract that she must never be photographed in an unbecoming posture). *We* know that Hollywood is offering us an escape from reality, but the impression, in a barn high up in the Pyrenees, is quite different. Here are gathered on wooden benches perhaps forty men and women who have never seen television, who have had electricity only a couple of years, who still have no road (they came on mule back and on their feet, some of them six miles), who have never owned more than two sets of clothes, and those patched and torn. They, who have learned the hard way that violence solves nothing (as we have learned it, really), gape at endless gunplay, pointless fist fights. To them the motivation of the man who demeans himself to get on in the world—he already has an automatic kitchen *and a car*—is quite incomprehensible. Seen from there, we appear to be shallow, grasping, and more than a little possessed by devils.

Even without distortion, our way of life frankly terrifies a great many thinking foreigners because of its power. The French and English have lived within twenty miles of each other, as recognizable national entities, for about a thousand years. In all that time the French have not persuaded the English to drink wine as a habit, nor have the British taught the French to like tea and stop pinching pretty girls' behinds. In twenty years both nations have been inundated with blue jeans, rock-and-roll, Elvis Presley, steady dating, teen-age gangs, soft drinks—the whole restless American spirit of inquiry and experiment and social fluidity. We have undermined a way of life with no effort, no intention and no use of force. The guardians of the old ways, the ways of the chaperon and the formality and the form, see us as a juggernaut threatening their whole scale of values, all the more dangerous because we are kindhearted and generous and mean well. Naturally such people will not—they cannot—allow themselves to consider whether our way is better than theirs, for they must start from the presumption that theirs is worth preserving. They preserve it by a steady attack, sometimes in the open, sometimes by whispering, against anything American, from our manners to our jet aircraft.

There is the image dissected. On our side the dominant patterns are ignorance and a certain insularity, both of them natural and easily explained, but nonetheless dangerous. After Mr. Eisenhower's peaceful re-election in 1956, a national magazine—not this one—ran a huge headline: IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN HERE. This read like an amazingly naïve piece of bombast in England, Switzerland, Eire, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, India and a dozen other countries where it has been happening regularly, often for centuries. On the other side the patterns are of envy, ignorance and fear—again all natural enough.

What can we do about it? First by far, we can encourage foreigners to visit the United States. Communists I would like to invite especially, with provisos that the Government help get them jobs and that they must stay at least two years. This is the greatest and best country in the world, because it is full of that amazing kindness which so struck George Santayana, the philosopher and Spain's gift to Harvard. We don't act like it in our foreign image. We act like a nervous old lady with a mouse under the bed.

Trying to explain the United States to foreigners is like fighting a mattress. It is no use telling them that we don't spend our time counting our money, in bags labeled $$$$$. They have not been here, so they know different. Bringing them here works every time. I have personally been fortunate enough to be able to invite a dozen foreigners to visit this country since I myself came thirteen years ago. They all went home in a very thoughtful mood, thoughtful and exhilarated.



They didn't like everything they saw, naturally. But they learned from our better newspapers and TV programs that no foreign critic of us is as sharp as our own criticism of ourselves. They learned from their everyday experience that we are no more materialistic than most and a good deal less so than some. They learned that we have craftsmen and artists here who make products just as good as theirs, even though too many of us still stand in awe of an IMPORTED label.

Second, we should make a very big effort to open up international trade, even if it does mean slowing our own rate of economic growth, so that we can help the rest of the world to catch up with us. We are like a ship floating on an artificial lake, its level infinitely higher than the level of any other water around it. Sure, we built the dams and made the lake—all the material lay to hand—but those fellows below are going to resent us and they're going to get themselves up to our level by hook or by crook; and if we don't want our dam broken down by force, we'd better let some water out ourselves.

Third, I think that Americans traveling abroad should take more trouble to learn the history, customs and, above all, the language of the country they are going to visit. Here I will briefly mount a favorite hobbyhorse of mine. Note that I said "country," not "countries." No one can learn half a dozen languages for a single trip. You can learn how to handle one sort of money, you can get used to one sort of food; when it comes to six, the mind boggles, the stomach revolts. You stick to American food, think in terms of "real" money. After a lifetime of traveling, I am convinced that the only worth-while kind is travel in depth—that is, intensive, not extensive. Whatever the temptation, do not skim across six countries, but get to know one deeply. You will see the lifeless monuments of the six; you will know the people of the one—*and they will know you*, which they certainly cannot if you rush by in the charge of English-speaking guides and American-style hotels.

I would like to recommend here that we forget the word "quaint" when we go abroad. That narrow, crooked street with the leaning-together fifteenth-century houses and the washing across it is home to the people who live in it. Behind such quaint half-timbering, without even central heating yet, these quaint people uncovered the laws of relativity and invented radio, radar, television, the jet engine and the helicopter.

Fourth, I particularly welcome Mr. Kennedy's order controlling the public speeches of members of his Administration. Let the rest of us discuss and argue, as is our right and indeed our duty; but let the Administration speak with one voice. It worries me, wondering who is in the driver's seat, when the President holds out an olive branch and a chief of staff brandishes an H-bomb. It drives foreigners—whose lives will be affected just as much as ours, but who don't even have a vote here to register their opinion—out of their minds with doubt and anxiety.

Fifth, there should be less isolation of our forces overseas. This is a difficult problem. These men are Americans, and on the face of it they have a right to American living conditions for themselves and their families when they are sent abroad in the service of our country. Further, the impact of large numbers of Americans, at American wages, on the economy of a less-developed country is often disastrous. But nothing could be worse for our relations, nothing contributes more to the distorted image, than the Yankee ghettos scattered all over the world, the separate housing facilities, the PXs, the food and drink imported in bulk from the United States. Here is born the feeling that we, who are supposed to be the friends and allies of the host nations, are in fact men from Mars, who cannot possibly be interested in other people's lives because we never come in contact with them.

It has been very noticeable, wherever I have traveled, that those Americans who live and work among foreigners, and share their lives, are our best ambassadors. For all foreigners who come into contact with them—and they range from Air Force colonels to nurses, from hybrid-corn experts to bulldozer drivers—these wonderful people have held the image close and true. The new Peace Corps will increase their numbers and make more obvious their dedication to service. It deserves every encouragement.

Last, we should try a great deal harder to live up to our own ideals inside this country. Every time we prevent a Negro child from going to the school declared constitutionally proper for him to go to; every time we shrink from material sacrifice in a worth-while cause; every time we take counsel of our fears instead of our principles, we give that mirror another cruel distorting twist and make a peaceful, free future harder to achieve for ourselves and all the world. THE END

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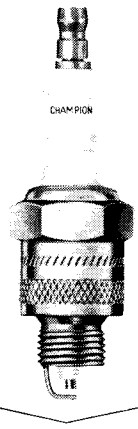

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Keeping Posted

In and Out of Chicago

In a move roughly equivalent to shifting Mickey Mantle from the outfield to the infield and Moose Skowron from the infield to the outfield, we are in the process of shipping **Peter Wyden**, our man in the Midwest, to San Francisco, and **Robert Cahn**, who has spent most of his life on the West Coast, to Chicago. A change of scenery never hurt anyone.

Cahn, forty-four, was born in Seattle, Washington, has been a newspaperman for the Seattle *Star* and the Pasadena *Star-News*, a West Coast correspondent for *Life* and the Los Angeles bureau chief for *Collier's*. He joined our staff two months ago after selling us nineteen articles as a free-lancer.

Wyden, thirty-seven, was born in Berlin, Germany, has been a newspaperman for the Wichita *Eagle* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. He was a Washington-based editor for *Newsweek* when we hired him two and a half years ago to establish our Midwestern editorial office.

Cahn will go to Chicago as an associate editor. He will write articles, but will spend much of his time prospecting for article ideas and assisting free-lance *Post* contributors in the Midwest. For a sample of his writing see "DEAR MR. PRESIDENT . . ." (page 26).

Wyden will go to San Francisco as a contributing editor and will rove wherever article subjects take him. For a sample of his writing see his profile of Chicago police superintendent O. W. Wilson, scheduled for our August 12 issue.

Cahn will move into Wyden's old office in mid-August. Wyden will move to San Francisco in early September and his home will be his office.

Bob Cahn: destination Chicago.

Pete Wyden: destination San Francisco.

Death Haunts the Typewriter

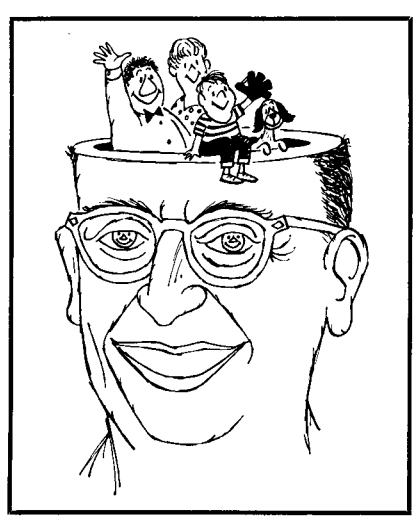
When we informed **Fred McMorrow** that his tale of highway horror, THE BIG WHEEL (page 24), gave us a nightmare, he informed us that the story *was* a nightmare. At nightmare's end, up leaped McMorrow from bed and down went the story on paper.

McMorrow is a copyreader for the New York *Post* and a fiction writer for the sake of preserving the honor of the McMorrows. *The Post* (Saturday Evening) has published stories by both his father, Tom, and his brother, Tom Jr. Our nightmare-recalling McMorrow lives, appropriately enough, in an eerie old house in Baldwin, Long Island. The previous owner had shared the house with a bat. But when the McMorrows moved in—with six boisterous children and a dog—the bat moved out, thoroughly unnerved.

Fred McMorrow.

O. D. Shipley, who wrote I SAY RE-EXAMINE ALL AUTO DRIVERS (page 11), is one of the nation's most effective crusaders against "big wheels" and other species of accident-prone drivers. A wiry, intensely energetic man of fifty-six, "Mike" Shipley has had more than twenty years' experience in safety work—as a civilian employee of the Army's Ordnance Corps and Transportation Corps, as safety director for the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association and as Pennsylvania's traffic-safety boss. When then-Gov. George M. Leader put Shipley to work for the state of Pennsylvania five years ago, he characterized this native of Missouri as having "the hide of an elephant, the determination of a bulldog and the untouchability of a porcupine."

They Make You Laugh: Al Kaufman



Once upon a time (in the late 1930's) **Al Kaufman** was on his way to becoming a public-school art teacher. He breezed through three years of study at C.C.N.Y.—but quit in his fourth year, became a grocery-store manager and began cartooning in his spare time. During World War II he served with the Seabees in the Philippines; at present he is serving with the Cub Scouts as a volunteer art counselor in Oakhurst, New Jersey. He has been a full-time cartoonist since 1946 and a *Post* regular since 1947.

On the second floor of the Kaufman home is Al's studio, and in the studio are such valuable treasures as conch shells, captured Japanese flags, a beflowered fly swatter, an ancient Oriental back scratcher, antique coffee pots and irons, and spare parts for baby carriages, radios, cameras and clocks. Every so often Mrs. Kaufman attempts to sweep away this clutter—to no avail. Al claims it helps generate cartoon ideas among the dumpy little people who inhabit his brain (see self-caricature) and his cartoons. On page 68 you will discover how cartoonist Kaufman put the back scratcher to work. Next week: conch shells?

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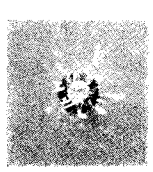
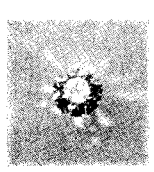
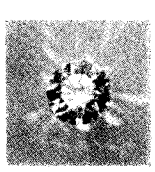


50 points (½ carat)
$165 to $590



1 carat (100 points)
$445 to $1705



2 carats (200 points)
$825 to $4320

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges, left, are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in April, 1961. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered. Tax is additional.

A diamond is forever

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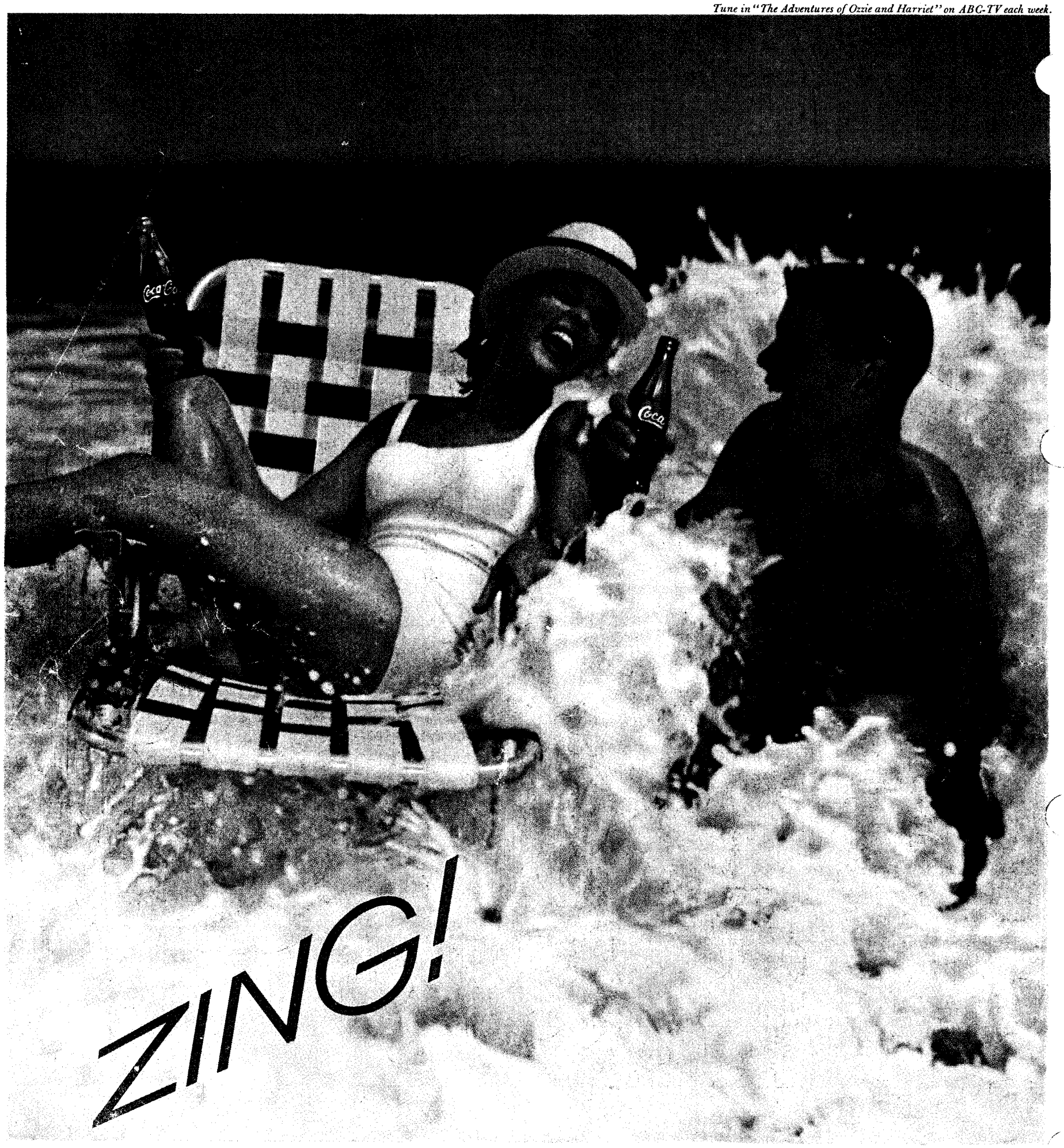
Tune in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" on ABC-TV each week.



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...what a special zing...you get from Coke. Rousing as a romp in the surf, the cold crisp taste and lively lift of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Remember, Coke refreshes you best!

Regular or King Size

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